Collier's

AUGUST 4, 1945

TEN CENTS

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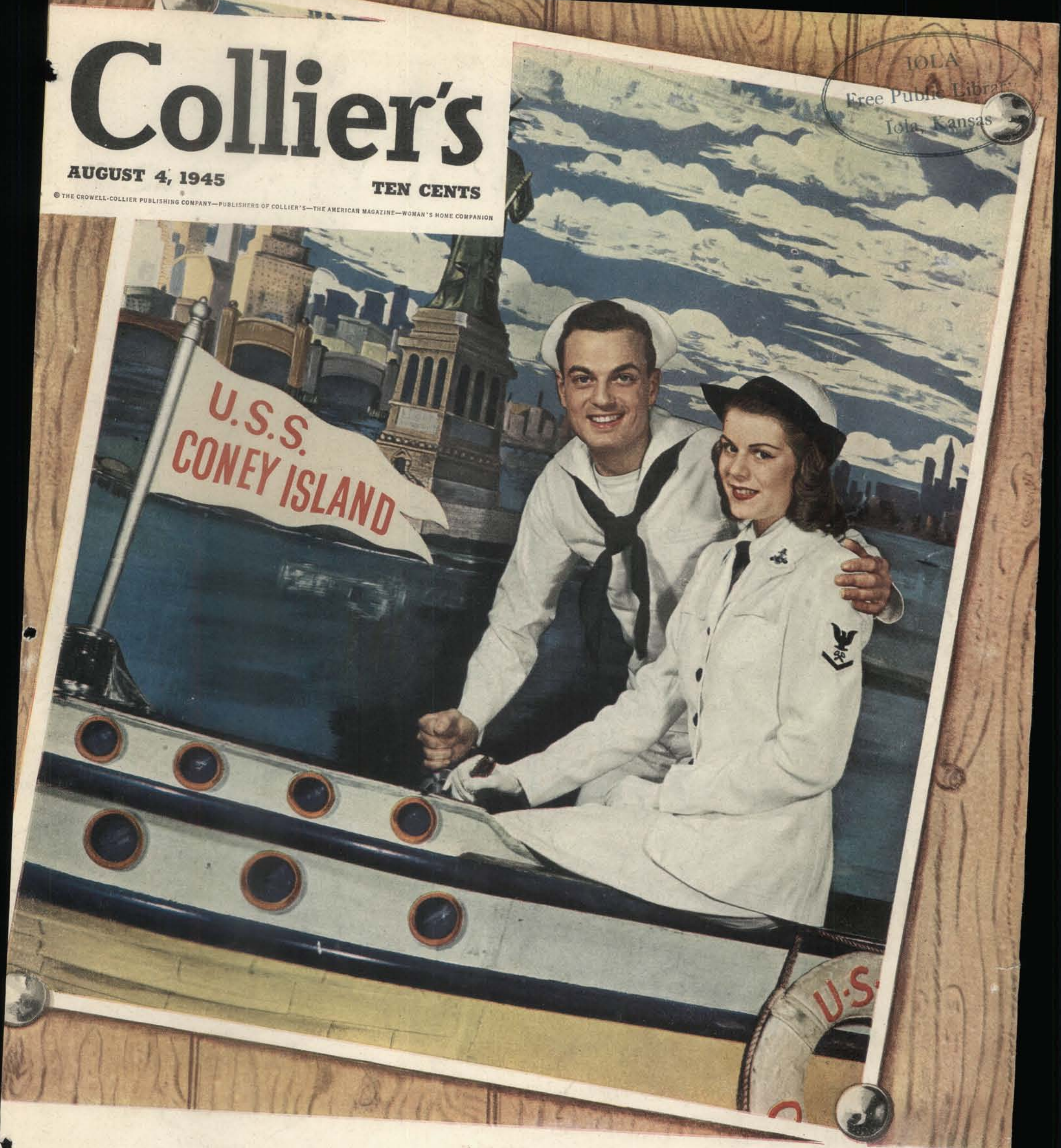
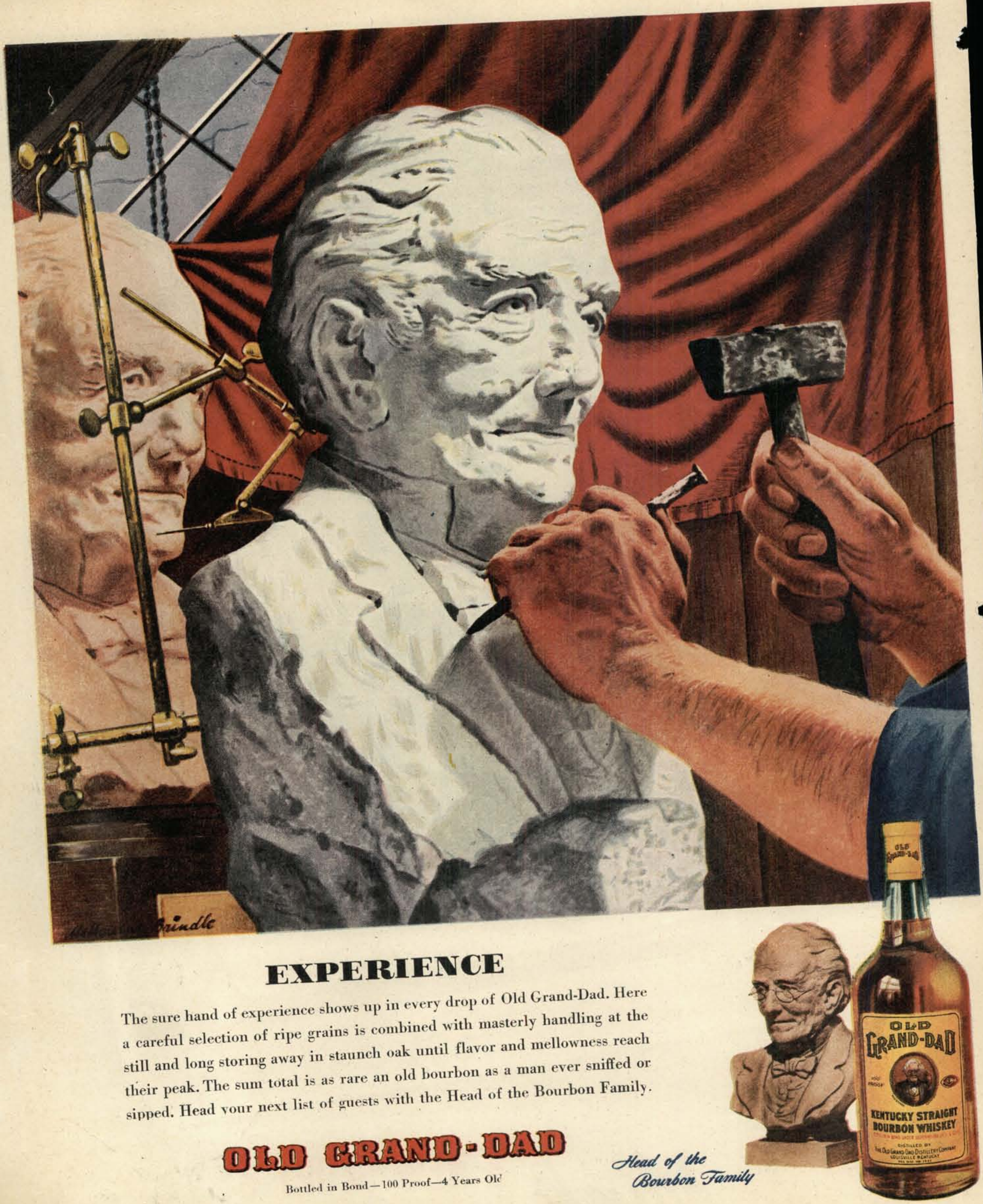


PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE HURRELL

Blonde Mink A NEW STORY BY

DAMO[illegible]

Aug. 4, 1945


Prindle
OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE KENTUCKY

EXPERIENCE

The sure hand of experience shows up in every drop of Old Grand-Dad. Here a careful selection of ripe grains is combined with masterly handling at the still and long storing away in staunch oak until flavor and mellowness reach their peak. The sum total is as rare an old bourbon as a man ever sniffed or sipped. Head your next list of guests with the Head of the Bourbon Family.

OLD GRAND-DAD

Bottled in Bond—100 Proof—4 Years Old

Head of the Bourbon Family

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

Announcing a new, better synthetic rubber for tires

Another example of "building for today, testing for tomorrow"

B. F. Goodrich has announced that it is now making tires of a new kind of synthetic rubber, different from the synthetic rubber which is in general use by the tire industry.

The new rubber is a B. F. Goodrich development. Tires made of it give longer wear than those made of ordinary synthetic. They run cooler, which is especially important in big truck tires that often get hotter than boiling water under heavy loads on hot pavements.

The new rubber was actually developed months ago and made in plants operated for the government by B. F. Goodrich. For a while it was used only in military tires, then in tires for heavy trucks. Now it is also going into new B. F. Goodrich tires for passenger cars. Tires containing it will stand up better under heat or under constant flexing, will wear longer, will even have more resistance to bruising or damage from accident. They'll also have more resistance to cracking, and they'll be able to stand higher speeds.

This new, better rubber, so important it was a military secret until recently, is one more example of constant development at B. F. Goodrich—the kind of improvement that will bring America far better products after the war than we ever had before. Yet it's only one of dozens of tire improvements made by B. F. Goodrich in the last few years. It's another indication that you get extra value, extra economy, whenever you buy a B. F. Goodrich tire. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

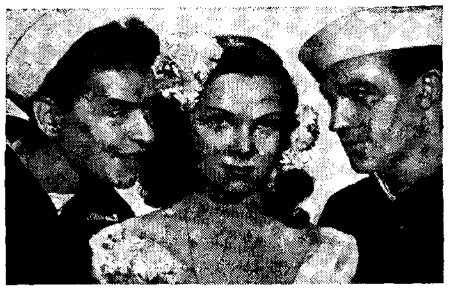
Picture OF THE MONTH

FRANK SINATRA · KATHRYN GRAYSON · GENE KELLY
in
"ANCHORS AWEIGH"
with JOSE ITURBI

DEAN STOCKWELL · PAMELA BRITTON
"RAGS" RAGLAND · BILLY GILBERT
HENRY O'NEILL

Photographed in Technicolor

Screen Play by............ISOBEL LENNART
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by...............GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by...........JOSEPH PASTERNAK



The definition of good motion picture entertainment boils down to two simple words "Anchors Aweigh", the title of M-G-M's big Technicolor musical salute with a full complement of 21 show-stopping numbers.

Here's a picture with everything: stars, a good story, gifted direction, music, dancing, AND that certain something to make you leave the theatre completely content.

First for the stars. "Anchors Aweigh" has Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly and Jose Iturbi—which hints at the kind of entertainment you can expect.

From Frank Sinatra you get four numbers, several duets with other principals, and—fancy that!—some fancy footwork as a bonus.

From honey-throated Kathryn Grayson you get the title song, a Spanish number, six popular arias and that smash song, "All of a Sudden My Heart Sings".

From Gene Kelly you get plenty of the dazzle-dancing you expect—only it's more dazzling—plus duets with Frankie and Kathryn, and a dance duet with, of all things, an animated mouse!

From the three you get romantic escapades with complications of hilarity.

From Jose Iturbi you get music—by a 100-piece Navy band, a symphony orchestra, and a Hollywood Bowlful of 18 pianos.

From these four—and from Dean Stockwell, Pamela Britton, "Rags" Ragland, Billy Gilbert, and Henry O'Neill in supporting roles—you get the song-and-dance-filled story of two sailors loose on a leave in Hollywood with nothing on their minds but what you'd expect. Isobel Lennart's screen play provides many a gay situation which George Sidney's direction and Joe Pasternak's production turn into sheer delight.

The picture is filmed in Technicolor to enhance its beauty, gaiety, and charm.

It doesn't take a prophet to forecast the success of "Anchors Aweigh". It's a nautical nifty from M-G-M's top musical drawer.

Collier's
FOR AUGUST 4, 1945

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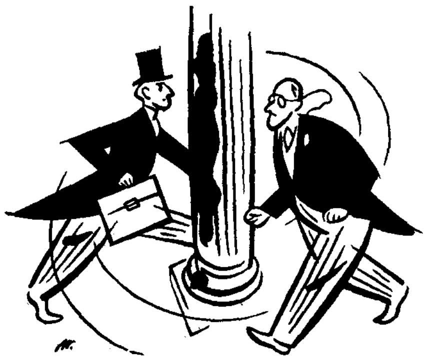
any week

AT LAST, Mr. Frank Kavanaugh of Kansas City, Kansas, has discovered what these "diplomatic circles" are—you know, the diplomatic circles that the Washington correspondents are always talking about. They are, says Mr. Kavanaugh, the things that diplomats are always running around in. Mr. Kavanaugh usually does better than that, but his grandson's hives are worrying him. He says that once he had the ten-year itch and cured it in fifteen months by drinking sassafras tea. The kid won't touch the stuff.



AND Mr. Sumner Blossom, editor of The American Magazine, which is a distant relative of ours, has just received from Mr. E. T. Smith, Property Section, Army War College, Washington, D. C., the following: "Kindly advise us whether or not you can furnish the following, also price of same F.O.B. Army War College: one American Magazine, July, 1945, issue (only)."

SOMEHOW this country gets along in spite of things like that. Cutting red tape savagely, Mr. Blossom sent a lad to the stock room for the magazine and mailed it with his blessing to Mr. Smith, hoping that such unbureaucratic directness wouldn't plunge the whole War College into a fit of sulks. We've just been told, too, that the Veterans Administration writes and exchanges thirty-seven memos and letters between its various departments before an applicant for anything is informed that his letter has been received.

AFTER reviewing a parade of Detroit war workers marching on OPA headquarters howling for meat, we permitted ourselves to be lured across the river to Windsor, Ontario, where, we were told, we would immediately be eating a steak as thick as a blacksmith's arm. But we must have got there too late. All we got was the sight of five or six long lines of Americans trying to get into restaurants. We also saw two fights. In one of these a hungry Yank bit most of his opponent's ear off. We returned to Detroit dinnerless,

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"Will my nightmare __never__ end?"

"Even now, months after the accident, I wake in terror! Cold sweat clings to my forehead. My nightmare is not of the horror that *was*. Rather, it is the troubled thoughts of struggles and hardships my family must endure now and for years, all because of my one moment of neglect.

"That was the day I let my auto insurance lapse. I'd carried protection for years... never had an accident. Then it happened—a midnight smashup! Brakes went bad! The damage was staggering. The court judgment took our home, wiped out our life's savings. It is a terrible price to pay—and just because I'd neglected such a trifle as my auto insurance."

Auto insurance a trifle? Yes, but what a *tremendous trifle*—tremendous in its consequences, trifling in its cost. Yet all auto insurance is NOT alike. State Farm's is different in ways that we sincerely believe give you the most for your insurance dollar. That's why State Farm Mutual is now the largest auto insurance company in the world, with more than 1,100,000 policyholders and over 6,000 agents at your service.

Dangerous Dollars!

Dollars running wild sow the seeds of inflation. Here are three ways to keep them in check: (1) Put your money in War Bonds, savings, insurance. (2) Buy only what you need. (3) Pay no more than ceiling prices.

IMPORTANT NOW! You can save 3 ways when you buy your next car! Through the STATE FARM BANK PLAN you (1) save on the purchase price; (2) save through lower cooperating bank-financing rates; (3) save on insurance. Send to the State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois, for *FREE BOOKLET* which describes this 3-way savings plan, also shows you how to compare life, fire, auto, personal and residence liability insurance before you buy. Or get in touch with your friendly State Farm agent *today*.

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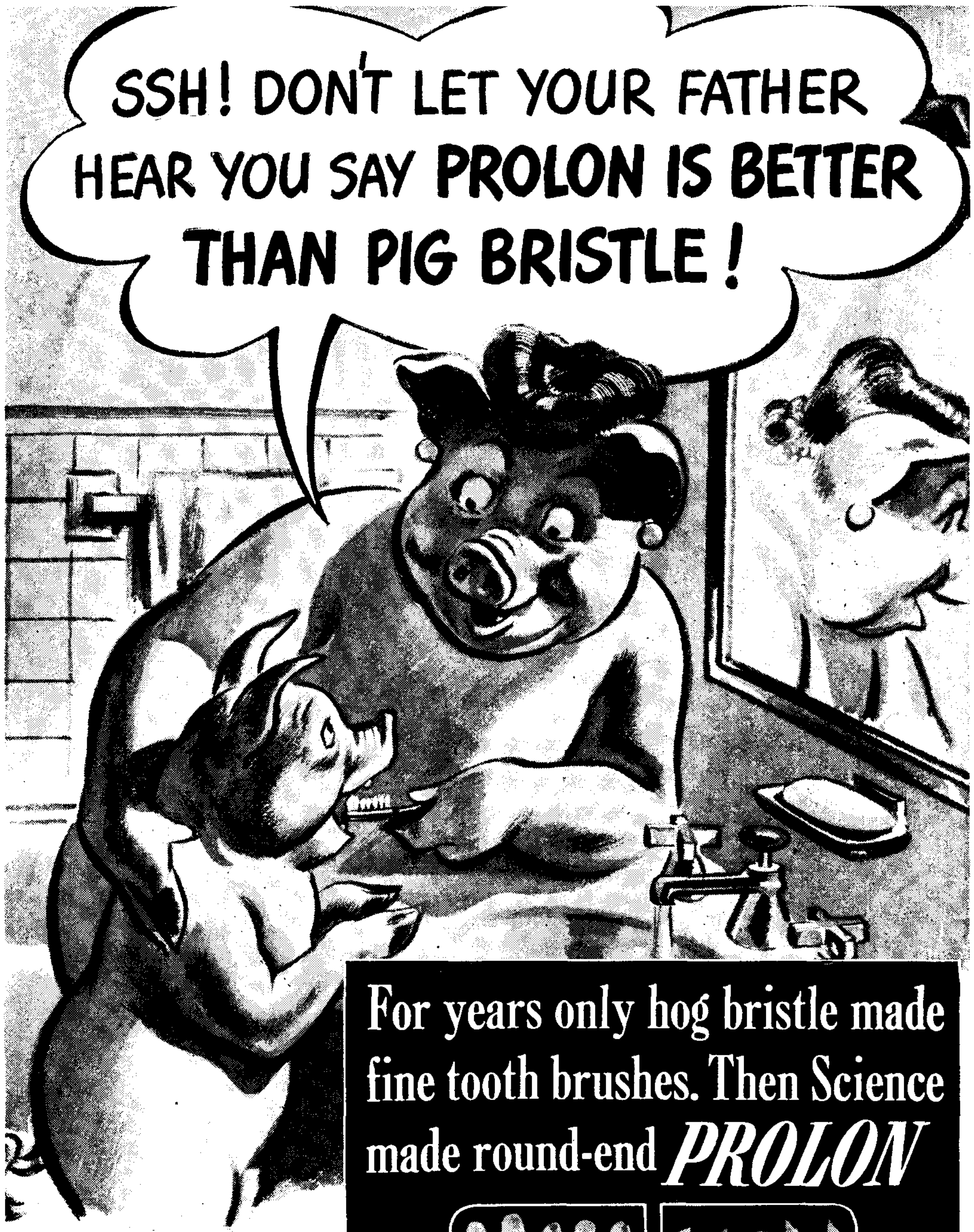

SSH! DON'T LET YOUR FATHER HEAR YOU SAY PROLON IS BETTER THAN PIG BRISTLE!

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end PROLON

PROLON "ROUND-END" ORDINARY BRISTLE

Actual Photomicrographs

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic WITH PROLON BRISTLES A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

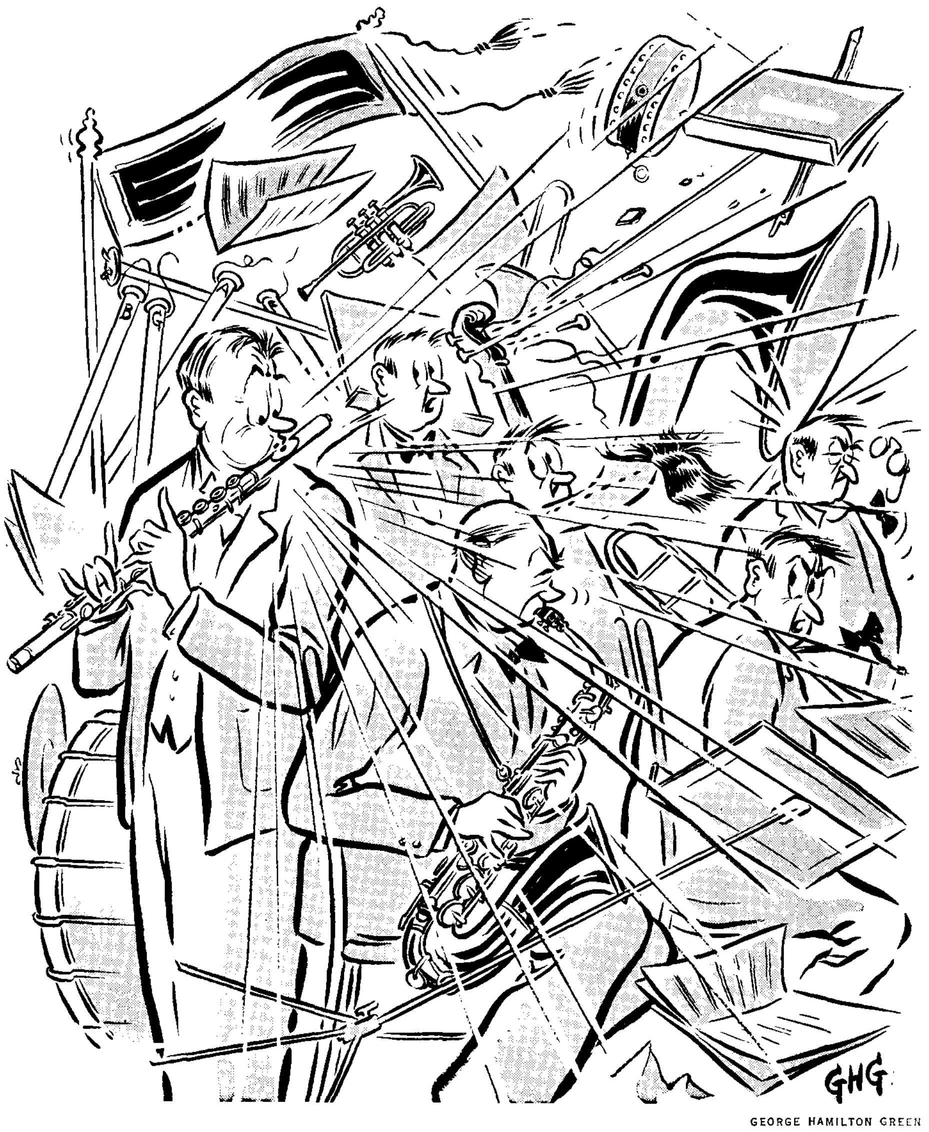
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

Attention! Users of Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.

BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic PROLON BRISTLES



GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Keep up with the world

In playing the flute, the velocity of air necessary is equivalent to that of a hurricane, or at the rate of 75 miles or more an hour.

The record for furnishing milk to a human milk bureau was made by a Los Angeles woman in 1925. Over a period of 11 months, she sold a little more than 767 quarts which, at ten cents an ounce, brought her $2,456.

Like the movies and radio, television can be made to create illusions, one of the oddest being the blending of two scenes taken simultaneously by two cameras. For instance, a recently televised act showing a man and woman dancing in flames higher than their heads was produced by Camera No. 1 photographing the dancers from a distance of 20 feet and Camera No. 2 photographing the flames of some oil-soaked waste from a distance of two feet.

In 1705, a small vessel was wrecked in the North Sea off the English coast village of West Hartlepool and the sole survivor, a pet ape belonging to the crew, was washed ashore on a plank and captured by some fishermen. Although the villagers had never before seen such a peculiar character, they were not to be fooled by his hairy disguise and outlandish chatter. So the following day, the monkey was tried by court martial, found guilty and hanged as a French spy.

During a recent four-months period, Franco permitted approximately 100,000 Germans in Spain to become Spanish citizens because they had helped the Falange Party.

To make one kind of bifocal eyeglass lens requires the work of 106 persons using 51 different machines and optical instruments. . . . Perfumes do not require the protection of a patent because they are such complex mixtures they cannot be analyzed.

Latest studies of blood plasma reveal that its component parts, when separated, may be made into substances useful in medicine and surgery. One is a concentrate that immunizes passively against certain infectious virus diseases; another is a sponge that stops bleeding in many surgical procedures, and another is a plastic film that is particularly useful in brain operations because it is absorbed by the tissues.

While the rotor blades of a helicopter with a dead motor will ease its descent and allow it to land safely, they are able to do it only if the descent begins from above 300 feet. Below this height, in vertical descent, free rotation of the blades, produced by the up-rushing air, does not have time to build up a retarding force sufficient to prevent the machine from crashing.

A remarkable photograph of the U.S.S. Missouri, which was taken as six of her 16-inch guns fired a salvo and which pictures the shells in flight, shows that, although such discharges appear to be simultaneous, there is a fraction of a second between the firing of the projectiles, so they will not collide in the air.

Gold has been mined in nuggets that weighed more than 200 pounds and in particles so fine that ten billion of them barely weighed an ounce.

by Freling Foster

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"It's still there!"

The discharged veteran wears this emblem. Remember his service and honor him.

He was almost afraid to look. Perhaps something had happened to it. Perhaps it was no longer the way he had pictured it so many times . . . the one solid fact he had clung to through the shadowy unreality of all those months of war.

But now he knows it's still there. Better, more beautiful even than he remembered. Just a few more minutes and he'll be getting off the train . . . meeting Mom and Dad . . . driving back along the familiar road . . . *coming home.*

To millions of American service men, "home" is the most moving word in the language. It means more than a house, or clean sheets on the bed, or good cooking.

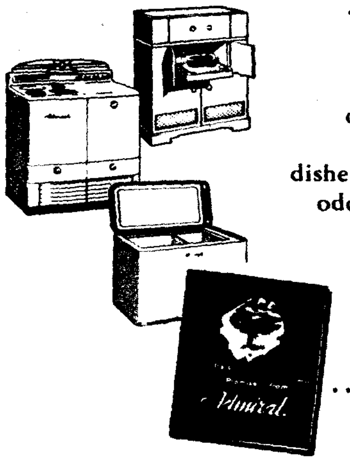
It's all tied up with love and laughter and tenderness — with little family jokes — with comfort after sorrow — with just about everything that makes life worth living.

That feeling of theirs places a sober responsibility on us who have never *left* home. There can be no quitting on our part. No slacking off until the evil thing that threatens our homes has been wholly vanquished. We can't let those boys down.

The day of their final home-coming is brought nearer, made surer, by every added War Bond that we buy and keep.

no defrosting
HERE

It's a DUAL-TEMP
... the 2-in-1 Refrigerator



First, there's a huge purified moist-cold compartment that never has to be defrosted. Keeps foods fresh and moist in **uncovered** dishes. Amazing Sterilamp kills bacteria, combats odors, retards mold growth. **Second**, a roomy, built-in freezing locker that quick freezes foods ... stores up to 2 bushels for months. See exciting "X-Ray" preview of **Dual-Temp** at your Admiral dealer, today!

... **FREE BOOKLET** ... 16 colorful pages of good things to come from Admiral. Ask your dealer or write to Admiral Corporation, Dept. S, Chicago 47, Ill.

It's a Promise ... from

Admiral

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. MARINE CORPS

The "Checkertails" (left to right) whose noble experiment failed: Maj. Robert G. Owens, Jr., Col. Luther S. Moore and Major William E. Clasen

"IT LOOKED," the colonel said, "as though somebody had taken all the thunderheads there ever were and stacked them one on top of another. I went up to 42,000 feet true altitude and still wasn't high enough. Then I did the same fool thing I've been begging pilots not to do for the last twenty years. I decided this one time I could go through it."

The colonel shook his graying head and twisted his medium frame in the chair to ease beaten muscles. The two majors grinned in sympathetic understanding. They were three Marines with fatigue etched down their cheeks, eyes bleary with weariness. They were the Checkertails, and glad to be alive.

At the moment, they were trying to relax before dinner in a hotel room in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where they had eventually wound up to tell their stories to officials of the Chance-Vought division of United Aircraft, designer of their planes. That morning, the trio had left San Diego, California. They should have been resting in New York with a thrice-broken transcontinental record tucked in a hip pocket. But there was a thunderstorm over the Pennsylvania mountains, and in fifteen minutes, Project Joe, the code name for the experiment, had been blown all over the eastern part of the United States.

This, then, is the story of a magnificent failure, of a plan which didn't work, but which contributed much to the knowledge and capabilities of men and airplanes in their never-ending warfare against aviation's greatest enemy—weather.

Convinced of the combat ability of the Vought Corsair, the Marines were interested in learning how far and how high and how fast this fighter-bomber would fly. They wanted to wring out the ship under high-speed, high-altitude conditions. They wanted more dope on oxygen and fuel consumption in those operations. The shot at the record was incidental. That record, by the way, was made on May 12, 1944, when Colonel C. A. Peterson, General Arnold's pilot, flew an Army P-51 Mustang, with a Packard Rolls-Royce 1,500 horsepower engine, from Los Angeles to New York (2,470 miles), in 6 hours, 31 minutes and 30 seconds at an average speed of 378.544 miles per hour. One stop was made for fuel, at Kansas City.

So now, a little more than a year after that flight, Colonel Luther S. "Sam" Moore, of Newtonville, Mass., operations officer of Marine Fleet Air, West Coast, was ready to go. Sam Moore, a Pacific combat veteran, had picked two other combat veterans: Major W. E. "Wild Bill" Clasen of Kansas City, and Major Robert G. Owens, Jr., of Greenville, South Carolina.

Bill Clasen is a bull of a man, big, heavy, blond, and an irrepressible Swede. He commanded the Devildogs squadron of the Fourth Marine Air Wing. Bob Owens, skipper of the Fighting Corsairs squadron which knocked down 135½ Jap planes in the South Pacific, is a soft-spoken Southerner and is one of the handsomest men in anybody's war. To complete his team, Colonel Moore had selected Major R. A. Harvey of Coronado, California, to handle the refueling at the Indianapolis Municipal Airport. Major Harvey is an old fighter pilot from the Wake Avengers.

They called their planes the Checkertails, for a black and white checkerboard was painted on the tail of each, to identify the special flight. They were Goodyear-built Corsairs, with Pratt & Whitney 2,000 horsepower engines. The machine guns were removed, the gunports sealed over, and each plane was fitted with a belly tank. Wild Bill Clasen was Checkertail No. 1, Sam Moore, No. 2, and Bob Owens, No. 3.

Project Joe took off in the San Diego dawn, at 45-minute intervals, with a flight plan that called for each plane to be at Floyd Bennett Field, N. Y., five hours and fifty-seven minutes later.

"Colonel Moore was the first arrival at Indianapolis—seven minutes ahead of schedule," Harvey said. "But before the propeller stopped, the crew were all over the plane. He took 285 gallons of gasoline and was in the air again in 5 minutes and 45 seconds.

"Then Clasen came in, twenty-nine minutes ahead. We put in 284 gallons of gas and four gallons of oil. He was the only one who used oil. He was in and out in six minutes and ten seconds.

"Owens was nine minutes ahead of scheduled time. The crew really did a job on him. Owens took 287 gallons of gas and was ready to go in four minutes and fifty-five seconds."

THE Checkertails were happy at Indianapolis. They had been flying at an average of 30,000 feet and doing fine.

Came then the weather forecast from Pennsylvania for the remainder of the flight: "Thunderstorms moving eastward . . . tops not over 15,000 feet." It didn't sound too bad. They were flying at 30,000. But the Checkertails had something to learn about thunderstorms over the Pennsylvania mountains.

"I could see this thing ahead of me," Sam Moore said. "It piled up in steps from the west. It looked bad and I knew better. But I figured I could make it. This one time, I told myself, I could get through a thunderhead. I knew Floyd Bennett Field was open. I went into the storm. I was in it exactly thirteen minutes. I have never experienced such wind velocities and turbulence. I have never had blackout trouble—until today.

"When I entered the cloud, I proceeded about three minutes. Then the plane took a tremendous blow which threw me against the cockpit. I checked, and my straps were very

(Continued on page 53)

FOR DEPENDABILITY IN TIRES—

Choose a name you can trust in Rubber

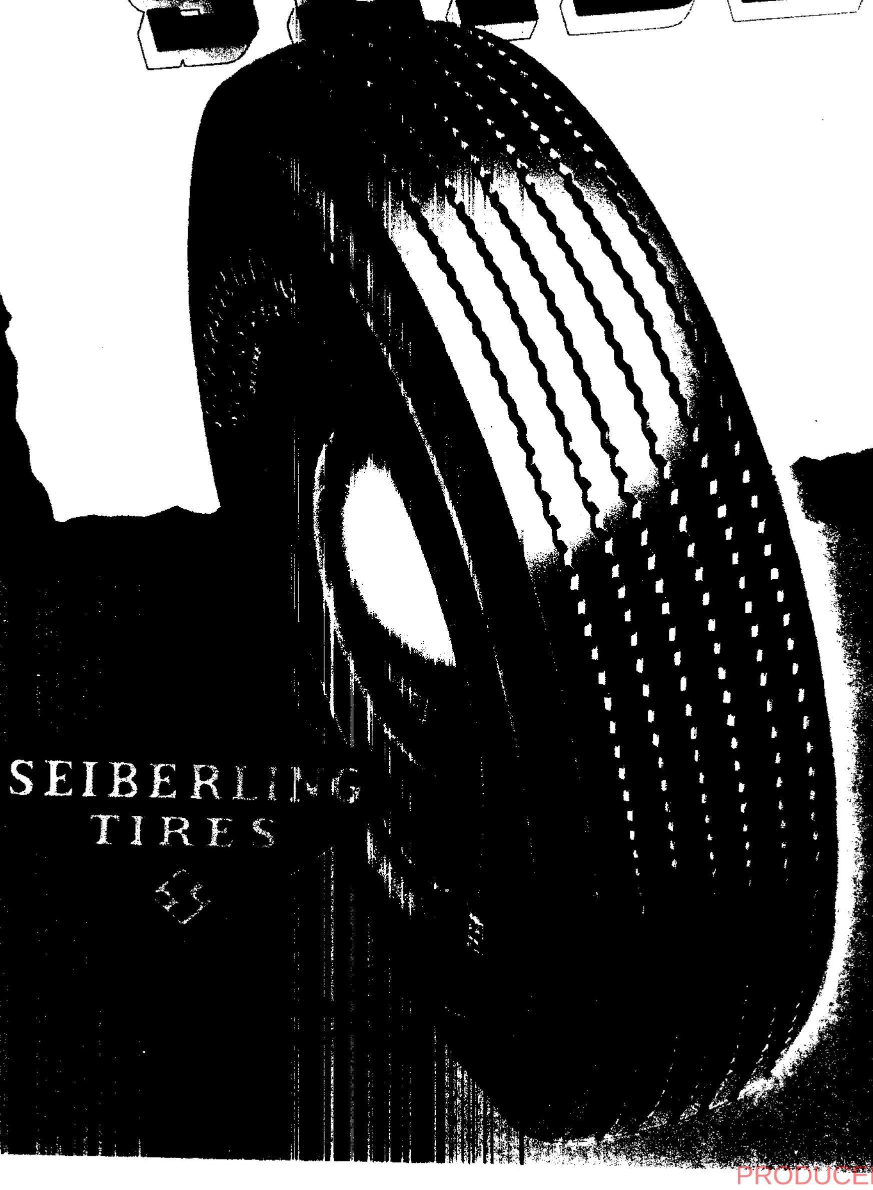
Today—with *all* tires made of the same Government synthetic rubber (GRS)—it is skill *and skill alone* that gives a tire extra toughness and longer wear!

The best evidence of the extra tire-building skill that has always made Seiberling Tires outstanding is this fact: Truck owners, *who buy tires according to carefully-kept mileage records,* have bought a greater share of Seiberling's tire production than that of any other tire manufacturer! Translated into *performance,* Seiberling's extra skill means extra mileage.

That's why it will pay you to remember the name "Seiberling" when you buy new tires—today and in the days to come. It is *A Name You Can TRUST In Rubber.*

SEIBERLING

Experts in Rubber



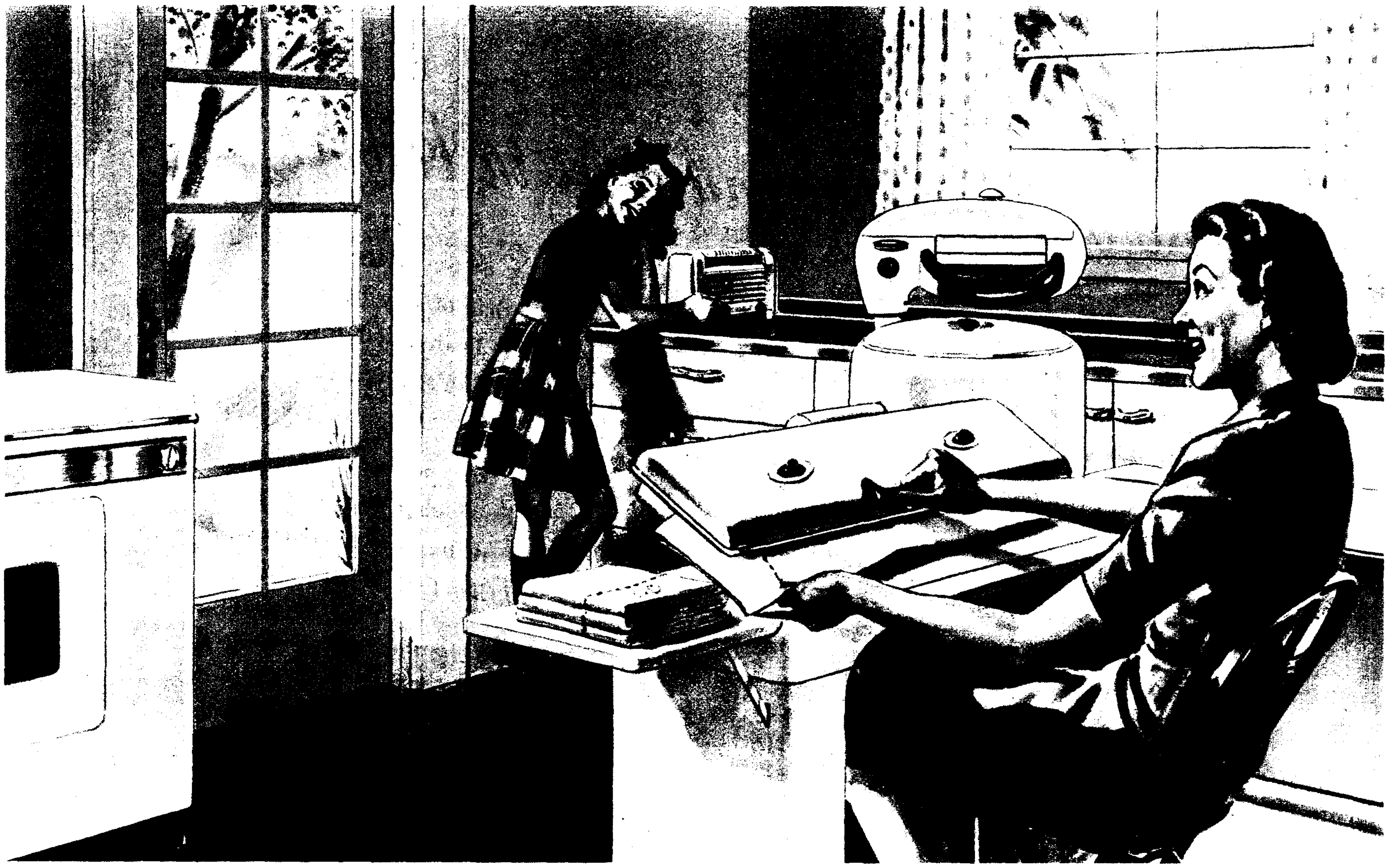
Guard Your Tires!

The Battle Fronts are still consuming tires at an incredible rate. And those tires must be replaced! That means fewer tires for civilians —for *you.* Guard your present tires, make them last—and let your Independent Seiberling Dealer help you.

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio, U. S. A. • Toronto, Ontario, Canada

You'll sit down (and sing) while you iron . . .

in your new G-E All-Electric Laundry!



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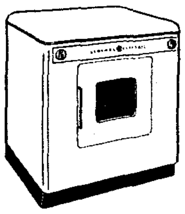
One of these after-victory days, you'll have some entirely new ideas about it.

For you can have a General Electric *All-Electric* Laundry. In it there'll be a streamlined G-E Automatic Flatplate Ironer, and you'll *sit down* and iron, simply by pulling a handle toward you!

In a jiffy, you can turn out linens, dresses . . . *everything* . . . looking crisp as new. 300-square-inch-ironing surface has automatically controlled heats for every fabric.

And to make Washday an even brighter new day, there'll be these other G-E marvels, too . . .

- **G-E Automatic Tumbler Dryer . . lets you forget about Washday weather!**



Let it rain, let it blow! The G-E Tumbler Dryer dries clothes *indoors* . . . gently "tumbles" them completely dry in 30 minutes . . . less if you want them damp enough to iron. Does away with clotheslines. Saves carrying heavy baskets in and out of doors.

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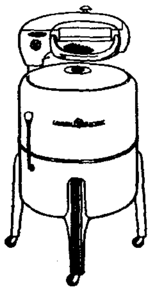

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FOR FINAL VICTORY — BUY AND HOLD MORE WAR BONDS

All-Electric Laundry

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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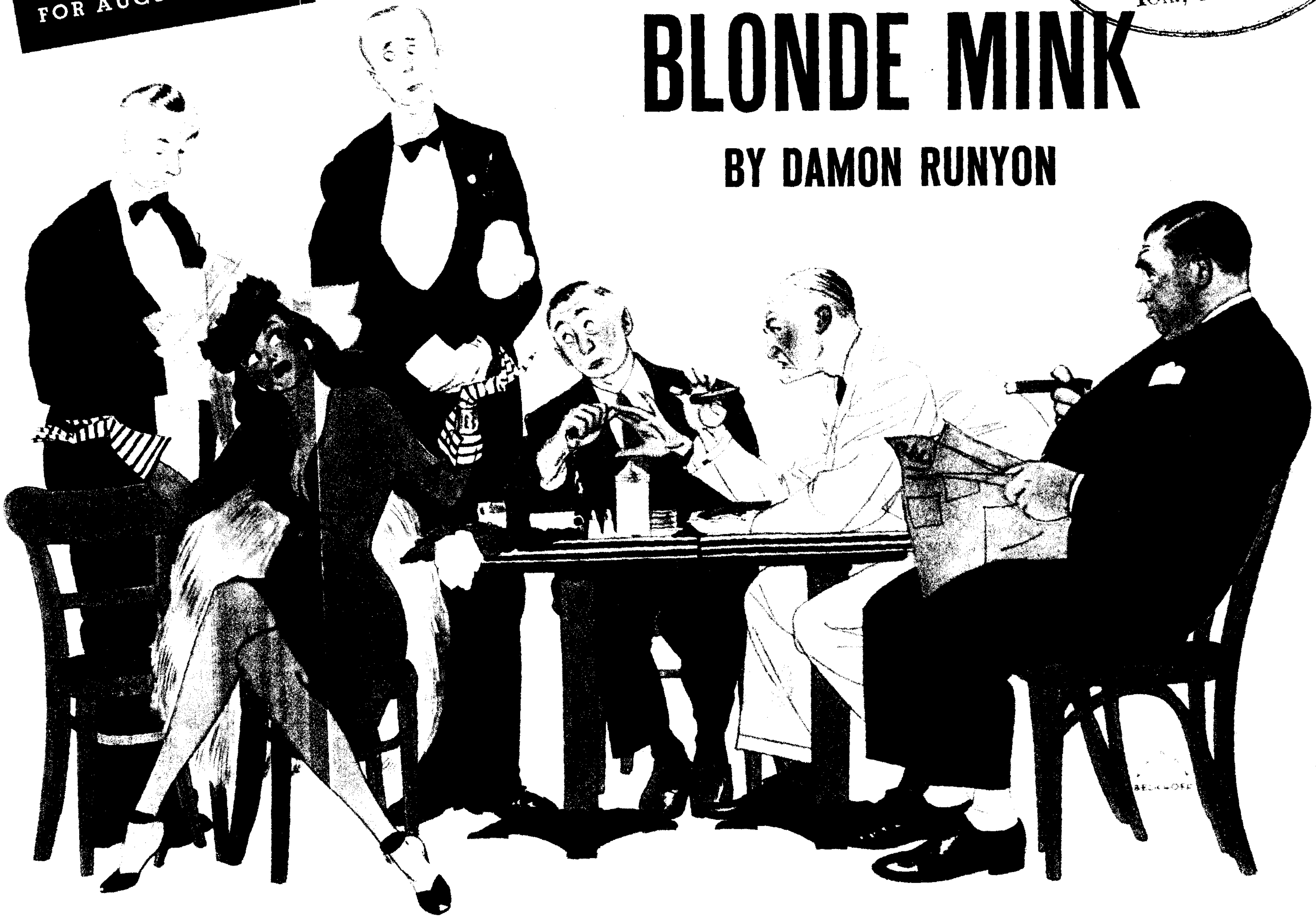
BLONDE MINK

BY DAMON RUNYON



A new gem by The Master of Main Stem Vernacular, all about a ghost that got chilly and a dame who got chilled

NOW of course there are many different ways of cooking tripe but personally I prefer it stewed with tomatoes and mushrooms and a bit of garlic and in fact I am partaking of a portion in this form in Mindy's restaurant on Broadway one evening in January when a personality by the name of Julie the Starker sits down at my table and leans over and sniffs my dish and says to me like this:

"Tripe," he says. "With garlic," he says. "Why, this is according to the recipe of the late Slats Slavin who obtains it from his old Aunt Margaret in Troy. Waiter," he says, "bring me an order of this delicious concoction only with more garlic. It is getting colder outside and a guy needs garlic in his system to thicken his blood. Well," he says, "this is indeed a coincidence because I just come from visiting the late Slats and having a small chat with him."

Naturally I am somewhat surprised by this statement as I know the late Slats is resting in Woodlawn Cemetery and to tell the truth I remember I am present as a pallbearer when he is placed there to rest but I am also pleased to hear these tidings as Slats is always a good friend of mine and no nicer guy ever steps in shoeleather.

"Well," I say to Julie, "and how is Slats these days?"

"He is cold," Julie says. "He states that it is very crimpy around the edges up there in Woodlawn especially at night. You know the late Slats always hates cold weather. He is usually in Florida by this time of year to duck the chill.

"Furthermore," Julie says, "he is greatly embarrassed up there without a stone over him such as Beatrice promises to get him. He says it makes him feel like a bum with nothing to show who he is when all around him are many fine markers including one of black marble to the memory of the late Cockeyed Corrigan who as you know is of no consequence compared to the late Slats who is really somebody."

Well, of course this is very true because the late Slats is formerly known and esteemed by one and all on Broadway as one of the smartest operators in horse racing that ever draws breath. He is a handicapper by trade and his figures on the horses that are apt to win are so highly prized that one night he is stuck up by a couple of guys when he has six thou in cash money on him but all they want is his figures on the next day's races.

He is a player and a layer. He will bet on the horses himself when he sees spots he fancies or he will let you bet him on them and he has clients all over the United States who call him up at his office on Broadway and transact business with him one way or the other. He is a tall guy in his late forties who is not much thicker than a lath which is why he is called Slats though his first name is really Terence.

He is by no means Mr. America for looks but he dresses well and he is very rapid with a dollar. He is the softest touch in town for busted guys and he will get up in the middle of the night to do somebody a favor, consequently no one gets more or larger hellos along the main drag than the late Slats.

He comes from a little burg upstate by the name of Cohoes and I hear that he and Julie the Starker are friends from their short-pants days there although Julie is about the last one in the world you will expect to see a guy of class like Slats associating with as Julie is strictly in the muggola department.

He is about Slats' age and is short and thick and has a kisser that is surely a pain to even his own mamma. He is called Julie the Starker because starker means a strong rough guy and there is no doubt that Julie answers this description in every manner, shape and form.

HE IS at one time in his life a prize fighter but strictly a catcher which is a way of saying he catches everything the other guy throws at him and at other times he is a bouncer; I do not know what all else except that he has some Sing Sing background.

At all times he is a most undesirable personality but he is very fond of the late Slats Slavin and vice versa, and they get along together in a way that is most astonishing to behold. He is not only a handy guy for Slats but he is also a social companion and for some years wherever you see Slats you are apt to see Julie the Starker except when Slats is with his fiancée Miss Beatrice Gee and even then you may see Julie though as a rule Miss Beatrice Gee does not approve of him any more than she does of leprosy. In fact, she makes no bones about considering the very sight of Julie revolting to her.

Beatrice is a smart strudel. She is around the day after we place the late Slats to rest saying that he does not leave her a thin dime

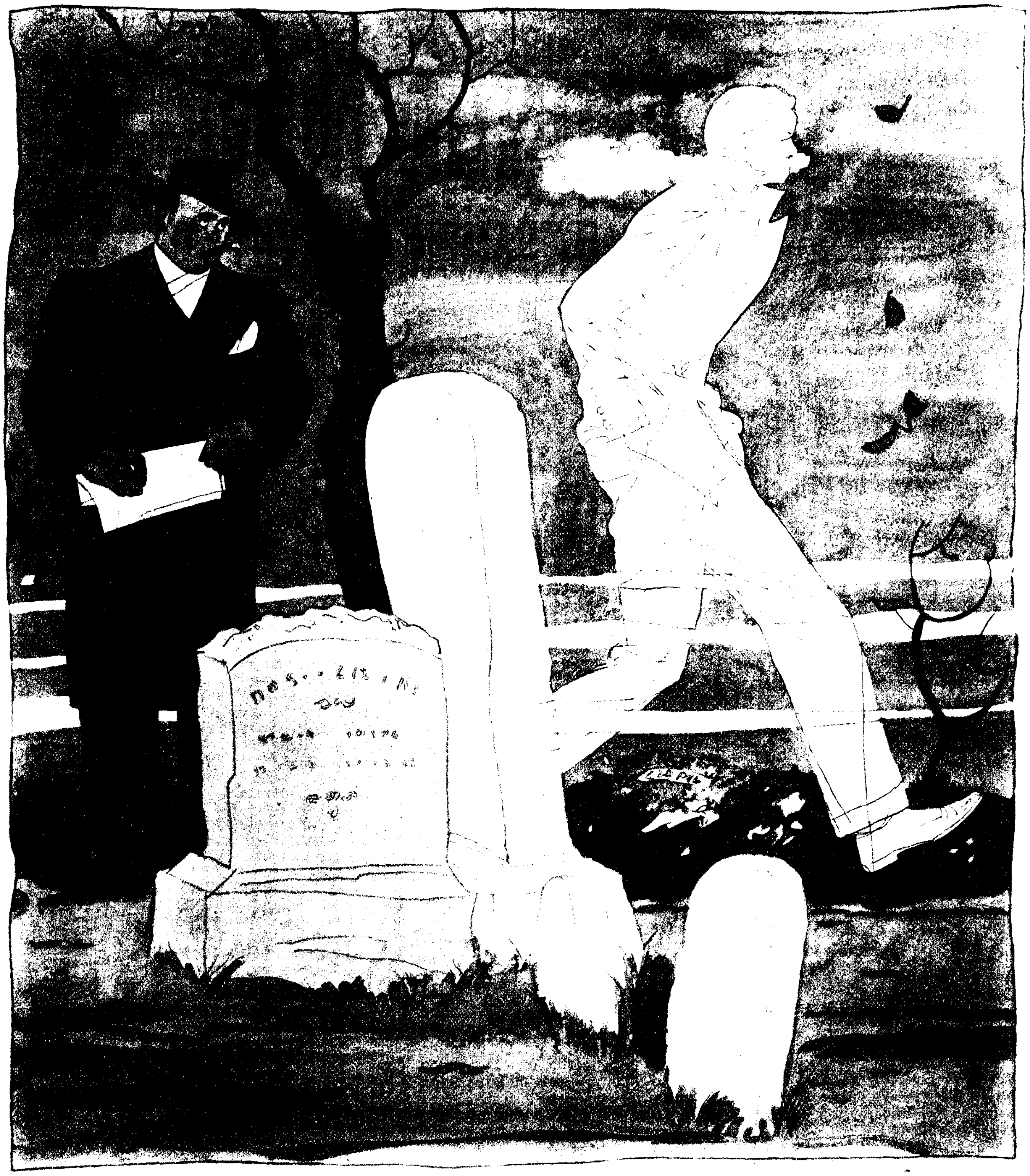
In addition to being the late Slats' fiancée, Miss Beatrice Gee is at this time a prominent show girl in one of Mike Todd's musical shows and she is conceded by one and all to be the most beautiful object on Manhattan Island or anyway no worse than a photo finish for the most beautiful.

She is an original brunette and is quite tall and carries herself in a way that the late Slats says is dignity, though it really comes of Mike Todd's director putting a big copy of the Bible on her head and saying she will either learn to walk balancing it or else, though he never does tell her or else what.

Other dolls call Miss Beatrice Gee a clothes horse because it seems she wears clothes with great skill and furthermore she is crazy about them although her best hold is not wearing them, which she also does with great skill but of course only on the stage. When she is not on the stage she is always groomed like a stake horse going to the post for a big race, and no one takes greater pride in her appearance than the late Slats Slavin, except Miss Beatrice Gee herself.

While I do not believe the story that once when she has a headache and Doc Kelton puts his thermometer in her mouth, to see if she is running a temperature, the mercury freezes tight, there is no doubt that Beatrice is not the emotional type and to be very frank about the matter many think she is

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



I go out to the cemetery and what do I see but Slats himself walking around and around and I can see he is very cold

downright frosty. But of course no one ever mentions this to the late Slats because he is greatly in love and the chances are he maybe thinks Beatrice is hotter than a stove and personally I am in no position to deny it.

Well, in much less time than it takes me to tell you all this, Julie the Starker has his tripe and is eating it with more sound than is altogether necessary for tripe no matter how it is cooked and to tell the truth I have to wait until he pauses before I can make him hear my voice above his eating. Then I say to him like this:

"Why, Julie," I say, "I cannot understand why Slats is in the plight you describe with reference to the stone. I am under the impression that he leaves Beatrice well loaded as far as the do-re-mi is concerned and I take it for granted that she handles the stone situation. By the way, Julie," I say, "does Slats say anything to you about any horses anywhere for tomorrow?"

"No," Julie says. "But if you have a minute to spare I will tell you the story of Beatrice and her failure to take care of the matter of the stone for the late Slats. It is really a great scandal."

Then without waiting to hear if I have a minute to spare or not, he starts telling me, and it seems it all goes back to a night in late September when Beatrice informs Slats that she just comes upon a great bargain in a blonde mink coat for twenty-three thousand dollars and that she desires same at once to keep herself warm during the impending winter although she already had enough fur coats in her closet to keep not only herself warm but half of Syracuse, too.

"PARDON me, Julie," I say at this point, "but what is a blonde mink?"

"Why," Julie says, "that is the very question Slats asks and he learns from Beatrice that it is a new light-colored mink fur that is sometimes called blue mink and sometimes platinum mink and sometimes blonde mink and he also learns that no matter what it is called, it is very, very expensive, and after Slats gets all this info he speaks to Beatrice as follows:

"'Baby,' he says, 'you cut right to the crimp when you mention twenty-three thou because that is exactly the size of the bank roll at this moment. But I just come off a tough season and I will need all my ready for navigating purposes the next few months and besides it looks like a mild winter and you can wear your old last season's leopard or caracul or ermine or Persian lamb or beaver until I get going again.'"

Now at this (Julie the Starker says) Beatrice flies into a terrible rage and tells Slats that he is a tightwad and a skinflint and a miser, and that he has no heart and no pride or he will not suggest that she go around in such shabby old floogers and that she will never humiliate herself in this manner. She says if she waits even a few minutes, someone else is sure to snap up the blonde mink and that she may never again meet with a similar opportunity.

"Well, they have a large quarrel," Julie says, "and when Slats and I get back to his hotel apartment that night he complains of not feeling any too well and in fact he finally keels over on the bed with his tongue hanging out and I send for Doc Kelton who says it is a heart attack and very bad.

"He says to tell the truth it is 100 to 1 Slats will not beat it, and then Doc takes his departure stating that he has so many shorter-priced patients he cannot afford to waste time on long shots and he leaves it to me to notify Slats that his number is up.

"On receiving this information, Slats requests me to find Miss Beatrice Gee and bring her to his bedside, which I do, although at first she is much opposed to leaving he table in the Stork Club where she is the center of a gay throng until I whisper to her that I will be compelled to flatten her and carry her unless she does.

"But on arriving at Slats' apartment and realizing that he is indeed an invalid, Beatrice seems to be quite downcast and starts to shed tears all over the joint, and I have no doubt that some of them are on the level because surely she must remember how kind Slats is to her.

"Then Slats says he wishes to talk to Beatrice alone and requests me to go into the next room, but of course I leave a crack in the door so I can hear what goes on between them and what I hear is Slats saying to Beatrice like this:

"'Baby,' he says, 'reach in under my pillow and get the package of currency there. It is the twenty-three I tell you about and it is all the dough I have in the world. It is all yours except twenty-six hundred which you are to pay Clancy Brothers the tombstone makers in Yonkers for a stone I pick out for myself some time ago and forget to pay for although my plot in Woodlawn is free and clear.

"'It is a long stone of white Carrara marble in excellent taste,' Slats says. 'It is to lie flat over my last resting place, not to stand upright, and it is cut to exactly cover same from end to end and side to side. I order it in this form,' Slats says, 'because I am always a restless soul and long have a fear I may not lie quietly in my last resting place but may wish to roam around unless there is a sort of lid over me such as this stone. And besides,' he says, 'it will keep the snow off me. I loathe and despise the snow. I will leave the engraving to you, Baby, but promise you will take care of the stone at once.'

"WELL, I hear Beatrice promise between sobs, and also no doubt as she is reaching under the pillow for Slats' plant, and when I step back into the room a litt' later, Slats is a goner and Beatrice is now really letting the salt water flow freely, although her best effort is in Woodlawn two days later when it looks as if we will have to send for a siphon to unflood the premises.

"But to show you what a smart strudel Beatrice is, she is around the day after we place the late Slats to rest saying that he does not leave her a thin dime. You see, she is figuring against the chance that relatives of Slats may show up and claim his estate and she even lets Slats' lodge pay the funeral expenses although of course this is no more than is coming to any departed brother.

"I do not dispute her statement because I think she is entitled to the dough as long as Slats gives it to her and of course I take it for granted that she will split herself out from enough of the swag to buy the stone according to her promise and in fact I am so sure of this that one afternoon last week I go out to Woodlawn not only to pay my respects to the memory of the late Slats but to see how his last resting place looks with the stone over it.

"Well, what do I see but Slats himself walking around and around a mound of dried earth with some withered flowers scattered over it and among these flowers I recognize my own wreath which says 'So long, pal' on it and which costs me a double-saw, but there is no stone whatsoever over the mound, not even as much as a weentsy little pebble."

"Just a minute, Julie," I say. "You state that you see the late Slats walking around and about. Do you see him all pale and vapory?"

"Well," Julie says, "now you mention it, I do seem to recall that Slats is a little on the pale side of what he used to be. But he is otherwise unchanged except that he is not wearing his derby hat as usual. We do n give him his derby hat when we place him to rest, as the undertaker guy says it is not necessary. Anyway, when he spies me, Slats stops walking and sits down on the edge of the late Cockeyed Corrigan's black marble marker, which is practically next door to him and says to me like this:

(Continued on page 75)

JANETT—PIX

Cuba's controversial President Grau San Martin, shown here with his family, is trying to save his nation from Communism with a kind of Spanish-language New Deal

RED HARVEST IN CUBA

BY FRANK GERVASI

Economic chaos was the thing which gave Communism its start in Cuba. Things are better now and the Red growth has slowed. If chaos comes again, Communism may not be very far behind

OF ALL the presidents of those twenty bogus and bona-fide republics south of the Rio Grande, none has a tougher job than the tall and Latinly handsome Doctor Ramon Grau San Martin of Cuba. He's trying to build a recognizably democratic house on the rotten stumps of 400 years of Spanish imperialism and nearly 50 years of graft, nepotism and rubber-hose and tommy-gun rule of a succession of dictators.

With his long, narrow, Spanish hidalgo's head, dark eyes, graying black hair brushed slickly back from a high forehead and Ronald Colman mustache, Grau is one of the most photogenic men in Latin American politics. He is also remarkable for his unimpeachable honesty and for the fact that he was elected in June of last year in the only unfettered election in his country's history.

Upon taking office, Grau swore out a list of his personal property and vowed that when he quits he won't be a centavo wealthier than the million dollars worth of real estate and cash he itemized. Grau inherited some of the million from his substantial, upper middle-class parents. Some he earned in the mortgage and loan business in his spare time, and the rest he made as one of Cuba's best physicians. Grau will need to be every bit as good a politician as he was a doctor, however, if he's to cure Cuba's social, political and economic ills. At the elections, 1,000,000 Cubans voted confidence in his ability to do so, and 800,000 signified that they thought he couldn't.

Grau's friends see in him the architect of a new Cuban society in which the economic underdogs of the feudalism that was inherited from Spain will get a square deal. His enemies damn him as a labor-loving pinko who's fostering class war, undermining free enterprise and flirting with the Kremlin. Jobless soreheads kill Grau's officials, intimidate members of his family, try to overthrow his government and otherwise keep Cuba on the razor edge of revolution.

Whether Grau succeeds or fails in making a brave new Cuba is of paramount importance not only to about 4,700,000 Cubans but also to the United States, which has a larger financial stake in this republic than it has anywhere else in the world. American investments total $1,500,000,000 to $2,000,000,000, and only those in Germany before the war were bigger. The heftiest chunk of that money, some $785,000,000, is in sugar which to you may be merely a currently scarce commodity to stir into the morning coffee, but to Cubans low and high, it is the marrow in their economic bones.

Most of Grau's troubles originate directly and indirectly in sugar. Probably nowhere else in the world are politics and economics visibly so intimately related. To a larger extent than any other nation, Cuba is a one-crop country.

Sugar—Cuba's Staff of Life

The sugar industry accounts for 82 per cent of the national wealth of Cuba, employs three and possibly four of every five able-bodied Cubans and sprawls over 7,500,000 of Cuba's 10,000,000 arable acres. Cubans prosper or panhandle, almost literally live or die, depending on whether sugar is up or down. When the stuff's scarce in the world market and the price is high, the country knows prosperity and political peace. When sugar overflows the world's bowls and the price drops, Cubans experience depression and political chaos.

The sensitive relationship between sugar and politics is one of the things Grau must keep uppermost in mind in his unenviable job. Exploitation of sugar workers in less enlightened times, for instance, generated at least two major revolutions, the most recent of which overthrew the Fascist Gerardo Machado. The same malpractices stimulated one of the best organized and most progressive labor movements in Latin America.

But the disease, poverty and hunger among the cane cutters and peasants who were obliged to work under Machado for 20 and 30 cents a day while planters and millowners counted their profits in millions, provided a fertile field for Communism. Cuba's Communists call themselves members of the Partido Socialista Popular, but they're Communists just the same. They constitute a political minority but are well organized and ably led.

They press hard for the eventual expulsion of all foreigners—including Americans—from Cuba's economic life. They frankly admit that they hope ultimately to achieve government control and ownership of major industries and public utilities. For the moment, however, they espouse a program of "Cuba for the Cubans"—a cry reaching into every corner of the island's 44,164 square miles.

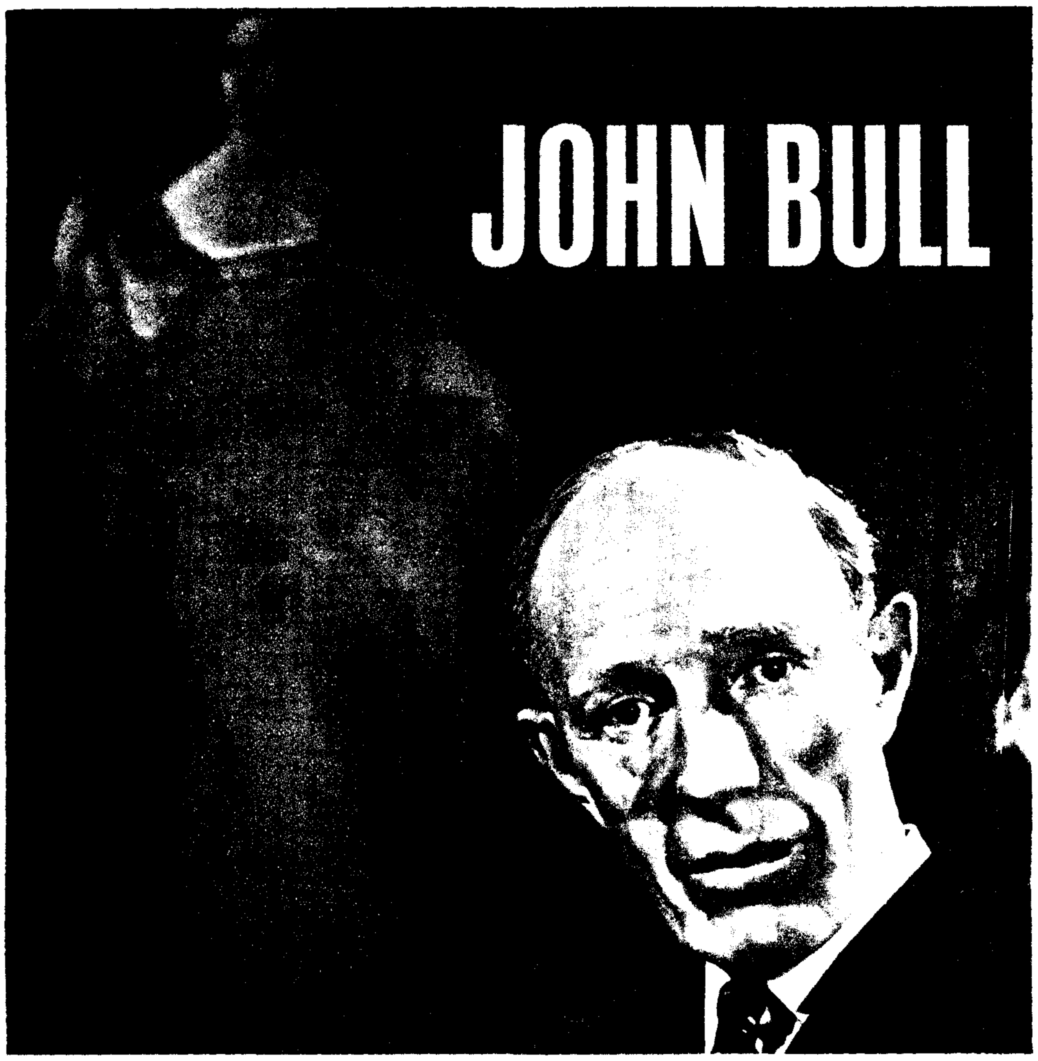
Even without socialization, which the leftists admit is "still a distant objective and will be realized only if socialism makes worldwide progress," the nationalistic "Cuba for the Cubans" program would accomplish the disappropriation or outright expropriation of foreign interests. These extend beyond sugar into tobacco, the mining industry, railroads, trolley lines, banking, insurance,

(Continued on page 30)

JOHN BULL *In Washington*

BY GEORGE CREEL and ROBERT DE VORE

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GOTTSCHO - SCHLEISNER



The Earl of Halifax, British ambassador to the United States, poses before a portrait of Victoria. Below, the embassy ballroom. It's been dim since 1939

Few Americans get to know what the Washington embassies are like and what kind of people live in them. This article concerns itself with the "colonial village"—the temporary home of Lord Halifax

ONLY a few years ago, the big red-brick mansion on Washington's upper Massachusetts Avenue was merely the British Embassy. Now His Britannic Majesty's government maintains a branch office. Before 1940, the embassy often functioned in a vacuum. Now it is the seat of British government in the United States, a kind of substation of British power.

Sir Ronald Lindsay used to call the building "my colonial village," a reference to its varying roof levels. Just as innocently, embassy secretaries used to speak of their assignment to America as being "out here," as though this were one of the crown colonies.

It was only a few months before the war that the same Sir Ronald—a very warm man to his intimates but painfully shy in public—uttered the unhappiest words ever to fall from an ambassadorial mouth. Seeking to explain to the only press conference of his ambassadorship why everyone could not be invited to the garden party given by Their Majesties during their 1939 visit, he said, "It's just like heaven. Some are chosen, some are not."

Nothing about the British Embassy today suggests heaven. For one thing, its inhabitants work too hard. For another, it's too easy to get into. When the British Foreign Office awakened, almost too late, to the need to come to terms with the press and public of America, the job of removing the embassy from its rock wool of diplomatic insulation was given to the late Lord Lothian, who had been a member of the newspaper profession and who talked the language of the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt and became his great friend. Lothian died about a year after his appointment.

His successor was a member of Winston

Churchill's Cabinet and formerly his Foreign Secretary, the Earl of Halifax—Edward Frederick Lindley Wood. He seemed to possess, when he came to his post in the winter of 1941, few of the qualities, natural or acquired, that made Lothian one of the very greatest of British ambassadors. But a genuine friendliness and a sincere interest in people, conscientious attention to his job and a willingness to accommodate the publicity experts engaged by the Ministry of Information have very largely overcome the disadvantages of a cold, somewhat ascetic exterior and a Cliveden background.

One of the more obvious signs of the wartime transformation of the embassy are the 300 persons who come to work on the premises six and sometimes seven days a week, a staff comparable in size with that of the entire Foreign Office in London before the war. Hundreds more are employed in ministries and missions with offices in eighteen buildings elsewhere in Washington. In all, six thousand people work for His Majesty's government in this country, of whom one third are British nationals. Lord Halifax is their chief.

The ambassador's immediate concern, of course, is the conduct of affairs in the chancery, which is literally a branch of the Foreign Office with an organizational structure like that of the main office in London or of our own State Department. For the principal areas of diplomacy, he has an expert who may act in his name on matters of lesser importance and whose advice he receives in conjunction with conferences on major questions at the State Department or the White House.

If, for example, the problem should be one concerning Japan, he would consult with Sir George Bailey Sansom, just as our own Secretary of State, in a similar instance, would call on his experts in the Office of Far Eastern Affairs. Sir George served in the consular service in Japan until 1940 and wrote A Short Cultural History of Japan.

Just a few years ago, the chancery staff, exclusive of clerks, messengers and stenographers, numbered no more than ten. Halifax has a diplomatic staff of sixty-six of whom five, including Sir George, have full ministerial rank.

Long-time members of the British colony marked the growth of the capital by the migrations of their embassy. Not very many years ago, upper Massachusetts Avenue was a wilderness and the British Embassy then was on Connecticut Avenue, near the heart of the city. Yet, when the old embassy first was occupied, Washington society wondered whatever possessed the British to move "out in the fields."

The new embassy remained unchanged from July, 1930, when Sir Ronald and Lady Lindsay moved in, until the outbreak of war. The building was—and is—in two main sections. The chancery, a U-shaped development housing the business offices, faces the avenue and connects with the embassy proper by a second-floor archway in which the ambassador's study is situated. The courtyard between the original chancery wings has been filled in with a temporary brick building to provide more offices. The addition did no more to enhance the beauty of the place than did the erection of a temporary building on the west side of the grounds.

This structure strongly resembles the many temporary war buildings in Washington and is precisely as unbeautiful. The British call it "The Hut." Fortunately, in summer, it is largely concealed from the street by banks of trees. Here are the offices of the Ministry of Information, the Board of Trade, naval and military attachés, RAF and Navy public relations, political and economic warfare executives and the Foreign Office's relief and supply department. Recently, they needed more space. The roof of "The Hut" was lifted, and another story was added.

Somehow, Henry Blanuet, the gardener, with almost no help, manages to keep some three acres of lawn trimmed, hundreds of square yards of flower beds weeded, shrubs and trees pruned, swimming pool cleaned and tennis court in condition. Henry who was born in France and served in the French army, is a thoughtful man whose professional attainments have not blinded him to the merits of two schools of thought on gardening.

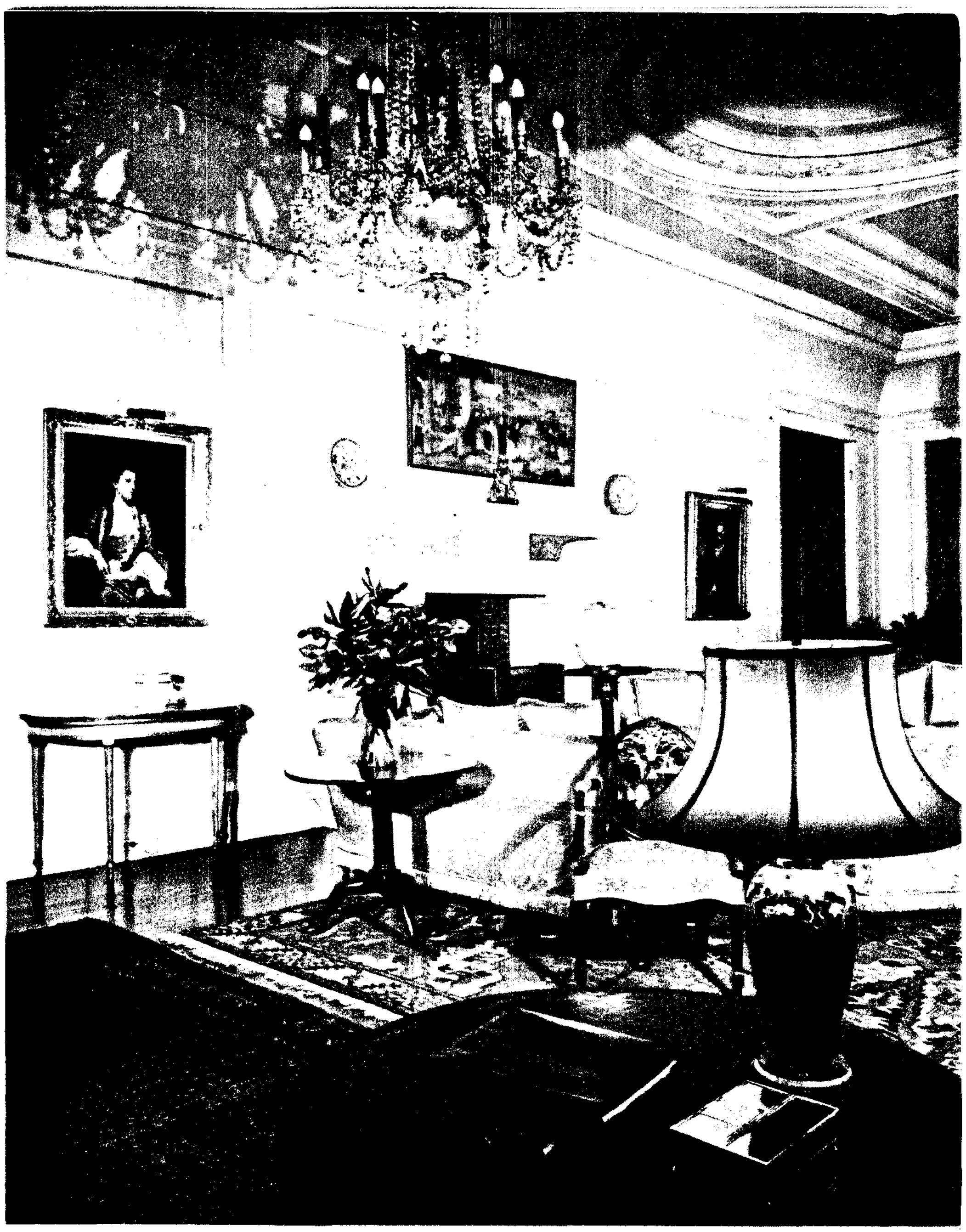
Must Cater to Ladies' Tastes

Thus he is able philosophically to accept his misfortune. The garden was made originally for Lady Lindsay who liked her flowers in the garden with plenty of flowering shrubs. Lady Halifax prefers her flowers in vases in the house, and that means that the garden has to be substantially remade.

Almost everything but the furniture in the ambassador's residence has changed, also. Everything is business. There are no big parties, but many small quiet ones. And even they, like the luncheons and dinners, are official, and those who eat at them take potluck with the neighborhood markets and the local rationing board.

The man who has to worry about rationing, marketing and the shortage of efficient domestic help is Sidney Charles Maddams, the steward. When things get too tough, he can seek the consoling company of Sally, a Siamese cat, in his own office-sitting room just a few steps from the big embassy kitchen. Sally belongs to Lady Halifax technically, but with characteristic feline independence, she adopted Maddams, lives in his quarters and won't have anything to do with her ladyship. Funny thing about cats. People don't own them. They own people.

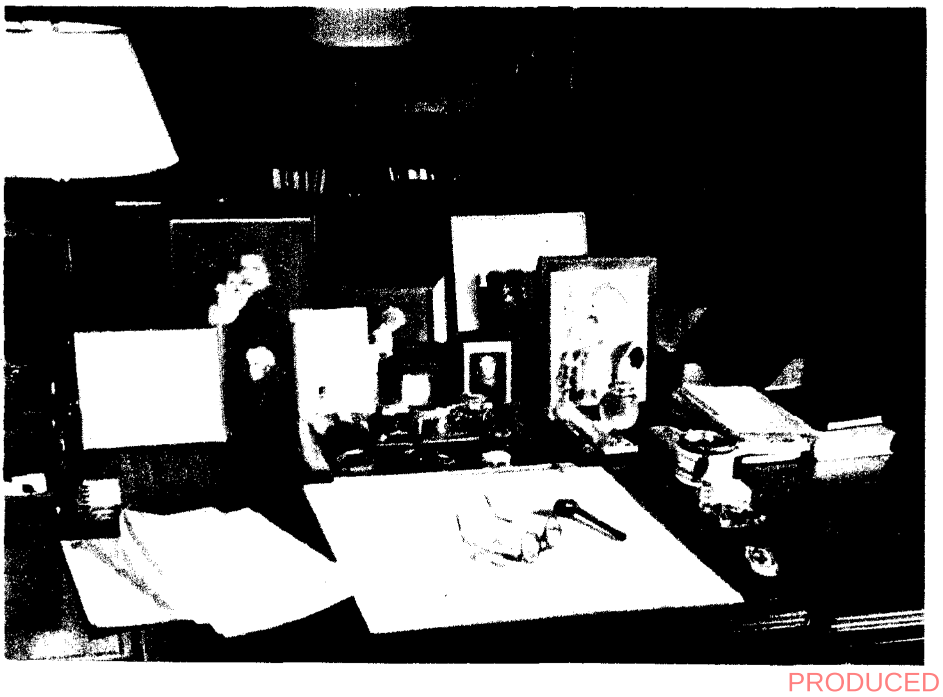
The embassy is classified as an institution by the OPA. Every two months, Maddams has to submit to his rationing board an inventory of the rationed food consumed during that period. He then is allotted points,



The embassy drawing room is richly furnished and comfortable. The painting at left is by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the one at far right is by Sir Henry Raeburn

This is the busiest room of all. It is the ambassador's study. He works here by day. Usually in the evenings, his wife visits him here for a family chat

The ambassador's desk is rather orderly. The pictures include the Queen, Lord Halifax's mother, his wife, and his daughter, the Countess of Feversham holding the Earl's granddaughter. One son was killed in this war



on the basis of that consumption, for another two months.

It's all right when there are no more than the usual number of small luncheons and dinners, but not so long ago the regular meeting of British consuls was held at the embassy, and the Halifaxes had eighty-five of them, their wives and friends to dinner. In a case like that, the board lets Maddams borrow against his next two months allowance, if necessary. Sometimes it deducts in full for borrowed points, sometimes it doesn't, depending upon circumstances.

Maddams does his own marketing—and rarely by telephone—at the local independent and chain stores for fresh fruits and vegetables and staples. He lets the chef buy the meat from one of the wholesale houses, because he figures that the chef is more competent to decide what he can best prepare from the meat available. Like everyone else, the Halifaxes are eating a lot of fish these days. Fortunately, they are fond of all kinds of fish, except shellfish.

The Halifaxes breakfast on fruit, dry or cooked cereal, eggs and sausage or bacon, when available. They haven't got down to pancakes yet. Breakfast is anywhere from eight to nine. In the winter or when the weather is bad they eat at a small table in the big dining room. But on bright mornings they like to eat on the terrace. One morning Maddams found the robins going after the grapefruit. He told one of the kitchen maids about it. Now the fruit isn't put on until the Halifaxes are present to defend it.

Lunch is at 1:15. It often starts with hot grapefruit followed by a cold course, such as a salad or macaroni and a meat or fish course. Dinner is at eight and very simple—soup, meat or fish and a sweet (dessert). Halifax loves sweet almonds and they are a "must" on the daily shopping list. He has to have at least one before going to bed.

The embassy is always being cleaned, carpets vacuumed, furniture and floors rubbed down, woodwork dusted. But when the Halifaxes go away for a week or so, out come the floor waxer, the wax furniture polish and the cleansing powders, and the 60-room mansion is given a good and proper cleaning.

Maddams should have twenty-four good assistants to run the residence the way it ought to be run, but he can't get them. To handle downstairs, he should have four men, but the best he can do is one man and three girls. Upstairs housekeeping he has delegated to Lois Davis who has a staff of four girls. Two laundresses are kept busy six days a week, and even then the heavy work has to be sent out to commercial laundries. Some of the help live in and some out, and Maddams never knows how many are going to show up for work.

From the breakfast table Lord Halifax goes to his study where he disposes of his personal correspondence before calling on Major John Gilbert Lockhart, his private secretary, and Michael Wright, head of the chancery, to go over the day's program. Unless pressing business of state requires his personal attention, the ambassador spends most of his day seeing all sorts of people.

In a couple of days in the same week he is likely to run the full scale of American life in his contacts. For example: Associate Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter, an old friend; Secretary of War Henry Stimson in his office in the Pentagon Building; a group of labor leaders; a delegation of American manufacturers; a party of American war workers, and several G.I.s who want to see the British ambassador in the flesh.

Three quarters of an hour of every afternoon he reserves for exercise—a walk or a set of tennis; and a portion of every day Halifax, a devout Anglican, spends in worship, usually in St. Agnes' Church, sometimes in the National Cathedral.

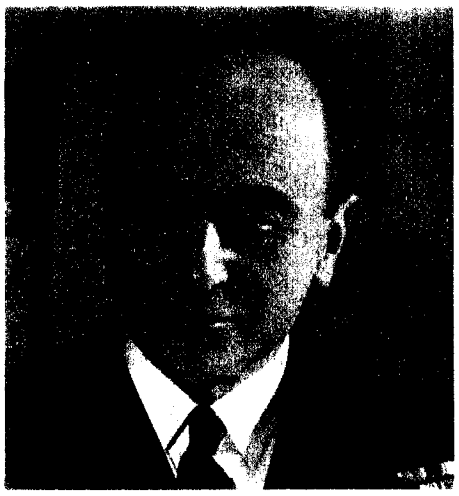
He does a lot of traveling, averaging a week each month. Always he is interested not so much in America, but in its people.

During his travels he makes many speeches, trying as often as he can to dissuade Americans from their general belief that Englishmen are cold, humorless, superior and generally not to be trusted. He knew for certain that he had succeeded one time when a member of his audience got up at the close of the address and said, "I used to think the British always outsmarted us. After listening to Lord Halifax, I *know* that can't be true."

Frankie likes no one at the embassy except his master, Halifax, and vice versa. Frankie is a dachshund, aged four. He never did like Sally, the cat, and not so long ago he had a falling out with Rowley, Major Lockhart's King Charles spaniel. He doesn't bite Rowley, but merely pushes him out of his presence, which hurts the spaniel's feelings and causes him to sulk for hours under the major's desk. A few days ago, Frankie made a mad dash for the swift massed traffic on Massachusetts Avenue. The major, who happened to be near, grabbed him and spared him certain death. Frankie bit him.

To many of Washington's Negro citizens, the name of the ambassador is not the Earl of Halifax, but Charles Florence Maline Browne, who has charge of all the mail at the embassy. He's 76 years old and has worked for British ambassadors for 57 years—so long that he speaks with a British accent. On June 22, 1921, King George V conferred upon him the medal of the Order of the British Empire. He is the only Negro ever to receive this decoration.

Superficially, there has been little change in the embassy, or ambassador's residence. The fragile, museum-piece furniture is still immaculately waxed. But the ambassador's household has been as much scarred by war as any in America. British families do not mark their battle dead with gold stars, so there is no visible evidence of the killing at El Alamein of Francis Hugh "Peter" Courtenay Wood, second son of Lord and Lady Halifax. You may see in the residence, however, a wheel chair. It was used by Richard Frederick Wood, youngest of three sons, who gave both his legs to his country as a soldier. Richard has returned to England and will be entering New College, Oxford, in October. ★★★



These are men of the embassy. Capt. Edward M. C. A. Smith, R.N. is naval attaché. He's had job over a year

Michael Wright, "Head of Chancery" manages chancery and passes on embassy papers. He's Oxford graduate

About 40 diplomatic pouches pass through the embassy bag room each day. George Tizzard checks them in and out. They go by air, rail and sea—mostly to London. Once the British seal is on a bag, the U.S. cannot examine the bag or contents

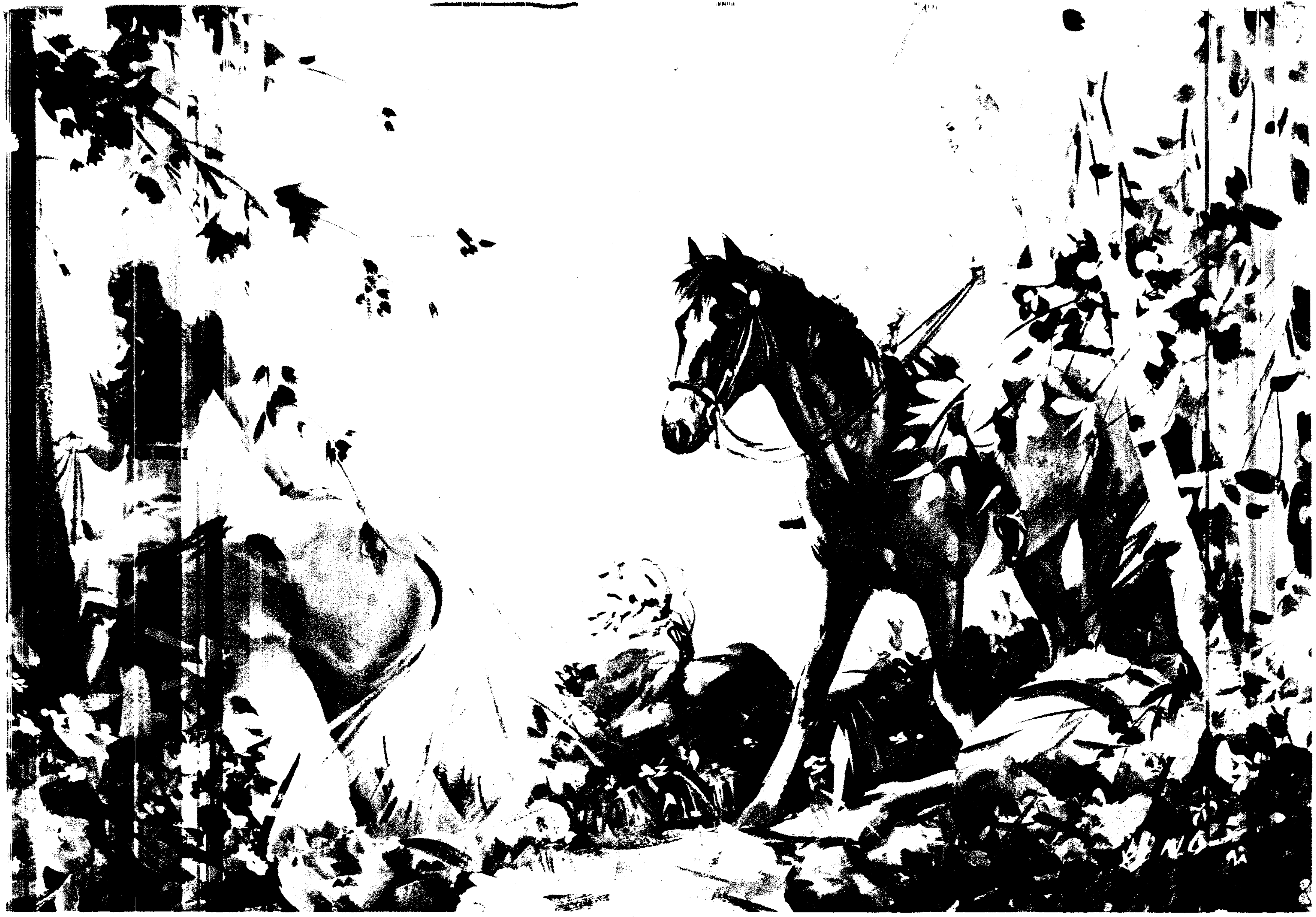
Air Commodore D. L. Blackford is Air Attaché. Served in last war, commanded a Fortress Wing in this one

Charlie Browne, U.S. Negro, has been embassy messenger for 57 years, was decorated, served ten ambassadors

Sir George B. Sansom worked for king in Japan until 1940, is now embassy expert on Far East Affairs

Sir Gerald Campbell, veteran civil servant, worked his way to full ministerial rank. A Cambridge man

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE—PIX



THE EXPENDABLE HEART

"Look, brat," he said, laughing, "you told me once you didn't want to know about my girls." "I didn't then," said Abby in a small voice

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

The Story:

Love happened simply, and quite irrationally, to **ABBY WALLACE**, the moment she met tall, amiable **BARRY LAMBERT**. But love could never be simple for **ABBY**—for just as suddenly, she found herself face to face with the hopeless conviction that she would never escape the ruthless domination of her wealthy father, **NORMAN WALLACE**, who, having always jealously managed his beautiful daughter's life, made it quite clear that he would not release her now. And there were others to create opposition. **CRAIG EMERSON**, who worked for **NORMAN WALLACE** as an assistant in his famous art gallery, was one; in love himself with **ABBY**, he would back her father's wishes. **VAL STANLEY**, sultry, black-haired model, determined to have **BARRY** for herself, was another. Only **MADGE DUNCAN**, **BARRY'S** fond, whimsical mother, encouraged **ABBY'S** and **BARRY'S** love. But the real implications of **ABBY'S** futile predicament were yet to come. When **ABBY**, determined to take matters into her own hands, told her father that she was to be married, he informed her coldly that a marriage would be a sacrilege—that her mother, who **ABBY** had always believed died in childbirth, had destroyed herself, the victim of an emotional instability which **WALLACE** knew **ABBY** had inherited. . . .

II

ABBY was so white, her father thought she would fall. He released her wrist only to put his arm around her. "Craig would have understood," he said. "I wonder if Mr. Lambert—" His voice trailed off. He added, "because you must tell him, in simple justice. For men of Lambert's type expect their wives to bear children safely, if only as an extension of their own ego."

She whispered, her eyes strained and dilated, "Are you trying to tell me that my mother was *insane?*"

"No," he said quickly. "Insanity developing during pregnancy or following childbirth is precipitated, I believe, by those factors. It premises an unstable condition of the nervous system . . . which might never have manifested itself—" He shrugged, and released her. "Such a disturbance usually clears up, in time. As the doctors say, the prognosis is good. But further pregnancies would be a grave risk."

She asked, still whispering, "I could *inherit* this?"

"I don't know, Abby. The predisposition, possibly."

Abby cried, "I don't believe you. You are trying to frighten me. You are trying to prevent my marriage to Barry."

"Of course," he said. "What else?"

"Who was my mother's doctor?" she demanded.

"His name," said Wallace, "was Gilpin, a very famous obstetrician, in New York. He came here, at my request, with his staff." He added, "He died some years ago."

She said, dully, "I don't want to hear any more."

He watched her move, walk away, his face composed, and his eyes intent. . . .

Somehow Abby managed to get upstairs. She did not hear Craig come out into the hall, she did not hear him speak her name. He watched her, frowning, and then went out into the sun porch. Wallace was still there.

Craig asked, more abruptly than usual, "What's the matter with Abby?"

Wallace said, "Find the bell and ring, will you? I'd like some sherry."

"She looked dreadful," said Craig, obeying.

"Abby? She's very emotional," said her father. "And my opposition to young Lambert . . ."

Craig asked quickly, "She actually intends to marry him?"

Wallace sighed. "Perhaps," he said. "I really don't know. Yet I think I have persuaded her that it would be a very reckless error for her."

Craig sat down, and took his cigarette case from his pocket. He said, "It's been something of a blow to me, too."

"I know," said Wallace, "but if you will take advice hard for young people to accept, I counsel patience."

Their eyes met for an instant. Craig shivered and looked away; they understood each other.

He wanted to run quickly up the stairs, to take Abby's hands in his, to cry, "What has he done to you, tell me, perhaps I can help—"

But he knew what that would mean, too. He consoled himself by thinking, as, a little later, he accepted the glass of sherry from Wallace's hands, that there was nothing he could do.

IN HER room, grown suddenly unfamiliar, the walls diminished to the proportions of a cell, Abby sat huddled in a chair. Her forehead was wet and her hands cold, but her head burned and ached under the suddenly unendurable weight of her hair. What shall I do? she thought.

There were doctors she could consult, books she could read. No, a simpler way: Why should she have a child? She thought: We wouldn't need a child. We would have each other.

She knew nothing of Barry, except that he had said he loved her. But surely, if a man and woman loved each other, it was enough. She had no wish to share or to be shared. She wanted Barry; he was complete, in himself, as she would be complete, with him.

(Continued on page 56)

Babies for Free

By Amy Porter

THEY call them government babies, the half million infants who came into the world last year with all medical bills paid, courtesy of Uncle Sam. They are the children of servicemen, born under the Emergency Maternity and Infant Care program. Their number grows daily, with one out of every six babies born in the country being "government." Before the end of the war, their total will be, it is estimated, at least a million and a half.

They are healthy babies, most of them, for the government concerns itself not only with payment of medical bills, but with seeing to it that both mother and child get the best

Left: This government baby has been born in the safest possible environment—a good hospital. In this case, New York Hospital. Above: Mrs. Bella Mulligan's doctor checks blood pressure as routine step in prenatal care

available medical nursing and hospital care—all without charge, and without embarrassment.

These babies constitute the prize exhibit of the biggest public health experiment ever conducted in this country. Never before has the government assumed responsibility for civilian medical care on so grand a scale. Never before have the nation's doctors agreed to participate in such a far-reaching program of "government medicine."

Because of the EMIC program, every community has been forced to take stock of its medical facilities for mothers and infants, with sometimes shameful revelations. EMIC shows there simply aren't enough hospitals and doctors to go around, especially in rural areas. EMIC has been obliged to transport some patients as far as 100 miles from home to get good care for them. EMIC reveals the need for health education. Too many doctors and too many hospitals fail to follow the ordinary rules for good maternity care—and too many women don't know the difference.

EMIC is making the nation realize how much must be done to approach the ideal of good care for *all* mothers and infants. One out of six now is cared for under EMIC. But what about the other five? Why, in 1942, did 100,000 babies and 7,000 mothers have to die of causes related to childbirth? Why were 200,000 babies born that year without the help of a doctor? What can be done to improve the record?

Although the EMIC program is a purely wartime measure, due to end six months after peace, its findings will be important to the nation and to Congress in developing postwar health plans. Partly because of EMIC experience, many new provisions for maternity and child care are included in the national health insurance section of the revised Wagner Social Security bill, now before Congress.

The baby program was authorized by Congress simply to meet an imperative need. The national conscience was shocked to see service wives facing motherhood on incomes limited through no fault of their own to an inadequate $50 a month.

Katharine F. Lenroot, head of the Children's Bureau, expressed the spirit of the thing this way: "There is one casualty which no responsible nation should ask a fighting man to face. That casualty is the preventable injury of his wife or child back home."

Congress voted agreement and money, and as the program began to go into effect in March, 1943, the nation's doctors, with few exceptions, agreed, too, and have been generously co-operating ever since.

The way EMIC works is: A serviceman's wife, as soon as she is pregnant, may apply for aid. She is not questioned about her finances. No investigator pries into her private affairs. She need only establish that she is in fact the wife of a serviceman in one of the four lowest pay grades or of an aviation cadet, and her maternity bills will be paid. She may go to the doctor and hospital of her choice, excepting only those few doctors and hospitals which are not participating in EMIC. Or she may ask the health department to help her make arrangements. If her baby gets sick at any time during its first year, it is again entitled to complete medical care.

The program is under the direction of Doctor Martha M. Eliot, associate chief of the Children's Bureau but state health departments, and not the federal government, administer it locally. The states receive EMIC funds from the Children's Bureau and pay them out in check to doctors, hospitals and nurses. The cost so far has been almost $70,000,000. The only federal string attached is that participating hospitals and doctors must meet minimum requirements set by the Children's Bureau.

By February, 1944, the EMIC program was in operation in every state and in Puerto Rico, Hawaii and Alaska. Now, a year and a half later, it is possible to evaluate it to some extent. Nobody claims perfection for it, but still it is pretty well accomplishing what it set out to do.

Consider these twin boys. Both they and their mother came close to losing their lives at the time of their birth. The twins were premature and required incubators, oxygen—all the skillful care modern medicine knows how to give. The mother underwent two operations and received twenty blood transfusions. All three are well now. The total medical bill in this case was nearly $2,000. How could a $50-a-month serviceman have paid it? Possibly the twins and their mother would have got good care without EMIC, but probably not, for the mother says that without EMIC's promise that her bills would be paid, she would not have gone to a hospital for delivery. Eighty-nine per cent of all EMIC mothers are delivered in hospitals, compared to 68 per cent of all mothers before EMIC. In Ohio, 94 per cent of EMIC cases are hospitalized, and in the state of Washington, more than 99 per cent.

The Emergency Maternity and Infant Care program helps servicemen by caring for wives and babies, with all expenses paid. By the end of the war, more than 1,500,000 babies will have been ushered into the world with EMIC care

A girl was born with a clubfoot. Under EMIC, the deformity was corrected. Cost of operation, $75. If she had chanced to be born before EMIC, she might have been among the 15,000 children who in 1944 were known to be in need of orthopedic or plastic surgery and for whom care could not be provided with the public funds then available. Another government baby had to have a stomach operation before he was two months old. The government paid the doctor and hospital bills: $200.

EMIC administrators do not stand on ceremony in the face of emergencies. If a baby is sick, the mother may take him to any approved hospital immediately, without even waiting to fill out an EMIC application. The application may be sent in any time within a week after the baby's admission. The fact that there are no residence requirements increases the program's flexibility.

A New York baby was desperately ill with meningitis, and the mother learned that a new technique treating this disease was in use at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. Could she take the baby to Johns Hopkins? She could. New York's EMIC delivered the baby by ambulance to Pennsylvania Station, the mother paid her own train fare, and at the end of the trip, Baltimore's EMIC was waiting with another ambulance to take the patient to Johns Hopkins.

A few government babies are of illegitimate birth. The law provides that any serviceman's child is entitled to care, and this holds, even when, as one doctor put it, "the baby's father and mother aren't married yet."

Most EMIC patients are very young, usually they are having their first baby, and often they are alone and friendless in the cities to which they have gone for a final few days with their departing husbands. To help them with their many problems, the health departments act, on request, as clearing bureaus for all sorts of services other than medical. A frantic seaman in Washington, D. C., called the Children's Bureau one Saturday afternoon. He had received sudden orders to leave. His wife was still weak, following childbirth and he could not find anyone—housekeeper, nurse or friend—to take care of his wife and baby. Within an hour the Bureau got action from interested agencies. A nurse went to the home to take over, and Navy Relief agreed to pay for a diaper-laundry service.

One blizzardy day in New York, a doctor called the city health department—EMIC headquarters. A young woman was in his office, he said, with a sick baby. She had just said goodby to her soldier husband and she had no place to go. No, the baby was not sick enough to be hospitalized. Could EMIC help? In this case, the Red Cross and the Visiting Nurse Service were called in. A Red Cross worker escorted the stranded pair to a room, and a visiting nurse came to care for the baby.

(Continued on page 28)

rs. Mulligan and her Navy husband, John, do not have to orry about the high cost of parenthood. Under EMIC, all edical bills for their new son, Robert Curtis, are paid y the government. "I have had the best care," she says

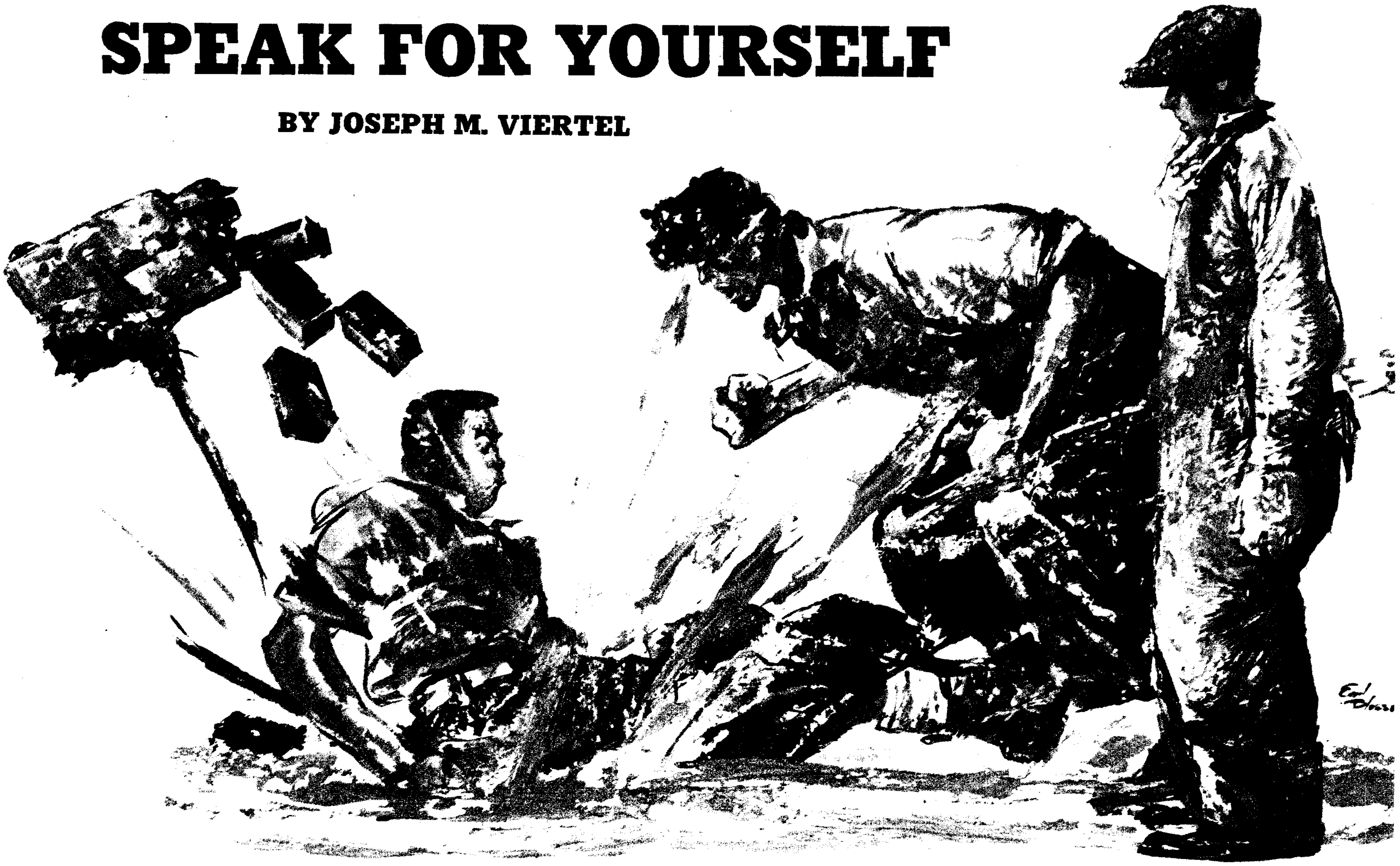
Through EMIC, women are learning what good maternity and infant care consist of. At New York Hospital all new mothers, including Mrs. Mulligan, attend classes in baby bathing, dressing, feeding. Many cities continue instruction through well-baby clinics

Mrs. Mulligan's daughter Patsy greets her mother and new brother as they leave hospital. Case won't be closed until doctor's final okay six weeks after birth

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ANN ROSENER—PIX

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

BY JOSEPH M. VIERTEL



As THE two men in dirty work clothes approached the gate of the Curtiss construction job, they could hear the power shovel straining beyond the fence and the truck wheels grinding in the spring mud. The larger man nudged his companion.

"Pete," he said, "leave me do the talking, understand? You just stand there and leave me talk."

The small man nodded assent. Pete Lupo was a gaunt, undistinguished man with an expressionless face and stooped body, who, notwithstanding his own drab exterior, considered himself a poet. By profession he was a common building laborer, sometimes labor foreman, but Pete preferred to think of himself as a builder of buildings.

His companion, Carmine Peroni, though a little younger, was a taller, heavier man, actually handsome, with a keen face and sharp eyes. Fired by an inexplicable inner force, Carmine had, under unbelievably trying economic circumstances, completed his high-school education in New York City. He, too, at first became a common laborer, but he had worked hard and learned and joined the union and was now a journeyman bricklayer. He had a hard, unflinching American look and he spoke English sharply.

A story about a poet who dreamed of love, a bricklayer who understood compassion, and a girl whose beauty put both to test

Pete could scarcely talk English at all. But his Italian was mellifluous, while Carmine's Italian was a shrill jabber.

"There's a lot of crazy people up here," Carmine was saying in Italian. "They think crazy. Remember, this isn't the East Bronx. We have to be careful."

Pete nodded again. "Carmenuche," he said melodiously, "I shall count upon you as always to see me safely through all difficulties. You lead the way and I shall follow."

Carmine said, "Well, try to keep out of jail this time."

Pete Lupo shrugged. "My passions run so high," he said. "You know I have a passionate soul. And I do not like foremen who tell lies."

"All the man said was he didn't have a job for you. It was no reason to run upstairs and empty a mortar tub on him."

"I know," said Pete. "It was bad of me, even if he was lying. You are very patient with me, Carmenuche, and I will try to control myself. If only I did not have such a passionate nature."

"Well, you better control your passionate nature," Carmine said. "I'm through getting you out of trouble, understand?"

Pete shook his head solemnly.

"And no women this time, either," said Carmine.

"Heaven forbid that I should fight with you about another woman," said Pete. "They are not worth it." . . .

When the huge, heavy superintendent had been summoned to the shanty, he eyed the two men narrowly.

"Yah?" he said shortly.

Carmine said, "You Mista Reed, the super?"

"Yah."

"Johnny Sorrocco from the Bronx sent us."

Pete nodded. "Sorrocco," he echoed nervously.

The superintendent softened immediately. "Johnny Sorrocco? How is the old gaffer?"

"He's-a fine," said Pete, grinning, "an' sends-a love an' kisses."

"Your friend's a comedian," Reed said with good humor.

"He don't speak much English," Carmine said. "He don't know what he's sayin' half the time." He turned on Pete and said angrily, "Keep your trap closed, hear?"

Pete nodded soberly.

"What do you boys do?" Reed asked.

Carmine told him, and the large man scratched his chin thoughtfully. "I could use a good working foreman," he said slowly; "someone to push the brickie helpers."

"That's-a me," Pete said. "I work-a the tails offa them bums."

"Shut up," shouted Carmine. Then turning to Reed he said, "My stupid friend is a great pusher. Maybe he don't talk so good, but he can push hell out of a gang."

Pete smiled. "I'm-a mean," he said.

They were hired at once, Carmine as a bricklayer and Pete as a working foreman of the laborers. The formalities over, Carmine and Reed started out of the shanty into the field, but Pete grasped Carmine's sleeve.

"Ask the man," said Pete in Italian, "if he has perhaps a picture of this Curtiss factory as it will look when completed."

"Look here," Carmine said impatiently, speaking Italian, "you starting that again?"

"Perhaps it is an ugly building," said Pete. "As you know, I do not wish to waste my time on ugly buildings."

"All right," shouted Carmine, "suppose it's ugly?"

"I could not work on an ugly building," Pete said.

"Look," screamed Carmine, "we're in Buffalo. We came four hundred miles, we paid a lot of carfare, is it not so? We will not go home even if this building looks like an outhouse."

"I would like to see it, Carmenuche," said Pete. "What is the harm of it?"

Reed, who could not understand, said, "Hey, what is it? What's he want?"

"My crazy friend," said Carmine, "wants to see a pictcha of the joint—what it's gonna look like."

Reed took an architect's rendering of the building from a drawer and showed it to Pete Lupo. The three men looked at it for a few moments, and Pete nodded slowly. To Carmine he said, "On this Curtiss factory building I will work."

"Okay," Carmine said to Reed. "He's satisfied."

They walked out to where the bricklayers were erecting a wall. Nine laborers, stooped under hods loaded with brick, trudged Indian file to supply the brick masons.

"I ain't workin' under no guinea," the man said. In an instant, Carmine was in front of him, striking out with a blow that knocked the man to the ground

Reed called one of the laborers. "Mike," he said, "here's your new foreman. Name's Pete Lupo. Mike's the steward."

Pete nodded with satisfaction and his blank face lighted up in a half-smile. "Okay," Pete said, "keep-a move, boys. No stoppa for me."

The third laborer, a heavy-set, stocky man, abruptly dropped his hod. The bricks splattered in the mud. He looked at Pete with disgust and spat.

"I ain't workin' under no lousy guinea," he said. "Ain't no wop gonna boss me."

In an instant, Carmine was in front of the man and struck him one mighty blow on the point of the chin. The man staggered back and sank slowly to the ground. He lay sleeping comfortably in the mud, forcing the hod carriers behind him to break their regular stride and step gingerly over his inert form.

Pete picked up an extra hod, refilled it with brick, and got into the line. He said slowly, "Keep-a move, boys. No stoppa for me." He glanced briefly across to Carmine, who sucked a bleeding knuckle and grinned.

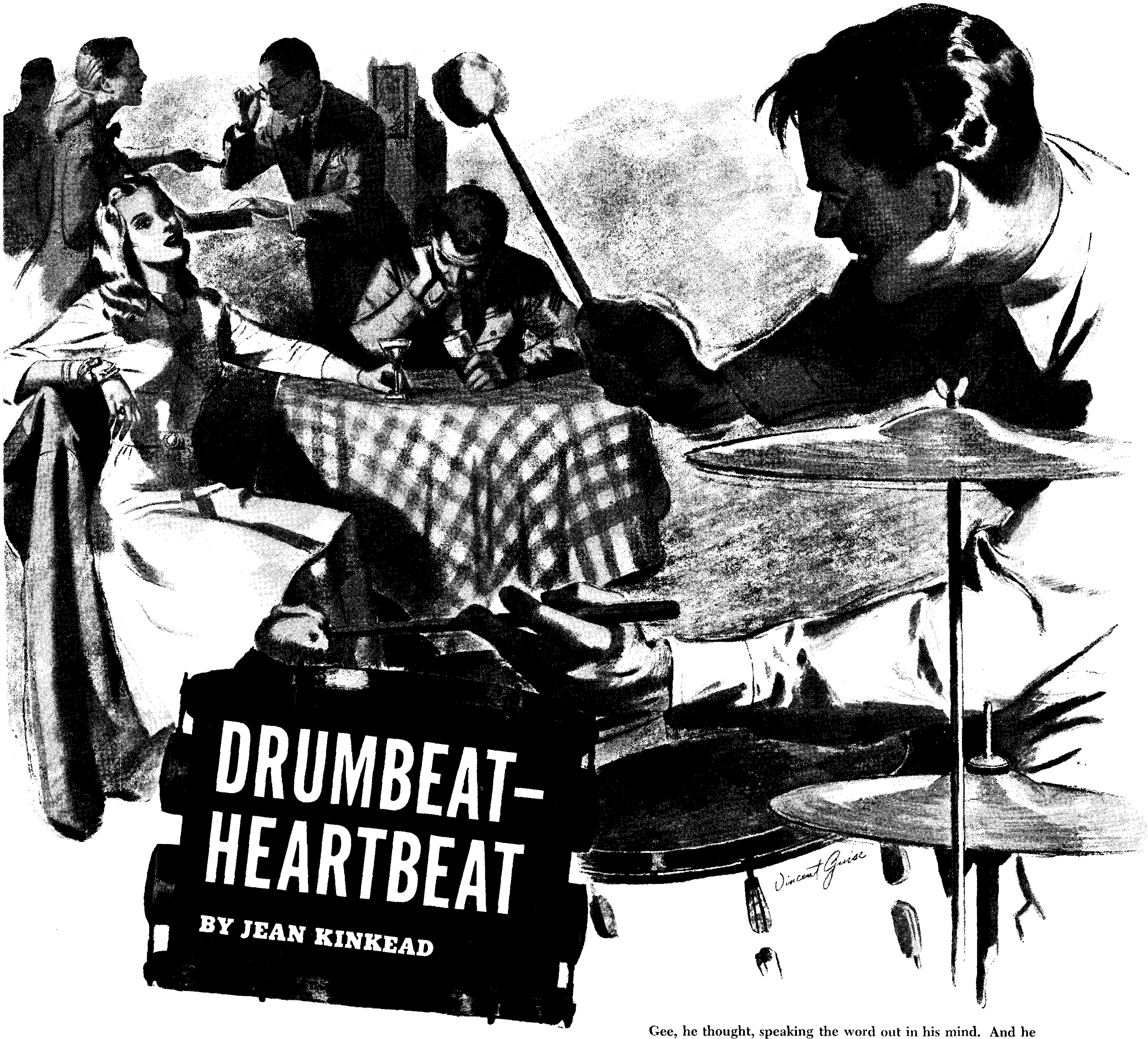
THAT night the two men spruced themselves and walked from their room on Linwood Street to the pizzeria, an eating institution of limited local fame. A sleek, black-haired hostess with a bun behind her delicate neck and a run in her stocking led them to a table in the rear and helped them into their seats. Pete never took his eyes off the lady.

Soon a waitress came over. She was thin and gaunt, but pretty. She looked a little like Katherine Hepburn, but more spiritual, Pete thought. He forgot the hostess immediately and stared raptly at this strange and haunting waitress of the pizzeria.

To Carmine he said in Italian, "Order the

(Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



DRUMBEAT-HEARTBEAT

BY JEAN KINKEAD

Gee, he thought, speaking the word out in his mind. And he didn't know quite what he meant except that she was so lovely

Music was John's whole life —and love and girls were strictly for laughs. Yet his heart stopped laughing when he learned that Jan agreed

HIS name was John, which was a screwy name for a jazz drummer. It should have been Slam or Biff or Hot Licks, but it was John Hutton, and it didn't seem to do him any harm. He played the most beautiful drums you ever heard with a true slow beat that got under your skin and became the beat of your own heart. The boys in the band said he played good, and let it go at that.

He was earmarked for the big time. He just couldn't help himself, and if it weren't for the war, he probably would have been killing them in one of the plush spots on 52d Street right this minute. But things being what they were he became a Pfc. in the Quartermaster Corps, and the closest he ever got to the big time was that honky-tonk in the Village.

It was a place called Joe's and it was strictly a joint. There was a fight there practically every night and maybe two on Saturdays; the floor was sticky where drinks had been spilled and never mopped up, and the liquor was pretty bad, but the band was out of this world. There was Bill Rossion, clarinet, and Smoky Wilson—he played bass. There was Dan Johnston on piano and, of course, John on the drums. All four boys loved one another, and it came out in the music. No one grabbed the limelight, and they'd take turns building one another up. They were all good, but as in every combination, there was a top man, and in this one it was John. He was the drive. He was the soul.

After the place closed on Saturday nights, they used to sit around and jam, and it always wound up the same way. They'd be playing Margie or Sweet Lorraine, kicking it back and forth, weaving the melody tighter and tighter until it was so inexpressively beautiful it could scarcely be borne. Then someone would say, "Take it, John," and he'd carry the whole thing alone, with Dan giving him a chord here and there, and the other boys sitting still looking at him. When he'd finish, no one wanted to play anything else. It had all been said. So they'd have a nightcap and talk a little, and then they'd go home.

Nowhere did their daily lives meet, but four nights a week from nine to two, they were blood brothers. They knew one another's financial troubles and domestic troubles. They knew the names of Bill's brothers and Dan's two kids and the exact degree of responsiveness of all of Smoky's girls. About John they knew the least, because he had the least to tell. His parents were dead and he had no wife. Music was his family, his religion, and he liked it that way. Girls were okay to drink with, to kid with, to make love to. Beyond that, they didn't interest him.

Once Dan kidded him about it. "Pushing thirty and still no gal? You sure must have been burned, kid." he said. "Who was she?"

"No one," John told him, not meeting his eyes. "Guess I've just never met one that mowed me down."

"You want to be knocked cold like in the movies?" Dan's voice was smiling and tolerant.

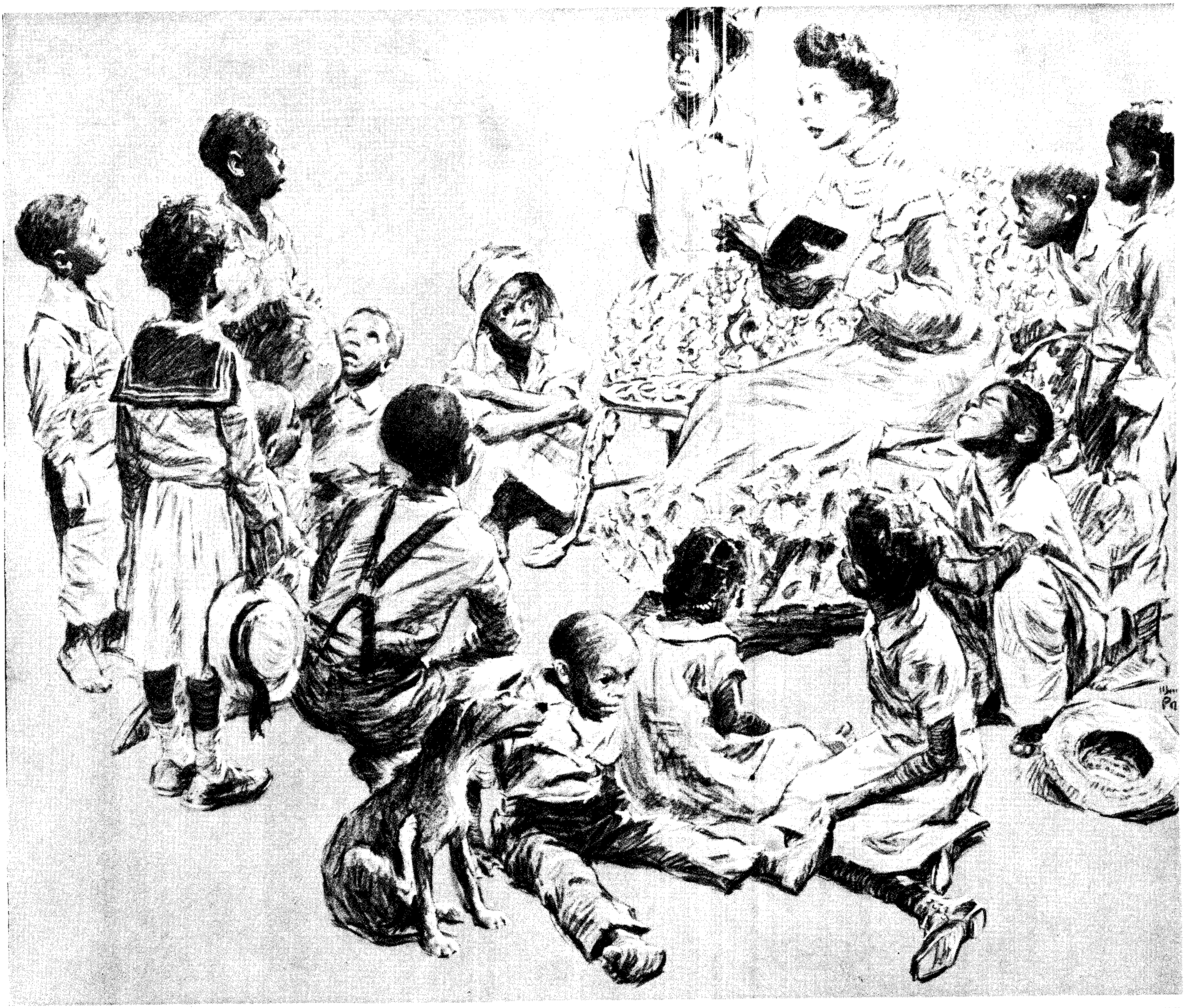
"Yeah, I guess so." And John laughed, not very loud. He was thinking: Like a hole in the head, I need some babe complicating my life. Wanting me to get a job in a bank or something. . . . I've got music and it's enough.

But, of course, there was a girl eventually, and she mowed him down, all right. He met her when he was on furlough before going overseas. It was a Tuesday night, and he'd come down to Joe's to sit in with the band. He felt good sitting there, his legs spread apart, his big hands relaxed on the sticks. He watched the dancers and the people sitting around at tables and he felt wonderful.

The people who really got the music didn't dance. They just sat there and let it go through them like a charge of electricity. There was a gal out there, a little gal, who knew what the band was trying to say. It

(Continued on page 45)

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE



"Was de Lawd a white man or a black man?" Sweet asked. "White man, fool!" Algie answered. "Efn he'd 'a' been black his fust command would 'a' been: 'Let me be white!' "

MAKE MINE THE *Human* RACE

By Roark Bradford

A sympathetic, wise and witty voice discusses race prejudice —a malady to which almost nobody in our generation is wholly immune. Or are you?

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

SOCIAL dislocations caused by the war have brought to the surface of American life a great many submerged and half-forgotten evils. Large among these are the uncorrected abuses suffered by Negroes during the past three hundred years. It now appears that unless sound common sense replaces emotion in dealing with this situation, our land is in line for some ugly postwar race trouble.

This piece will not pretend to solve the problems involved. It will undertake to set forth a few personal conclusions drawn after a lifetime of fairly close association with Negroes.

The main trouble with the Negro race in America is that it consists of millions of individual human beings instead of a column of figures in a set of statistics.

The only actual difference between members of the Negro race and members of any other human race is the degree of pigmentation under the skin. The other so-called "racial characteristics" one hears so much about—bone structure of the head, their "carefree shiftless spirit," and other similar claims—are pure hogwash. It should be borne in mind by leaders of both races who are interested in stopping interracial evils that all of a Negro's troubles are not due to his color. Many of his troubles are due to the fact that he is a human being; Negroes have no monopoly on trouble, although they do have more than a lot of people. As with some other "social groups," Negroes suffer from three main evils: prejudice, discrimination and exploitation.

An episode that took place on my father's farm in Tennessee when the century was young may hold a moral or a lesson. At any rate it is a good story:

My eldest sister had ideas that went far beyond the boundaries of the 17th Civil District of Lauderdale County, Tennessee. Getting her educated was a problem after local pedagogic talent was exhausted. From a year at the Memphis Conference Female Institute, she came home determined to save the Chinese—this in the face of cotton at seven cents a pound, the re-election of McKinley, and the fact that all the Crutchfields on Hoop Pole

Ridge had voted for the Populist candidate.

"Between the Republicans and the Populists," said my father, who is a patient and enlightened gentleman, "the Democratic party of the Seventeenth District has a terrific responsibility—and you want to save Chinamen!"

The next year, my sister was dispatched to the more distant and less pious Randolph-Macon College in Virginia. When she came home from there, she had deserted the Chinese and now wanted to raise chickens. Fancy chickens! Our chicken run soon became a cacophony of pastel poultry.

Meanwhile her education had to continue. There was an institution of higher learning which, looking back, was probably the granddaddy of what later came to be known as "social consciousness." It was Valparaiso University located in northern Indiana.

After a year in this Yankee school, my sister's education was ready to take tangible form. The year at the Methodist school had fired her spiritually; Randolph-Macon helped make her a "lady," and the year with the Yankees gave her a liberal perspective on the racial situation.

"The colored children"—my sister was the first person in Lauderdale County to refer to Negroes as colored people—"must be enlightened," said my sister. "They must be given a true understanding of Christianity."

Our end of the county had two top-notch Negro preachers, and I dare say the colored folks had a better understanding of Christianity than we whites could dig out of Brother Vaughn's two-hour sermons over at Melville Methodist Church. That was what I thought at the time, and nothing has happened since to change my mind. I had, of necessity, sat through Brother Vaughn's every-third-Sunday sermon and they never made sense to me. But when the Reverend John Wesley Henning preached "The Eagle Stirs the Nest" down at Old Junner Gou'd; or when the Reverend Hayes Hawthorn put on "Old King Nebby-keneezer's Chariot Race Around the Walls of Babylon" at Two Seeds True Vine Church, they were soul-stirring experiences that shaped my entire future.

Nevertheless, my sister decided to instruct the colored children in religious matters. Classes were to be held on our lawn each Sunday afternoon, with gingerbread and boiled custard later. A dozen or so bright-eyed, carefully scrubbed children whose parents worked on our farm showed up. My sister began with Creation, making it simple and impressive. She asked the children to close their eyes and then tell what they saw.

Algie Jordan, the least self-conscious, replied, "Don't see nothin', Miss Erin."

"That's the way it was before creation," my sister said. "Just nothing. It was dark, too, because there was no sun."

"Must er been a heap er nothin'," commented Sweet, Algie's younger brother.

"That's right," said my sister. "And then out of this nothing, this darkness, stepped the Lord!"

"Was de Lawd a white man or a black man?" Sweet asked.

The First Command

"White man, fool!" Algie answered. "Cause de fust thing de Lawd command when he stepped out was, 'Let hit be de sun.' But efn he'd 'a' been a black man when he step out, his fust command would 'a' been, 'Let me be white!' "

My sister adjourned the class *sine die*, passed out the gingerbread and boiled custard and gave up home missionary work then and there, forever.

Admittedly, the answer to Sweet's question about the Lord's complexion left much unsaid but, to date, no one has come forward with a more complete answer.

Thirty-five years before my sister's ill-starred missionary work, an enterprising Yankee trader with a perfectly sound theory had lithographed thousands of "religious" pictures representing all the saints and angels as Negroes instead of the customary whites. These he hoped to sell to the newly freed blacks in the South. His theory—as with many theories that deal with human behavior—backfired. Instead of purchasing the chromos designed to flatter them, the Negroes mobbed the luckless peddlers and tore up their stock in resentment against the insinuation that Negroes would still be black in the next world.

On the other hand, thirty years *after* my sister adjourned her alfresco Sunday-school class, a large portion of the population, both white and black, derived huge enjoyment from the play, The Green Pastures, in which the entire heavenly hierarchy was portrayed by Negroes. The greatest of these was the late Richard B. Harrison in the role of the Lord.

Politicians, sociologists, economists, theologists and well-wishers in general have all delved into this enigma of race relations and have all—each according to his own light—come up with the absolutely correct and final answer:

"Give them the vote."

"Abolish the poll tax."

"Feed them vitamins."

"Educate them."

"Keep them in their place, by God, if you have to lynch them every one."

"Send them all up North."

"Build more churches."

"Take them into the white man's schools."

"Send them back to Africa."

Prejudice vs. Zeal

The zeal of the crusader is just one kind of underbrush which must be cleared away before getting down to cases. It has been pointed out that the difference between prejudice and zeal lies in one's viewpoint: if you favor it, it is zeal; if you are against it, it is prejudice. Any time human beings get divided into groups, one side becomes zealous, the other side, prejudiced.

In athletic and scholastic activities, this is called rivalry. In the town of Halls, Tennessee, we had a fine baseball team. We could beat any team up or down the I.C. Railroad, from Covington to Dyersburg—as long as we played on our home ground. On the Saturdays we visited other towns, we invariably lost the game. As batboy and mascot, I could not understand this.

"We can beat the stuffing out of that old Gates team," I told Frank Walker, the team manager, who operated the City Drug Company in his spare time. "I don't see how come Gates beats us every time we play there."

It was an honest observation and it got results, for it sparked the zeal for a victory over the Gates boys. The talk started and enthusiasm grew; the challenge for a game on the Gates home grounds was made and accepted.

On the big day, our team filed into the caboose of the local freight and rode the three miles to Gates. Only two changes of minor importance had been made in our team. Clem Howell, from Crockett County, happened to be in town, and because he was the best pitcher in west Tennessee, we made him an honorary citizen and took him along. I later learned that a little cash money had been added to the honor. The other change was the addition of Mott Sumrow to our lineup. Mott was a local boy who was such a good catcher that he wandered off to Memphis and made a living for himself catching baseballs. I never heard whether or not Mott was paid for his services to our team.

Being the visitors, we opened by scoring six runs, including homers by Clem and Mott. This was not an unusual first inning in our little sporting circle. But when the Gates team came to bat, Clem Howell chunked exactly nine balls, each one of which Mott Sumrow caught and returned while sitting on his heels and yelling, "Come on, Clem, old boy, old boy!"

In the second inning, after our team had added several runs, the Gates boys again went down, one-two-three. Squire Parker, manager of Gates, had a talk with our manager. Playing stopped, and the Halls contingent grouped together. This was a tactical error, for whoever threw the first rock could not possibly have missed so large a target. By the time we reached the railroad tracks, headed for home, our ranks were deployed so that only by uncommon bad luck could any individual get slugged.

This was the beginning of a long and bitter feud between the two towns. It spread from baseball to business, to the practice of medicine, and even to religion.

In an earnest search for truth, I recounted this story to Doctor James K. Feibleman, the realist philosopher. I wanted to know whether the trouble was caused by the Halls team's zeal for winning, or the Gates team's prejudice against losing. Doctor Feibleman considered every angle, called it a syllogism and finally decided it was a trivial matter, metaphysically.

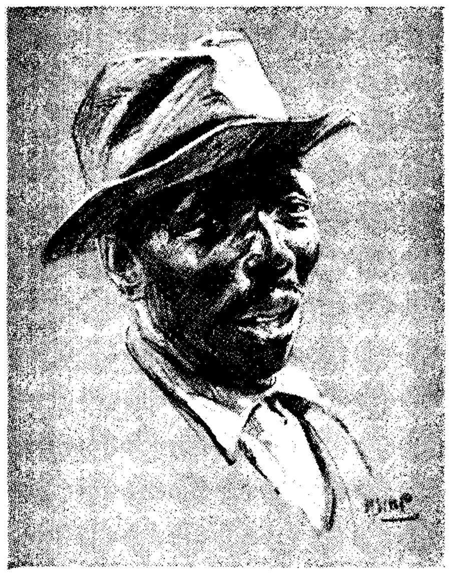
Metaphysically, it may have been trivial, but to the Halls team it was of vital importance—as anyone who has raced down three miles of railroad track while dodging rocks and hearing his ancestors discussed unfavorably will testify.

Of more importance, the episode illustrates the falsity of viewpoint which seems to be one of the biggest deterrents to the natural progress of the Negro race toward happiness.

Unquestionably, Negroes are often made to suffer because of their race. Not only in the South but in other parts of the land, there are people who hate the Negroes merely because they are Negroes.

The psychologists have undertaken to analyze this hatred and have come up with all sorts of answers. The causes are identified as everything from fear and envy to a subconscious erotic longing.

The practitioners in this field often operate more as cultists than as scientists. They—or at least the ones with whom I have come in contact—have parked their common sense and perfected their terminology. One such, fired by the "Negro problem," psychoanalyzed an entire Mississippi town. Having written voluminously on this experience, he came to New Orleans and did a learned paper on The Colored Adolescent Urban Female. By leading other zealous workers into similar ridiculous paths, he may have done more damage than good.



Giles Arnold, foreman of Little Bee Bend. "He could manage the Cotton Belt Railroad. He has what it takes—greatness"

Discrimination is an ugly word; yet it cannot be denied by the most purblind that Negroes, perhaps more than any other racial group, are subjected to it—constantly. We hear a long roll call of discriminatory practices and we denounce or defend them, according to our various viewpoints. And then —we go right on discriminating. We Jim-Crow the Negro at every turn. In the South, it is done with legal sanction; in the North and Middle West, it is done more subtly and with greater cruelty.

Some of this discrimination is due to flat prejudice, but much of it is due to avarice. If a Southern railroad may charge a Negro for first-class transportation and provide him with fourth-class accommodations, that is avarice, pure and simple. If a planter browbeats his sharecroppers "to keep them in their place" while he swindles them with too-shrewd accounting, that is prejudice plus greed.

The operator of a large apartment house in upper Manhattan explains his attitude toward the Negro question: "I haven't any prejudice against colored people, personally, nor neither have the owners. But if I let one Negro family move in, our white tenants would move right out."

"There is a housing shortage," it was suggested. "Perhaps the vacancies left by the whites would be gratefully filled by colored families."

Swift anger rose in him. "And make a nigger dump out of it?" he raised his voice. "Say, you don't know nothing about niggers! You get a bunch of jigs in this building and the value would go down to nothing!" The slurs "nigger" and "jig" were his—they are not mine.

A similar attitude is exhibited in most of the more expensive restaurants and hotels in midtown New York.

Laws have been passed in many of the Northern states, but whether these laws have helped or hindered the progress of the Negro race is a question that has not been answered satisfactorily. One thing is certain: Laws have not eliminated discrimination.

Legislation has never changed the American people. The most notable example of this is the late Volstead Law. That legislation and its enabling Constitutional amendment were put on the books by a minority group of highly organized, well-financed zealots and not by a majority of Americans with a great common desire. It stayed a dozen years and had far-reaching effect on the whole country, but it did not stop individual Americans from doing as they pleased.

Now that we have three wars under our belt since Appomattox, and Uncle Tom's Cabin has been produced in New Orleans without causing a riot, and cotton is selling at twenty cents a pound, it seems fairly safe to bring up other Constitutional amendments and the legislation that grew out of them. These are the 14th and 15th Amendments, which gave full citizenship rights to Negroes. Not only did they produce murder, thievery, lynching and race riots during the first few years of their existence but they also set the pattern for a mental attitude which still exists after eighty years; and after most of the conditions which stimulated the initial violence have been abated by time and understanding.

A Belief in Legislative Miracles

The only thing wrong with these two amendments was their timing. Today, I believe all fair-minded people will agree that the 14th and 15th Amendments are just, decent, humane and right. At the time they were enacted, the kindest construction that can be put on them is that the people responsible believed in legislative miracles. In effect, the amendments waved a magic wand and said to the Negro: "You are not a slave any more. You are a full-fledged American citizen."

There was no preparation; no period for mental and economic adjustment for Negroes and whites; no exceptions made for the difference between the literate, intelligent craftsman and domestic and the wild, less-fortunate field hand. It was more than the vast majority of Negroes and whites could be reasonably expected to handle. They behaved as any other group of human beings might be expected to behave under like circumstances. The fact that they did no worse is a tribute to a few of the more intelligent ones, now lost to memory because their actions were not popular at the time.

The nearly eighty years that have passed since the adoption of the 14th and 15th Amendments have quieted many of the psychological evils involved. But the process has been retarded by exploiters of one breed or another. An unsettled human being with little or no self-confidence is easy prey. The conditions under which the Negro came into American life and later became a citizen made him easy pickings for the exploiter and opportunists. It often had nothing to do with racial differences.

Some of the better-known exploiters of America's Negro population have been Negro planters, lawyers, editors, doctors—medical and voodoo—beauty specialists, undertakers, ministers and professional crusaders. Against and in spite of these, the

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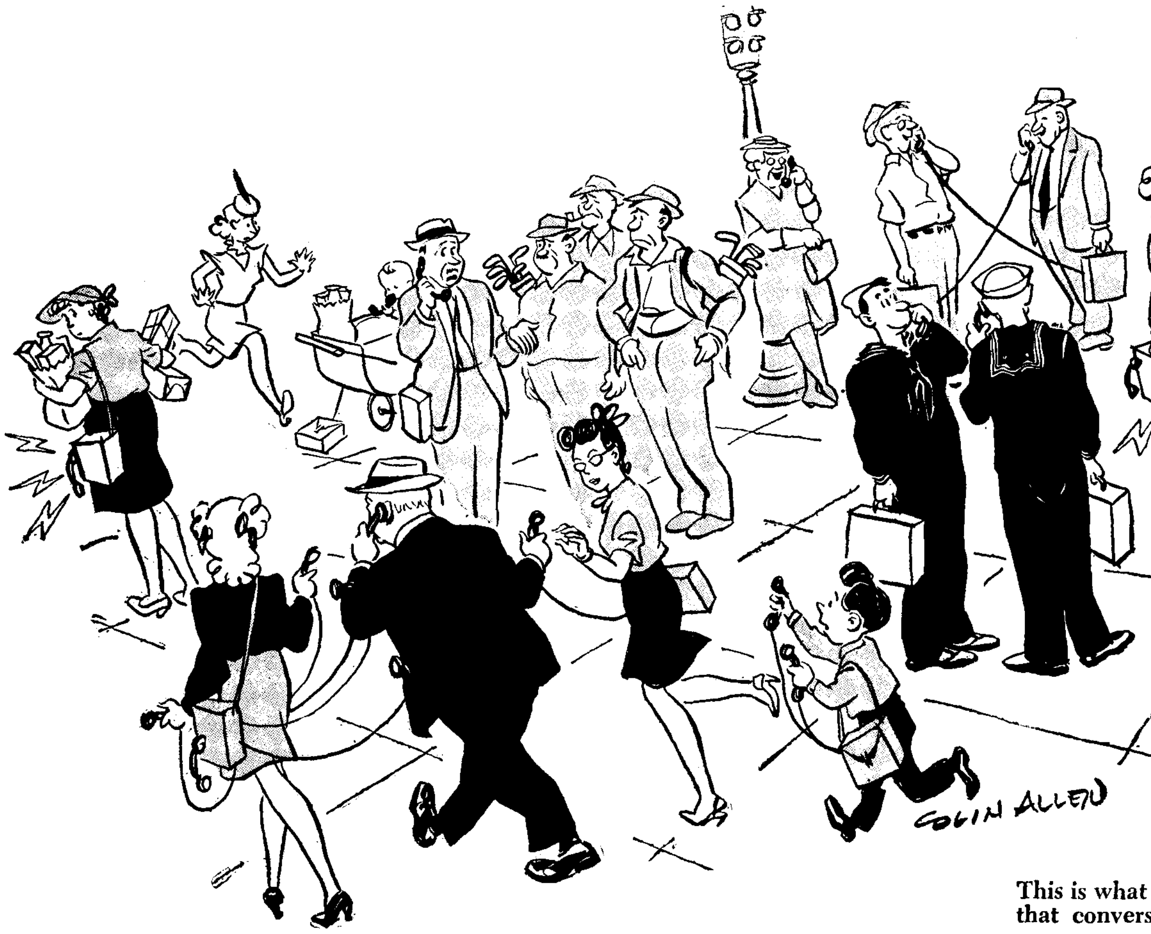

This is what the author means by saying that conversations will not be private

YOU'LL BE ON THE AIR

BY ROBERT K. RICHARDS

It is coming sometime after the war — the famous little two-way radio that has proved of enormous value to our Army

WITH a half-smoked cigar clamped between his teeth, Ambrose G. Gillingwater waggled the driver over the golf ball. He eyed the fairway to the 16th hole, then fixed his gaze on the ball. Carefully he drew back his right arm, letting his left hand ride naturally on the club shaft, just as the pro had taught him. Then—

"Call for you, Mr. Gillingwater."

Slowly, with a visible effort at self-control, he let the clubhead fall to the ground. Didn't the freckle-faced, shrill-voiced boy know the cardinal principle of caddying? Yes, the caddy knew the rules, all right, but he also knew A. G. as an ardent golfer who refused to let golf interfere with business—that is, since the Citizens Radiocommunication Service was made available to everybody.

A. G. took from the caddy's extended hand a cradle-type telephone-looking gadget.

"Hello," he bellowed. It was his office downtown. American Amalgamated had gone to 66. Would he care to buy another block?

Yes, Mr. Gillingwater would like to buy. Yes, dammit, *buy!*

Gillingwater thrust the handy gadget into the caddy's hands, mumbling to himself but looking quite satisfied. The caddy tucked the telephone into a neat little leather case attached to Mr. Gillingwater's golf bag.

That little episode isn't lifted from a movie fantasy. Nor is it fiction. It is a scene that probably will be enacted many times in the not too distant future on America's fairways. For that extraordinary little portable communications instrument, the thing that made possible the radio broadcasts from the floors of the national conventions, will in time be given to the people of the United States.

There are two types of this gadget—both of which are in use by the Army—the walkie-talkie, which is usually, but not always, a two-man affair; and the handy-talkie, which is smaller and can be carried always by one man.

What you'll get will combine the best features of both, and it won't be any larger than the handy-talkie of today. And probably a lot smaller.

On May 17, 1945, the Federal Communications Commission in Washington, the body which divides the limited number of radio channels available for the various types of broadcasting, allocated a certain portion of the radio spectrum to the Citizens Radiocommunication Service. The Commission made it plain that sometime after the war 10 megacycles, or 10,000 kilocycles, will be available to anyone who wants his own two-way communications service. There will be no strings attached, or wires, either; it will all be done by radio. Any individual who has the desire and the price can own a transceiver set—that is, a combination small radio and transmitter.

E. K. Jett, one of the members of the Communications Commission, and a retired naval lieutenant and a communications expert, has dreamed of a citizens' radio service for many years.

Never Out of Touch

He visualized the time when the farmer in the field, working at his plow, could be called to dinner by his wife—with a walkie-talkie, not a dinner bell. He pictured the motorist marooned on a country highway in a rainstorm, sitting snugly in his car, calling the wrecking service of the local automobile club or nearest garage.

He envisioned lost hunters calling Forest Ranger stations to report their predicaments. In the small town—too small to afford an elaborate police radio system—he could picture the town's marshal, cruising about in his car, being notified by the mayor of an emergency; or the physician, perhaps called to the other side of town to attend a patient, being directed to the bedside of another whose life was in the balance.

Assignment of channels for the service does not mean that any of us will be enjoying its benefits soon. That must await the end of the war with the Japanese, when materials will be available and when military security will permit free exchange of information over facilities which conceivably can be heard by the enemy.

The domestic type of the gadget, in its first stages, will weigh around 15 pounds and will be carried suitcase style, much as you'd carry a portable typewriter. The best engineering experts believe, however, that there are good prospects of developing handy-talkies which, in size and weight, will be no larger than the average camera.

The antenna of the domestic type will be the telescopic fishing-rod type, similar to those on some automobiles. The unit, complete, with two sending and receiving stations, will cost in the neighborhood of $50 to $100.

In most areas, it will be effective over a maximum radius of fifteen miles, with the distance determined somewhat by the terrain. In valleys, for example, the effective distance will be shorter than in wide-open spaces such as a prairie town.

As for quality, Commissioner Jett says it should be as good as voice transmission over the average long-distance line.

There should be no dearth of sets within a few years, for most manufacturers of broadcasting equipment see in the CRS a lucrative field. It's a safe bet that all the larger companies and many of the smaller ones will turn out the new sets for the home. And in all likelihood, this new form of communication will encourage many new smaller organizations to get into the field.

Besides, the CRS is expected to provide jobs for hundreds of men now in uniform. Recent statistics indicate that the armed services have trained 500,000 men in the intricate art of radar, and other radio technical fields. These men, taught in the finest schools of the country and by the world's foremost engineers, will be ready to step into jobs once the Japs are licked.

With the field wide open for new manufacturers and pioneer technicians, it is not beyond the imagination of experts in the radio electronics field—Mr. Jett among them—that the new gadget will one day be so compact that a unit will fit into milady's purse or even into the hip pocket of a man's trousers.

Nor is it impossible that automobiles of the future will come with built-in sets as de luxe equipment, just as most of today's auto manufacturers include push-button radio receivers in their cars.

CRS will work on the same principle as a telephone party line, and conversations will not be private. However, Frank H. McIntosh, a Washington consulting radio engineer and former assistant chief of the Radio & Radar Division of the War Production Board, and E. Y. Webb, now in the WPB Communications Division, may have the answer to this. Mr. Webb has obtained a patent on what he calls a "scrambler." It's a simple device which will so garble a conversation that the "outside" listener won't be able to catch a single distinct word. ★★★

Make Mine the Human Race

Continued from page 23

Negro race has produced a remarkable number of quiet, intelligent, honest leaders, who have managed, despite all handicaps, to keep their race progressing.

Agreed that Negroes have some troubles that for all practical purposes come about because they are Negroes, and that there are problems that should be—and can be—solved, the question asks itself: "What to do?" No one mortal has been able to supply the answer. Here are a few suggestions that may lead to something helpful, although none of them is advanced as a cure all:

Don't go off half-cocked. No one idea or one crusade is going to revolutionize a situation that has been banged around by humanity for hundreds of years. An occasional idea may help.

The indications are that no brand of altruism is going to be very effective. The Negro has gained a great deal for himself since the Emancipation; he has also been assisted by many white people. Behind most of these gains unquestionably has been expediency, necessity or physical and financial advantages. In the Negro residential sections of the South, forty years ago, as in the cheap-labor sections of Northern cities, there were few sanitary advantages, and not many people cared. But when the so-called "better class" discovered that disease germs, bred in the filth of Moccasin Slide, could and would spread to College Heights and strike down the fine people up there, something was done about getting sewage disposal into Moccasin Slide.

To be sure, it required a crusade; some sort of fervor had to be whipped up before bonds could be sold. Church people and politicians wept alligator tears at the sad and inhuman conditions, but the dough came from people smart enough to see the disadvantages of smallpox, or from others who had a little private real-estate deal on. Crusaders are considered as necessary in such movements as are deals and deceits in "practical politics."

The Smart Boys Saw It Coming

Long before the John Browns and the Beechers began wailing about mass inhumanities, the smart boys who felt the economic pinch and the politicians who saw the slave-state majority in the Senate growing against them decided slavery was bad and ought to be abolished. Make no mistake: The manufacturers and the politicians discovered slavery was bad for *them.*

That slavery was an appalling evil for the slaves themselves and utterly destructive of the moral fiber of civilization were incidental by-products which produced the Beechers and the John Browns. The moral whooping and yelling against slavery did not begin until its economic and political disadvantages were established. A steady stream of cash and thunder followed.

This is not an attack on ideals or on the sincerity of the crusaders. It just happens to be a statement of the way these things come about. And it is important because it's true.

In my opinion, prejudice and discrimination against a whole race of people because of skin pigmentation are minor compared to the vast evil of exploitation of another human being's vulnerable position in society. This exploitation—this cashing in on another man's defenselessness—is not a newly developed sin of mankind. It has been going on since the world began, and it is extremely doubtful that any law by Congress, or any crusade by zealots, is going to stop it.

The way to tackle exploitation of Negroes by whites should be to remove the Negroes from a position in which they are easy prey. How to do that? I doubt if any one intelligent man knows all the answers, yet. But do it, and the prejudices and discriminations will collapse.

The human being, *per se,* is a problem to be solved. Each Negro is an individual

(Continued on page 53)

ILLUSTRATION BY COLIN ALLEN

Face of the Future

Like a hint as to the future of American aeronautics?

You'll find it in the strong young faces of our fighting men with wings.

For theirs is the face of the future — a face in which you can see the will, the enthusiasm to keep the torch of American air might lifted high.

Just as in their very number you will find a mighty reservoir of air-wise competence, from which this nation can draw power to spread its peacetime wings over vaster areas than they have ever ranged before.

These young flyers have already proved that the skies have no frontiers. They have already blazed the trails by which American air transport can serve the remotest corners of the earth, cementing all nations in a unity of peace and prosperity.

But we at home must keep that vision, too. For war's grim lesson is that only an air-powerful America can be free. And that means, in the days to come, an America with a great air-borne "merchant marine" to keep us skilled and ready.

Today America has the means to achieve that goal in its great aircraft plant — in dozens of industries like Goodyear Aircraft that have helped to make this nation the wartime leader in both heavier- and lighter-than-air.

If we keep faith with all the valiant men now fighting for victory, no one can doubt but that our nation will continue its supremacy in tomorrow's peaceful skies, to keep them safe for all mankind.

GOODYEAR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

Akron, Ohio **Litchfield Park, Arizona**

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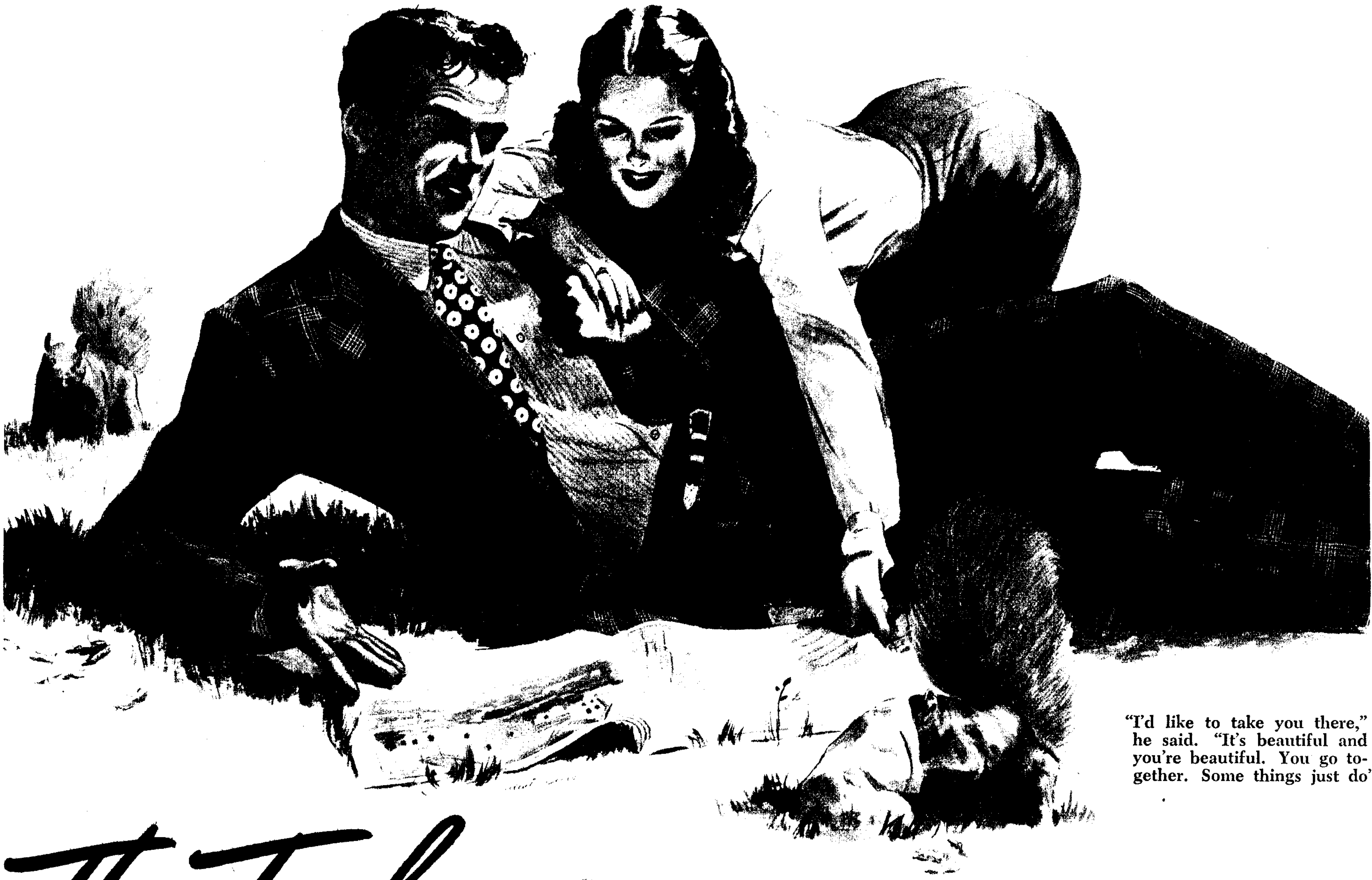


"I'd like to take you there," he said. "It's beautiful and you're beautiful. You go together. Some things just do"

The Teahouse

BY EILEEN DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

SHE should leave him. There was no doubt in her mind but that she should go. It wasn't the new suit, although he was walking down the hall in it now. No, that wasn't it, although it was, as usual, a too loud suit with a nap that stood up masking the cheap design of the fabric. He had put it on this morning for the first time and was walking down the hall to where she was standing in the kitchen. She could hear every clump of his footsteps as he came. She could hear them in memory coming down the hall other times, for they had lived in that same apartment for years. She knew the way he squared his shoulders back and the tight swing of his hips.

The footsteps were heavy, cocky, and the shoes turned under a little at the heels. She could hear them coming, and a nausea swept over her for all those times past. She saw little pictures of him marching through the years in those suits, coming down the hall to her—always the figure in the bright suits, always coming to her, and then she looked up and there he was this time and she saw his face.

"Pretty snappy, eh?" he said. But she was watching his face. The jaws were heavier now, but the eyes were the same, dark gray and a little hard.

"Yes," she said. "Pretty snappy."

He smiled, and she knew he was pleased. His eyes cleared and he looked surprisingly childlike.

"I can pick 'em," he said. "I picked you, didn't I?"

"Yes," she said, and a quietness gathered around her heart that might be strength for the going.

He kissed her goodby and walked back down the hall and out of the door. She stood looking out at the fresh green of the springtime trees—looking at the morning, so cool, so quiet, so still. Once, long ago, he had shown her a picture in a magazine of a teahouse overlooking Lake Louise, and a man and a girl sitting in low chairs on the terrace. She remembered that now—today of all days—when she needed to forget.

Her friends didn't tell her that she should leave him. It had gone past that. They waited for her to show what she was made of now. They waited and she could see in their faces how she was changing, how she was losing all the freshness before it had to be so. She closed a door and she could hear them whispering behind it: "Poor Jean—Poor Jean!"

Now her problem was out in the world, but for a long time it had been only a hurt in her heart. For a long time she had felt the bruise, but she hadn't been sure—not quite.

He was clothed in firm flesh and his face was a mask. "I don't wear my heart on my sleeve," he said. "That's not strong!" He liked to talk about strength.

Well, it was over. Tonight she would be gone, and he would come home to nothing. The footsteps that always sought her would sound in the hall, but she would not be there to hear them. Everything would be better that way, once it was over.

SHE started to straighten the apartment, and now that she was going, she could see it as it was, shabby and makeshift. Sometimes in the evenings when the lamps were lighted, it had been different. But this was the way it was really—just as she knew the way he was. She knew it now, and in a lifetime it would never change.

The years past were like steps, and she and he had walked down them. On the first steps she had been pretty, and he had been handsome certainly. They had been young, a bloom over them, over everything. It hadn't been clear then. There was the teahouse in the magazine picture and he had wanted to take her there on their honeymoon.

"It overlooks Lake Louise," he said. "It's a swell place. I wish we could go."

His wishes were always so much stronger than the things he could do. It began with the teahouse, but she didn't know it then.

"We don't care, darling," she had said, and he had smiled and been reassured.

"If I had the money," he said. "Some guys get money left to them!"

He liked swell places and he liked checked suits and he liked her to look snappy, too. "Get the best," he said. "I'll pay for it!"

They had dinner out when he had made a good deal, and he said, laughing, looking in the mirror, "A well-turned-out couple—I wonder who they are! Don't look so sad, baby. Don't take life so seriously. Laugh at it!"

They had no friends now that they had in the beginning, and in the mirrors of cafés the suits seemed louder, and she never looked in them any more. And when she looked at him, she saw him as his new friends must see him—loud and cheap, a braggart, a bluff! The years had worn him away and you could see him. The nap was off the fabric, and the pattern showed most cuttingly clear.

"Get what you want, baby, I'll pay for it." She opened her purse and paid the dinner check.

Well, that was over. She was going. And now her new friends would be glad to help her and her old friends, if she should ever see them, would ask about him as if he were dead.

It would be simple to pack her clothes and go. She had good clothes. He had never wanted her to wear anything else. She had the clothes and her health. That was all. It would be over. The confusion of deals and bills, promises and the hard eyes that could cry when things went wrong, that could smile like a child's when she praised a loud new suit.

And in all the years that were left, people would meet him and see him as he was—an empty, brassy little man with no strength, nothing but boasting to cover up his fear. A little man with a love of fine things that he would never have the power to own.

Then she remembered that there would be no one else in the world but herself who would know about the teahouse.

"I'd like to take you there," he had said. "It's beautiful and you're beautiful. You go together. Some things do!"

That was before the years had worn it away until you could see the pattern clearly. There was a teahouse overlooking a blue lake and on the terrace a beautiful girl and a handsome man. It was cheap, as a lithograph is cheap, but it was his idea of something fine, and she had been a part of it. But they had never gone.

If she left him, there would be no one meeting him ever again who would know about the beginning, who would know how bright the pattern had been for him even if it had worn shoddy. They would see him as he was now.

WHEN the footsteps came down the hall that night seeking her, she was waiting for them. She could hear his footsteps coming down the hall to the kitchen and she knew that they would always come to her and that she would always be there.

He was tired. "That lousy skunk, Skinner, gypped me out of a deal," he said.

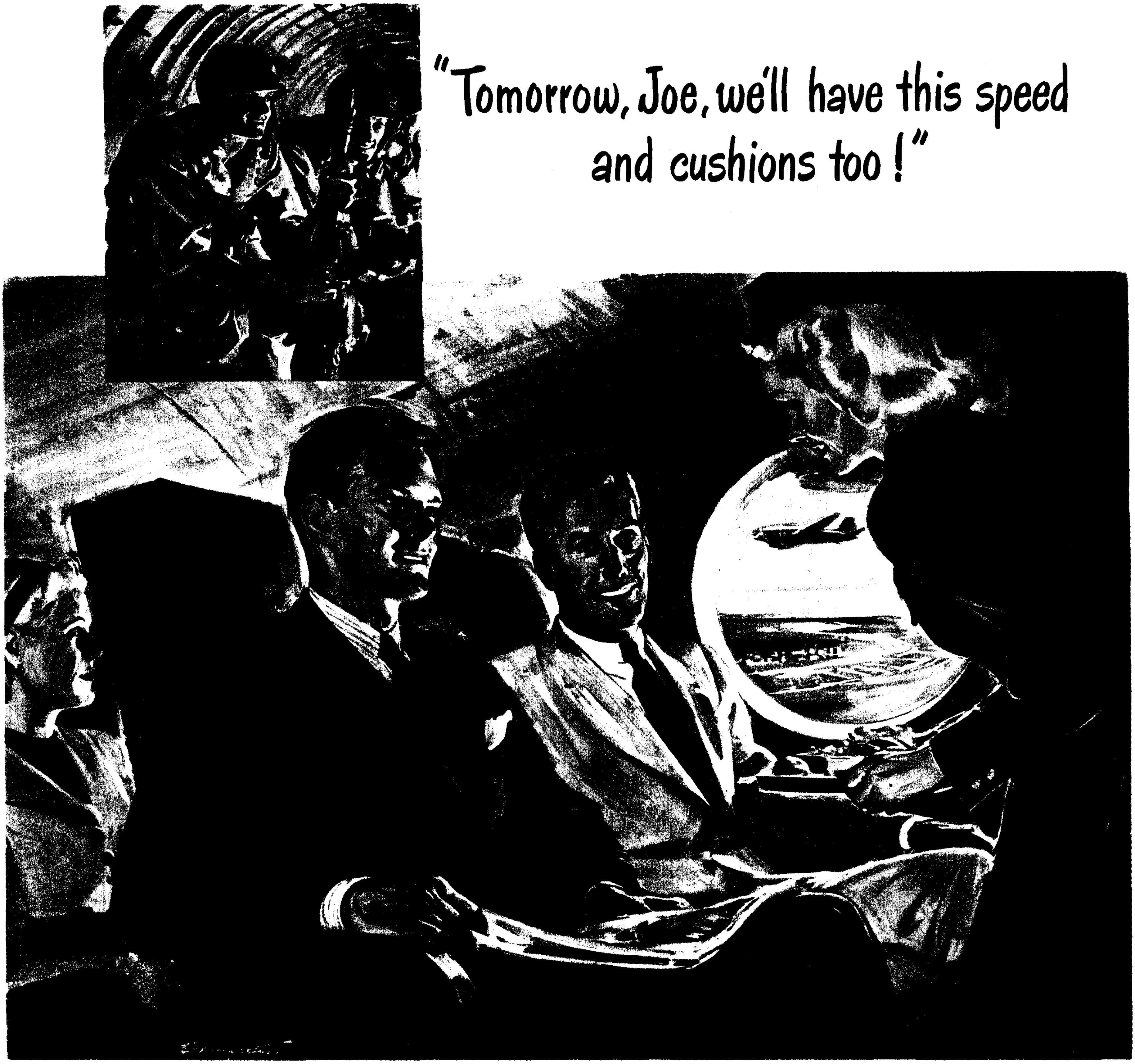
She had fixed a good dinner for him. She thought he looked better after it, not so tired, not so pale above the bright suit. She watched him read the paper and the lamps were lighted.

"Baby," he said, "you sure look young!"

She thought of the grip that she would have to unpack and the time ahead. She knew the pattern of it. It was exceedingly clear. Funny, she thought, to stay with a man because of a teahouse on the bank of a lake that neither of them had ever seen.

a short short story complete on this page

"Tomorrow, Joe, we'll have this speed and cushions too!"



DREAMING of the plane you'll travel in tomorrow, soldier? Cruising up to five miles a minute, sound-proofed, air-conditioned, smartly decorated, with the softest seats known to the anatomy of man . . . and a good-looking stewardess to serve you piping hot meals when you're hungry!

The Airlines will be ready with the planes and the service and the speed you'll need when it's all over and you're back on the job, hustling yourself a career out of the opportunities which await you. May that day come soon!

Already the nation's Airlines are winning the wartime struggle to provide enough passenger capacity for all who must get there the fastest way. And nearer comes the day when, with larger planes and expanded schedules, they will fulfill the demand of millions for the speed, economy and comfort of travel by air and for the swift handling of cargo and mail.

As any serviceman can tell you, air transport is a mighty important thing to America. Never, in time of war, has a nation been so favored with a weapon ready-forged to meet its enemies.

Never, in time of peace, could a nation find so ready at hand so powerful and efficient a tool of reconstruction.

When you travel by Air *make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change.* When you use Air Express *speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready.* Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington 5, D. C.

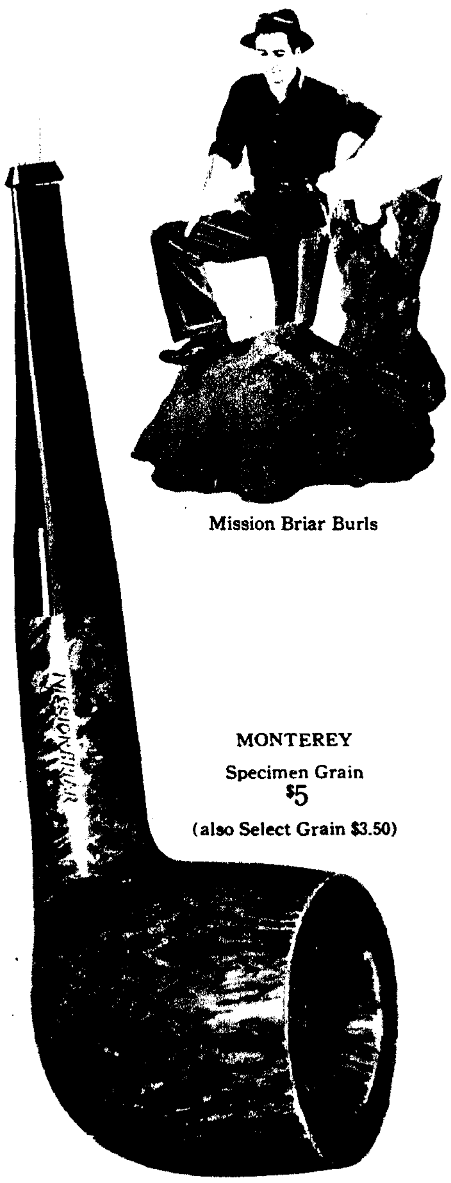
* * *

This advertisement is sponsored by the nation's airlines and leading manufacturers in the aviation industry

THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

LEADING THE WORLD IN AIR TRANSPORT

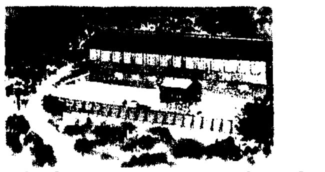
We Search Millions of Acres in California to Find this Rare Mission Briar, and Make Superior-Smoking **MONTEREY PIPES**



MISSION BRIAR

ONE OF THE WORLD'S RARE NATURAL GROWTHS—NOW MADE INTO HANDSOME PIPES

From California's MISSION Country comes the MONTEREY PIPE, made of MISSION BRIAR, an event of real pleasure and satisfaction to every man who likes to smoke a good pipe. Botanists say MISSION BRIAR is equal or superior to any briar used before. Smokers say it yields a smoother, cooler, more enjoyable smoke. MONTEREY PIPES are seasoned by modern means in California, mild, sweet and cool, for greater smoking enjoyment. Ask for MONTEREY at dealers!



Our completely modern factory, the only one in California—where Mission Briar is prepared for Monterey Pipes. Next advertisement will show how one of these rare big burls is split, to make MONTEREY PIPES.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.

Babies for Free

Continued from page 19

EMIC is not all sweetness and light, however. Difficulties arise with mothers, doctors and hospitals—disputes about bills, about service, about medical standards. But in spite of its imperfections, EMIC is having a generally wholesome effect on doctors, hospitals, public health departments and legislators, as well as on patients.

The program confirms what we already know: that whenever medical care is improved and extended, maternity death rates drop. Complete statistics won't be available until after the war, but it is safe to predict that the nation's maternity and death rates will show a decline during the years of EMIC's operation. Incomplete figures for 1943 show that the infant mortality rate was the lowest on record. Of each 1,000 babies born in that year, all but 40 survived, continuing the sharp drop in infant deaths observed during the last eight years. This decline in the mortality rate coincides with the extension of state health services, made possible in part by Social Security funds.

During those years infant mortality was cut almost one third, and maternal mortality more than half. EMIC is having a salutary effect on hospitals, as they make improvements in order to qualify for EMIC cases. There was a good deal of jeering, at first, when the Children's Bureau solemnly stated that a hospital approved for EMIC cases must have, among other things: (a) running water, (b) a graduate nurse, (c) a separate bed for each patient, (d) screened windows.

Whoever heard of a hospital lacking these things? Well, the Children's Bureau field workers have heard of and seen a good many so-called hospitals where patients sleep two to a bed, where flies buzz in the nursery, where the nurse is a kind but untrained lady who wouldn't know a thing about giving a hypodermic injection.

Their Best Was Not Good Enough

There were protests from some rural hospitals whose operators pointed out that, although they were not perfect, they were doing the best they could, and surely any hospital was better than none, and please approve their request for EMIC patients. The Children's Bureau's answer is that a woman is safer having her child at home rather than in a substandard hospital, where the danger of infection may be multiplied. (Infections are the first cause of mothers' deaths.)

In states where there are no hospital licensing laws—these include Arkansas, Arizona, Missouri, Alabama, Kentucky and Mississippi—anyone may open a hospital who wishes to, regardless of qualifications. EMIC has inspired some of these states to consider enacting licensing legislation. Doctor Virginia Howard, Mississippi's EMIC director, reports that this program "made it possible . . . to inspect hospital facilities in the 117 participating hospitals and clinics for the first time in the history of the state. . . ." A bill requiring hospital inspection and licensing will be presented at the next meeting of Mississippi's legislature.

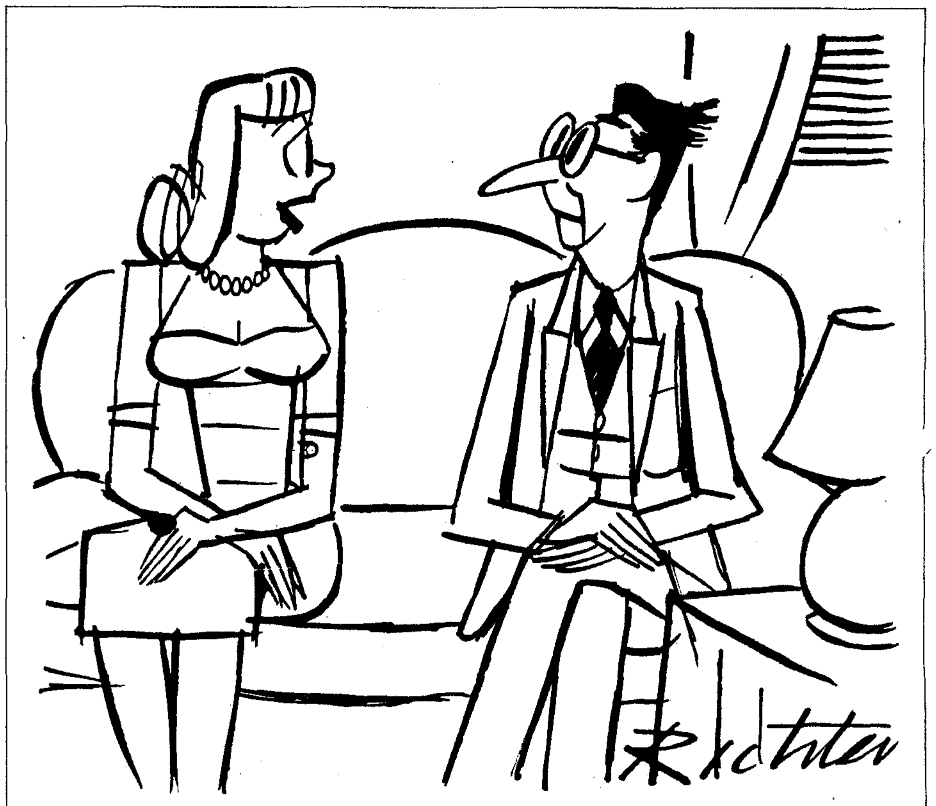
As an example of hospital improvements, Doctor Howard cites the Sallie Harris Clinic in Jackson: "This small overcrowded colored clinic placed maternity patients in wards along with surgical and medical cases. There was no separate nursery for infants, and deliveries took place in a very small operating room. In order to meet EMIC requirements, an operating delivery room and individual patient rooms reserved for maternity cases were built."

Even states which are medically well off compared to Mississippi and Alabama have found EMIC a stimulant for hospital improvement. In Missouri, EMIC administrator Doctor L. M. Garner says that EMIC "has definitely raised the standards of the smaller hospitals." And the Nebraska department of health reports: "EMIC inspection plus regular maternity licensing procedures have found the hospitals responding most co-operatively to improve wherever they could, in spite of lack of available materials and equipment."

Sometimes seemingly luxurious hospitals get the shock of their lives when they are turned down by EMIC. New York City is one of the places which have set their own EMIC requirements higher than the federal minimum—with the surprising result that several of New York City's smaller hospitals were found not qualified to take EMIC cases. EMIC approval was denied one New York hospital because it had no facilities for giving blood transfusions. Explaining this ruling, Doctor Leona Baumgartner, New York City administrator, said, "Suppose some soldier's wife were to die in that hospital, when a blood transfusion might have saved her? Would not we, who permitted her to go there, be guilty of criminal negligence?"

EMIC works educationally in several ways. It urges women to register for care early in pregnancy, and usually sends them literature outlining the essentials of good care. And doctors, in order to collect the full EMIC fee, must abide by these essentials.

In Alabama, according to Doctor Hough, the general practice in some areas included no more than two visits to the doctor during pregnancy, and commonly none at all, the doctor merely instructing the woman to call him when she was in labor. Now seven prenatal visits are usual. A thorough physical examination is given at the time of the first visit, and a test for syphilis is made in all cases, a precaution considered a necessary part of good prenatal care. Moreover, an examination of the mother six weeks after delivery must be made before the case can be closed—which is not always the common practice.



"Would I be too familiar if I told you I've often had nightmares about you?"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

EMIC is inspiring some communities to set up permanent prenatal and well-baby clinics. Even before the war, any state could, if it wished, use Children's Bureau funds (not EMIC funds) to help set up such clinics. Yet when the last count was taken, in 1942, about three fourths of the rural counties in the United States had no maternity clinic centers. Nearly half of our small cities, of 10,000 to 25,000 population, had none, either. These small cities have the unenviable record of being the least favorable environment in which to be born.

The doctors of the country have mixed feelings toward EMIC. Those of them who agreed with the official American Medical Association attitude that any interference in medicine by the government is bad at first opposed EMIC. But most of them decided it was their patriotic duty to co-operate. In Arkansas, where the State Medical Society violently opposes "government medicine," it looked for a time as if there would be no EMIC, but the society relented. About fifteen months ago, one district medical society in Arkansas voted not to accept EMIC patients, but individual doctors defied the society's decision and accepted patients anyway, and recently the ruling was reversed.

As an EMIC administrator says, "A doctor may vote one way at his medical society meeting, and then, when he is confronted with an individual woman who needs his help, act quite another way, forgetting all about politics and doing all he can to help her."

There is now only one Arkansas town, Stuttgart, in which all the doctors refuse to take EMIC patients. The service wives of Stuttgart are well taken care of, however, in the station hospital of a near-by airfield.

Many doctors who cheerfully accept EMIC because there's a war on, would kick mightily if anybody attempted to extend it after the war. They say that the fee—$50 for a general practitioner—is too low. And they object to being checked up on by EMIC administrators as to the number of visits and kind of care.

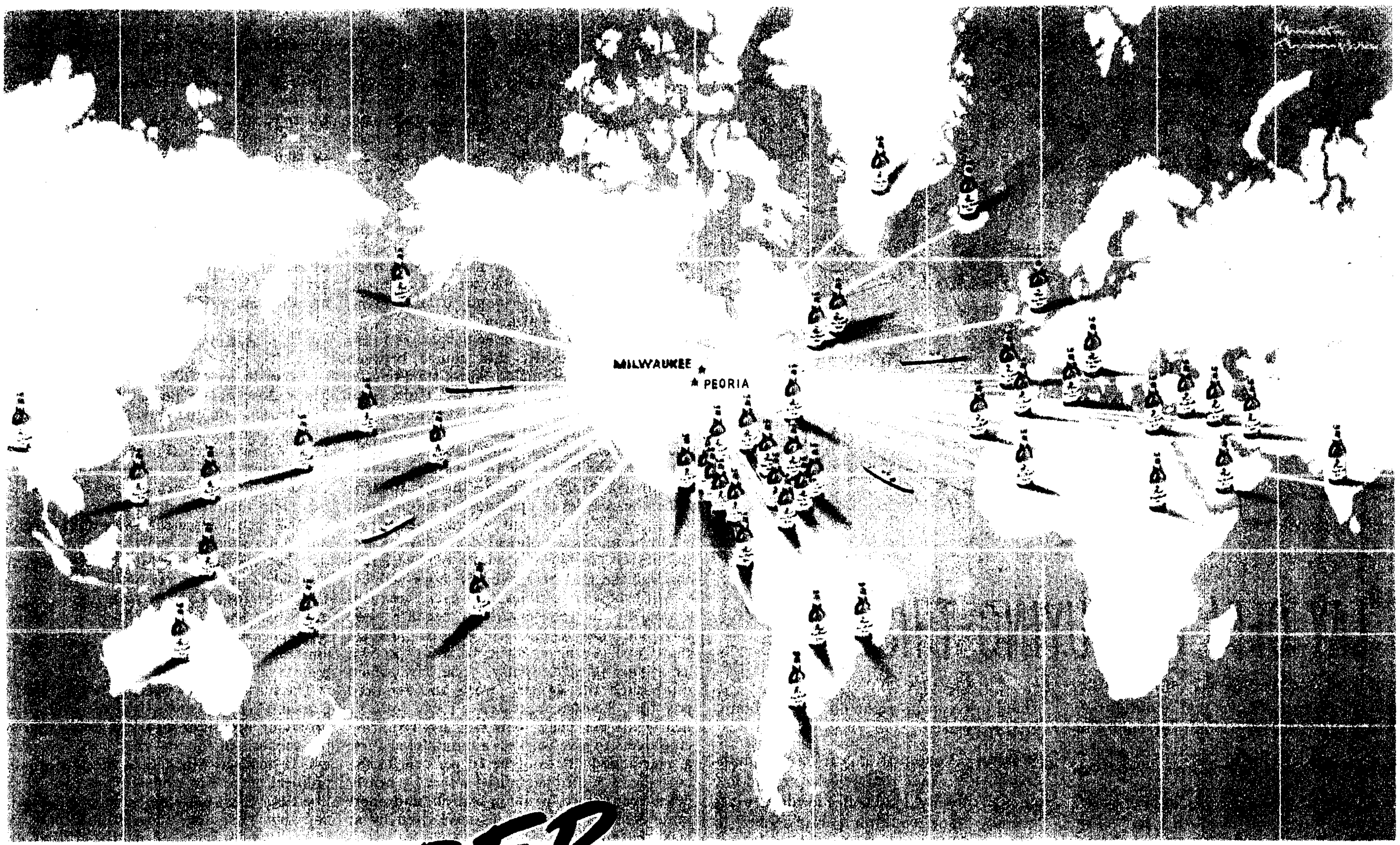
Such objections do not come up, however, at group practice clinics, where doctors either work on salary or receive their share of income, and where the clinic itself sees to it that standards are maintained. In some cities—Dayton, Ohio, for example—groups of doctors have set up special prenatal clinics to care for EMIC patients. At the clinic the doctors take turns in seeing patients, thus making the most efficient use of every doctor's time. Big city hospitals (such as the New York Hospital where the photographs accompanying this article were made) have long had group practice for their ward cases, and many EMIC patients count themselves lucky to have New York Hospital's superlative clinic care.

When EMIC writes off its last case after the war, it will come to an official end. But the mother who had good care once under EMIC is going to want the same kind of care when later children are born. Her friends will have learned from her what good maternity care consists of, and they will look for something of the same sort for themselves. The Wagner bill, in its health provisions, tackles these problems on a nation-wide scale. But in the meantime and immediately, many states are moving ahead on their own initiative toward permanent maternity programs.

"As I see it," says Doctor Eliot, "we are all concerned that the health of the nation's children shall be the best we know how to obtain. In trying to reach our objectives, we may disagree on certain issues, but that shouldn't keep us from working together toward the common end."

THE END

If you can't always find PABST—


MILWAUKEE
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REMEMBER MORE Pabst Blue Ribbon has gone overseas than any other American Beer!

PABST BLUE RIBBON has long been a favorite . . . not only in the United States, but far beyond our borders. During the past three years—and in all the time since Repeal—*Pabst has shipped more beer overseas than any other American brewery.*

So, if you can't always find Pabst here at home—just ask again next time, won't you?

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Blue
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Copr. 1945, Pabst Brewing Company
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33 FINE BREWS *BLENDED* INTO ONE GREAT BEER

"LAY OFF! I'M BUYING THIS HAT!"

War Conscience: Oh, no you're not, girlie. And *why?* Because *I* won't let you! I'm your Wartime Conscience and I'm gonna make you toss your extra dollars into War Bonds—not into things you don't need!

Woman: But I *do* need this hat—I'm going to a very swank tea tomorrow! And besides, Miss Butinsky, I'll have you know I buy a Bond in *every* Drive!

War Conscience: And I s'pose you think you rate a new halo every time, huh? Listen, cutie, how's about stocking up on

bonds regularly—every month—and hanging on to 'em? The boys go right on fighting, don't they? The cost of the war keeps right on piling up, doesn't it? So why shouldn't you go right on buying bonds to pay for it?

Woman: Oh stop it, *stop* it—you're making me feel worse than ever! And I'm low enough already. Had coffee for dinner last evening—and couldn't get a snooze in edgewise, *all night.* Sister, it'd take *two* new hats to lift *my* spirits!

War Conscience: I don't care if you *have* been up counting fireflies—it's out of the hat department and over to the Bond Booth for *you.* And anyway, why don't you drink Sanka Coffee?

Woman: Sanka Coffee? How would that help?

War Conscience: Cutie, Sanka Coffee couldn't keep you awake even if it *wanted* to—it's 97% caffein-free! But the grand coffee flavor and aroma didn't move out with the caffein. No *sir.* They're still in Sanka—right here to make you sigh and say, "How simply *super!*" So get your Bond—get some Sanka—and after a few nights of s-l-e-e-p-i-n-g, you and I'll get along like a breeze and a kite!

SANKA COFFEE

97% CAFFEIN-FREE . . . DRINK IT AND SLEEP

A Product of General Foods

SANKA COFFEE

FOR DELICIOUS ICED COFFEE— *make Sanka Coffee double strength (2 heaping tablespoons to one cup of water).*

Red Harvest in Cuba

Continued from page 13

textile manufacturing and amusements. The hardest hit, if such a program were realized, would be the sugar people. Of these the Americans are the most numerous and most important.

Of the 7,500,000 acres devoted to cane-farming, Americans own at least 4,000,000, operate 66 out of 175 grinding mills and account for 56 per cent of Cuba's entire sugar production. Cubans own only 57 mills, most of them much smaller than the American ones, and produce 22 per cent of Cuba's sugar. Spanish, Canadian, British, French and Dutch firms operate the remaining 51 sugar plants and account for the other 22 per cent of production. Foreigners, in short, own and control 78 per cent of Cuba's basic industry, and the "Cuba for the Cubans" slogan has a pleasing sound to all Cubans, both left and right wingers.

One of Grau's most difficult tasks is to try to steer a politically safe course between the leftists of the Partido Socialista Popular, who are all strong for retrieving Cuba from the foreigners, and the rightists of the Partido Republicano and others who speak for the threatened sugar and tobacco people. Grau's course is squally and overcast, and on practically every tack he meets trouble. When he accedes to demands for more wages from the left, the right wingers howl, and when he makes a political deal with the Republicanos to push a piece of legislation through the Congress, the PSP boys yelp.

Most of his troubles, however, are generated by the conservatives, because they have the most to lose and they also realize that Cuba can never again be what's known as a "low cost" country. The law which established the 44-hour week and required pay for 48 hours increased all pay rolls by nearly 10 per cent. Another law requiring employers to give workers a month's vacation a year added still another 10 per cent to the cost sheets. Grau has raised wages by nearly 30 per cent since his inauguration, and operating costs in all industries have risen by at least that much.

The pressure on Grau from both sides has become acute. But the worst (members of his government admit) is yet to come. For the next two or three years, Grau ought to have fairly easy sailing. But when sugar again becomes abundant, as it will when the Philippines, Sumatra and Java are back in production, and beet and cane production in the U. S. is stepped up, the bottom will drop out of the Cuban market. Grau will then face unemployment and widespread distress. The same conditions which have produced revolutions in the past may do so again.

Grau, however, is a more durable character than his long, fine surgeon's hands and his mild manner would indicate. He is the product of a tough school—the political underground which has produced men like Stalin and Tito. He is well versed in the defensive tactics of survival which the hunted learn in the underground. During the Machado regime, Grau, whose home was a meeting place for the revolutionary plotters of Havana University, lived in constant danger of his life and at one point, in 1931, was arrested and exiled.

A Revolutionary Leader

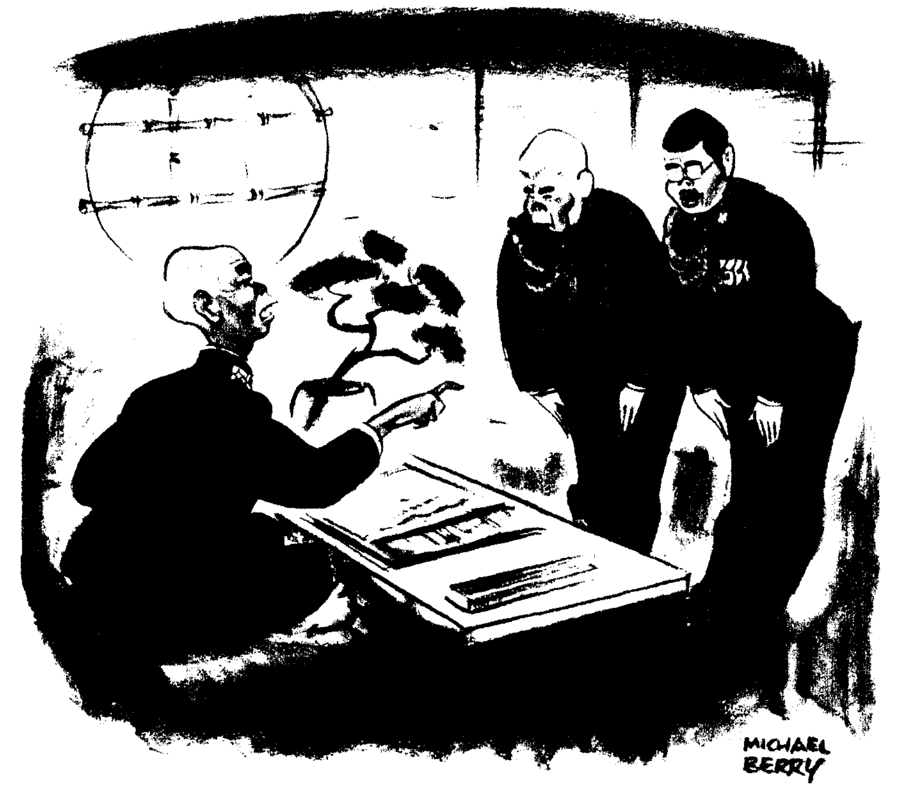
As early as 1927, only three years after Machado came to power, Grau was one of the leaders of the revolution which ultimately overthrew the dictator in August, 1933. Grau's survival of the Machado regime is, in fact, one of the small mysteries of Cuban politics. It can be explained only by the facts that he wasn't a Communist and he had such a large following that Machado didn't dare make a martyr of him for fear that the revolution would burst in his face just when he was trying to prove to the United States his ability to maintain law and order. At least 1,200 political opponents of Machado were rubbed out in one way or another in the less than nine years of his regime.

The movement to overthrow Machado began in Havana University where Grau was professor of physiology. At first Grau was the spokesman for the liberal student groups which opposed Machado's press censorship, political terrorism and suppression of civil liberties. Eventually he became their leader, and by 1927 an underground had been formed which included nearly all of Cuba's students, professors, intellectuals, middle-class businessmen, white-collar workers and a considerable number of other, less radical workers.

Grau received neither help nor encouragement from the big neighbor to the north.

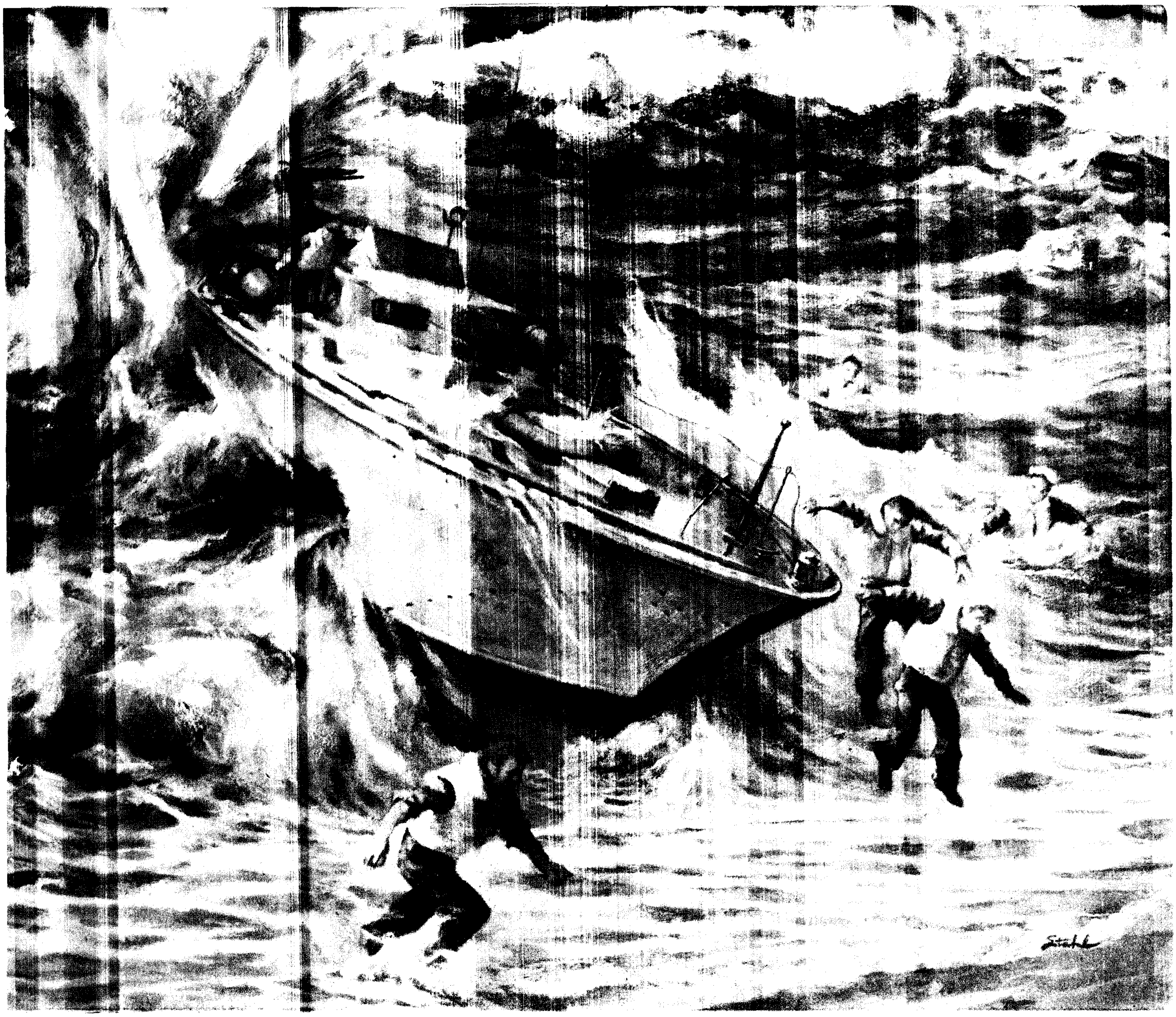
(Continued on page 33)

TOKYO TALKING **by MICHAEL BERRY**



"You, Kobayashi-san, launch discreet peace offer, and you, Takahashi-san, vigorously deny existence of same!"

COLLIER'S



THE PT BOAT THAT WAS HALF SUBMARINE!

The exploits of the courageous officers and men of the Navy's PT Boat Squadrons will endure as one of the most inspiring chapters in all American naval history.

For example, a PT Boat skipper, home on furlough, told of this amazing incident when he visited the Packard plant recently . . .

"With a man-sized hole smashed in our hull, we took on a lot of water in no time at all.

"But those Packard engines, submerged until only the spark plugs and carburetors were above water, pulled us more than a mile to shore.

"Afterward," he grinned, "the officer in charge of the engines said that if we'd gone much farther that way, he'd have had to duck his head under water to shift gears!

"The hard-hitting PT boats, powered by the engines you build, have been and will continue to be one of the most valuable weapons of this war," the lieutenant added.

Stories like this . . . told by PT men who continually "bet their lives" on the performance of these precision-built Packard marine engines . . . make us proud of being able to justify their faith so completely and so consistently.

★ ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE ★

MUSTANG
fighter

LANCASTER
bomber

WARHAWK
fighter

HURRICANE
fighter

MOSQUITO
fighter-bomber

PACKARD

PRECISION-BUILT POWER

NAVY
PT Boats

ARMY
rescue boats

TASTE TREAT AHOY

What fun . . . to have Milky Ways aboard! This favorite taste delight makes the whole day more enjoyable. With each bite you taste the thick coating of pure milk chocolate as it blends deliciously with the golden layer of creamy caramel and the center of chocolate nougat, richly flavored with real malted milk. When you crave *good* candy, eat a

Milky Way

THE Heroes

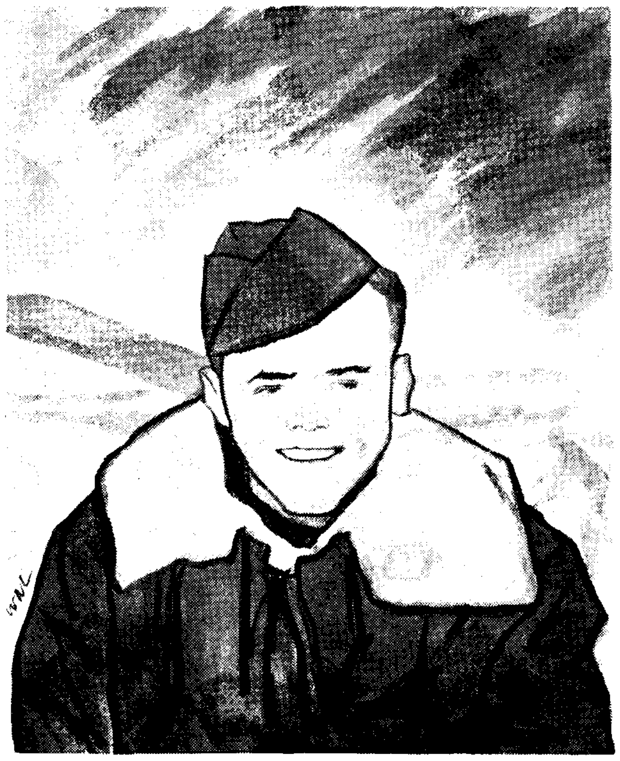
XLI

YOU have been reading George Creel's great series of portraits of heroes each week in these pages. We have asked Mr. Creel to let us guest-edit his column this one week, because we have our own personal candidate for hero, and we'd like to tell his story again. We say "again," because we helped write something about him once before, on a memorable night at a B-29 base in the Marianas. What we were privileged to help write that night was his recommendation for the Congressional Medal of Honor. His name is Staff Sergeant Henry E. Erwin of Bessemer, Alabama. He was radio operator on a B-29, and what he did, we think, was the bravest thing we've ever heard of.

We were with Colonel Carl Storrie, the B-29 group's noted leader, when Erwin's plane returned to the base that night, and we heard the story in faltering sentences from the stunned, incredulous members of his crew.

It had happened about an hour off the coast of Japan, Captain Tony Simeral, the pilot, said. Simeral's hands were dotted with burns, and there were deep holes burned in the hands of Lieutenant Colonel Gene Strouse, the squadron leader, who was flying copilot. But they paid no attention to their burns; what Sergeant Erwin had done put everything else out of their minds.

They were lead ship in the formation, Simeral said. An hour off the coast, they were supposed to drop a phosphorus smoke bomb to assemble the other B-29s into position. Dropping the bomb was the radio operator's job: at a signal from the pilot he was to release it through a narrow tube with a flap valve at the bottom. Simeral gave Erwin the signal; but there was malfunction in the tube. The sputtering bomb hit the jammed valve, bounced back into the ship, and exploded in Erwin's face, searing off an ear and blinding both eyes.



S/SGT. HENRY E. ERWIN

You know how phosphorus burns, with a furious intensity that makes fuselage metal blaze like tinder. The bomb at Erwin's feet was eating its way through the deck, and there was a full load of incendiaries below. He was alone; the navigator had left his table just before and gone up to the astrodome to get a star shot. There was no time to think. He stooped, picked up the white-hot mass of flames in his bare hands, and started forward toward the cockpit, feeling his way with elbows and feet.

The navigator's folding table was down and latched, blocking his way. Erwin's sleeves were rolled up. He placed the blazing bomb under his bared right arm, hugging it against his side while the fire ate into his flesh (you thought of the Spartan boy and the fox), and with the remains of his left hand fumbled with the spring latch until it opened. The loose skin came off his hand onto the table as he lifted it. We looked over the plane next day; you could see the imprint of his whole hand seared on the table. He took the bomb back in his hands, and he held it out in front of him, and stumbled forward again. He passed the engineer's compartment, a walking torch. The engineer turned a fire extinguisher on him and smothered the flames in his clothing, but the phosphorus was burning into his flesh as intensely as ever. He reached the copilot, and gasped, "Is the window open, sir?" and leaned over and tossed out the bomb. Then he collapsed on the flight deck.

The smoke had blotted out the instrument panel, the plane was out of control; Simeral's wing plane, following him down, reported that he was less than 300 feet off the water when he righted it. Simeral radioed the formation that he was turning back, jettisoned his bombs, raced for the emergency field at Iwo Jima. The crew applied first aid to Erwin, gave him plasma, smeared grease on his smoldering flesh. He never lost consciousness; halfway back to Iwo, he asked another question, the only other time he spoke: "Is everybody else all right, sir?" When they removed the unguent pads at Iwo a couple of hours later, and exposed his flesh to the air, it began to smolder again. He was still exhaling smoke, they said, and his body and limbs had become so rigid that he had to be eased through the engineer's window. He could not see or feel, but he could know—he could always know—that he had saved the lives of the ten men of his crew. . . .

As we passed through Pearl Harbor a few days later, we heard about an urgent request for a Congressional Medal of Honor. They wanted to make the presentation to a critically injured sergeant in Guam. There was just one Congressional Medal in the whole Pacific, as it happened, in a display case at General Richardson's headquarters. They broke open the case, and flew the medal by special plane. We knew it was for Sergeant Erwin; and we knew that no American had ever deserved the Congressional Medal more. . . .

LIEUTENANT COLONEL COREY FORD
and MAJOR ALASTAIR MACBAIN

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

Red Harvest in Cuba

Continued from page 30

On the contrary, Calvin Coolidge went down to Havana in February, 1928, and made a speech at the Pan-American Congress lauding the "independent, free, prosperous and peaceful" nation in which Cubans enjoyed "the advantages of self-government."

Coolidge either had been grossly misinformed by our then ambassador in Havana or he was unnecessarily diplomatic. Machado had already shown his dictatorial hand. He had tried to force a law through the congress to extend his term from four to six years, and Armando André, editor of the opposition paper, *El Via*, was murdered by the *porristas*—his secret police organization, which was about on a par with Hitler's SS or Mussolini's castor-oil gang. Machado had restored the medieval garrotte and named an official executioner. He had caused the assassination of some 140 workers and union organizers.

The Communists, favored by the economic chaos which prevailed at the time, made their debut. By 1929, Cuba had already known four years of depression, unemployment and hunger. Sugar was at a new low after the 23-cents-a-pound peak of 1920. The price had sunk to 1½ cents a pound, and the pain in Cuban stomachs was acute.

Communism wasn't native to the warm, independent character of the Cubans, and professional Russian and Spanish proselytizers had difficulty making converts at first. But they offered action against Machado's oppressions, where Grau made speeches and issued manifestos. They offered hungry *guajiros* (peasants) a plan for getting food into aching stomachs, and promised security at a time when insecurity was every man's nightmare.

Shouting "Rights must be seized and not begged," the Communists went into the streets and battled the *porristas* with homemade bombs and whatever pistols, sawed-off shotguns and rifles they could buy or steal. Their example was followed by such secret political societies as the ABC (its full name) and by some of the clandestine labor organizations. The Communists became the shock troops of the revolution.

Grau, however, was not connected in any way with the Communists except that his immediate purpose—overthrowing Machado—was the same. His Autenticos were far more moderate in method and objective than the Reds, and his following was the largest of the anti-Machado groups. Following a general strike in which the Communists played a leading part, the revolution broke, and some of the bloodiest fighting in the bloody history of Latin American revolutions forced Machado and his gang to resign and flee Cuba—with whatever cash they could scoop out of the Treasury.

No Support from the U.S.

In its final stages, the Cuban revolution apparently became as ideologically confusing to Washington as did its subsequent counterpart in Spain. A junta of five revolutionary leaders chose Grau as president in September, 1933. He was installed in the baroque Presidential Palace with the armed assistance of Sergeant Fulgencio Batista, stage manager of the army coup which had finally convinced Machado that the dictatorial jig was up. But Grau was considered too Red for the U.S. State Department's taste. Grau fought the Communists, put down several radical-stirred strikes and tried to canalize labor's energies into moderate democratic channels. But Washington wouldn't recognize his regime.

Lacking our support, Grau fell in January, 1934, and the seeds of a Red harvest were sown. Since then, Communism has made progress in Cuba, and today the man we shunned in 1933 is president of the Republic. He doesn't fight the Communists any more. He's their friend and they are his. This in itself is no cause for alarm in big and powerful America. The establishment of a socialized state in Cuba wouldn't jar the political foundations of the United States, but it would put the United States into an embarrassing position.

Cuba lies athwart the eastern approaches to the Panama Canal. America might be forced to intervene physically, and if it did, complications would be many and swift. Cuba is one of the show windows of our Good Neighbor policy. Every country between the Rio Grande and Tierra del Fuego watches what we do in Cuba. If we were obliged to go in there and rough up a few Cubans, there'd be an unholy howl of "*Yanqui Imperialismo*."

If and when the Cubans decide to kick out American financial interests, Uncle Sam will have an important decision to make. Is $1,500,000,000 or $2,000,000,000 a big enough stake to warrant wrecking the Good Neighbor policy and with it the economic and political good will of Latin America? Some diplomats believe that it is, and advocate a strong policy toward Cuba and other nations where the leftward swing threatens American money interests. Others say that unless our naval and military position is affected we should bow to the trend of the times and accept the fact of Latin America's social development.

What's happened in Cuba has also occurred in Costa Rica, Mexico, Panama, Guatemala, Colombia, Venezuela, Uruguay. The Communists are strong in all these countries. A few influential members of the State Department, including Undersecretary Nelson Rockefeller, former chief of the Office of the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs, see in this the possible creation of an anti-American bloc favorable to Russia and therefore more disposed to trade with the Soviets than with us.

They see the sprouting of the Communist crop in these nations as an ideological invasion of this hemisphere by the USSR.

There is some evidence that the growth of Communism in Latin America wasn't spontaneous or wholly due to existing deplorable social and economic conditions, but was imported and later directed, however circuitously, by the Soviets. When Communist parties everywhere, for instance, decided to change their names, they did so with suspicious unanimity. Within six months of the dissolution of the Comintern, the Cuban Communist Party became the Partido Socialista Popular, the Communist Party in Costa Rica changed its name to Vanguardia Popular, and in Venezuela it became the Partido Socialista. Similarly the parties were given more palatable names in Mexico, Colombia, Australia and the United States.

Fear of Russia's Influence

Suspicion of Russia's motives is particularly strong in Cuba. Rich Cubans and influential members of the American Chamber of Commerce openly accuse Moscow of directing the activities of the Partido Socialista Popular and through it of the Confederacion de Trabajadores de Cuba (CTC), the all-inclusive Cuban labor organization roughly similar to the C.I.O.

Because of Grau's friendliness toward labor he, in turn, is accused of being a tool of the Kremlin. They speak of the government as a plaything of the Communists and of themselves as living under a "tyranny" of labor. They complain that they can't make an honest dollar any more because the Reds are pushing wages up out of sight. The minimum wage law calls for $1.60 a day.

Grau's more vicious enemies say he doesn't run the country. The real ruler, they insist, is one Lazaro Pina, a handsome, lithe and admittedly able 34-year-old Negro who heads the CTC. The CTC includes 1,592 unions and boasts at least 500,000 members—nearly all of Cuba's adult labor force—and is, potentially, the largest single political force in

Regular brushing with an efficient cleanser is one of the essentials for sound teeth. It should become a habit early in life. A good cleanser is Baking Soda, either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. Both are acceptable as tooth cleansers to the American Dental Association Council.

* * *

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Our Baking Soda is used just like any tooth powder. It not only cleans well, but helps brighten teeth to their natural color, has a pleasant after-taste. Children can use it freely because its cost is so low—just a few cents for a package that will give weeks of brushings.

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., INC., 10 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

the country. If Pina, a self-educated former tobacco-field worker, molds it into a political party, he might someday become president of Cuba. The possibility scares the aristocratic meringue of Cuba's social and racial pie nearly out of its pleasure-addled wits.

A fierce Jim Crowism complicates an already complex Cuban society. Cuba's population is preponderantly mulatto and Negro, and is so mixed that it's difficult to say who is truly white. Until only a few years ago, the *rumba* couldn't be played in respectable society because of its Afro-Cuban origin. Even now all first-class restaurants hold licenses as "clubs," and this permits them to exclude colored folk. So the white elite look obliquely on Pina and quip bitterly about how you must "clear it with Pina if you want anything done up at the Capitol." Grau doesn't share their animosity. He welcomes Pina's support, for the black man can deliver half a million votes on any issue in which labor is involved.

As Grau's government stands now, it's a coalition of his own Autenticos and the Republicanos who joined him to defeat the hand-picked candidate of Batista and the so-called Democratic Party. The Republicanos, however, are hanging back on Grau's reforms, and the president is leaning toward the left for support despite the fact that the PSP opposed him in the election. He'd like to have the PSP's 140,000 votes in the next election in 1948, and to be sure of the CTC's 500,000 votes.

Proof of Grau's political intentions came last May Day when the CTC staged a mass demonstration of some 60,000 workers in Havana. The demonstrators paraded under the blue-canopied balcony of the Presidential Palace holding up banners demanding wage increases, old-age pensions, sick benefits, a $774,000 grant to build a Labor Palace, and everything else from social security for busboys to rupture of diplomatic relations with General Francisco Franco's Spain. Altogether, there were some 140 separate demands. These were typed out and bound in leather covers.

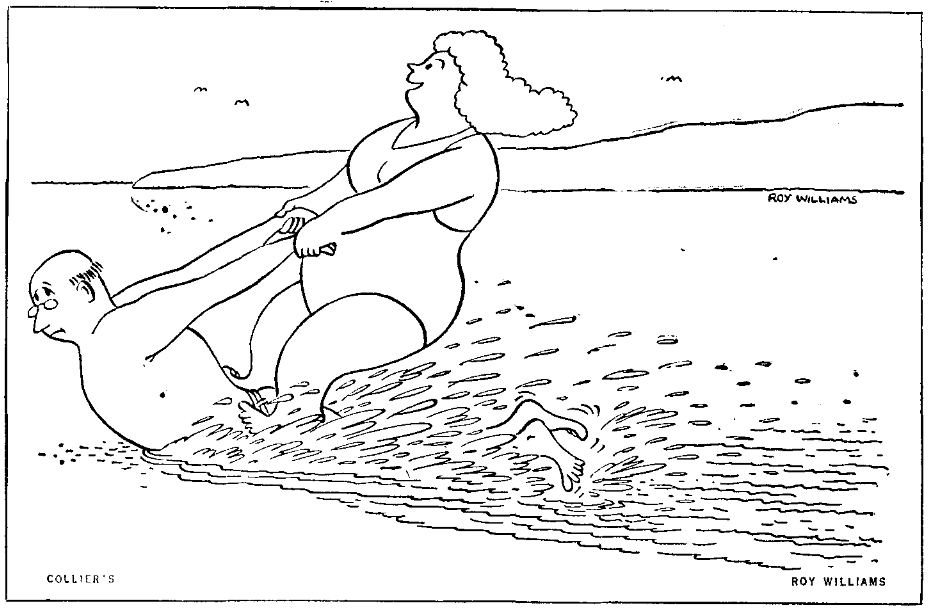
A Blank Check for Labor

Standing beside Pina, Grau held the volume up before the crowd at the conclusion of the parade and said, "I haven't had time to read these demands, but you may be sure they'll be included in the government's program." It was a blank check to labor, a victory for the CTC and a personal triumph for Pina, its leader. To the owners of sugar mills, textile and tobacco factories, hotels, mines, railroads, trolley lines and bus companies, Grau's words meant higher operating costs and lower profits.

At the American Club on the laurel-shaded Prado, the owners and representatives of U. S. firms gathered late that afternoon to play *Carabina*—with five poker dice and a leather cup—for drinks and to gripe about labor's growing power. Several had justifiable complaints. At least one, a big cotton-textile mill owner, said he was operating on such a narrow profit margin that any further wage increase would drive him out of business. And some of the CTC's demands were frankly absurd. One was from a union of 200 garage mechanics for the exclusion of all automobile bodies not made in Cuba. Only American cars and trucks are imported by Cuba. The country hasn't any auto-body building industry and probably never will have.

The agents of U.S. firms rolled their dice and laughed at the absurdities of Cuban labor, and Pina's pretentions. They blamed their troubles on the Communists. One of them prominent in the American Chamber of Commerce confided that Uncle Joe "is putting the screws on American free enterprise in the Western Hemisphere" and in Cuba particularly. He named the late Constantine Oumansky, Soviet ambassador to Mexico City until he was killed recently in an airplane crash, as the Kremlin's "front man in this hemisphere."

Until Oumansky's death, he said, Mexico City was the "nerve center" of Soviet propaganda and political action, but now the headquarters has been moved to Havana, and Oumansky's job has been taken over by Russian Chargé d'Affaires Dmitri Zaikin, who has a legation "staffed with fifty people and he's even got a press attaché." This American and others at the club seriously talked of Russia as an "imperial competitor" in this hemisphere, and Stalin was "the enemy." To the Cuban people, Franco is "the enemy." In the May Day parade, at least every fifth banner called for a break with his government.



COLLIER'S ROY WILLIAMS

Those who felt most "threatened" by the CTC's growth were the representatives of U.S. absentee sugar landlords and mill owners. They were loudest in denouncing the CTC as Communist and as loudly blamed Moscow for their present and possible future troubles. But the Chamber of Commerce man and others in Cuba who seemed to have an inferiority complex about Communism and who talked as though democracy offers nothing to compete with it in all Latin-America couldn't make their charges stand up.

Zaikin, for example, doesn't have a staff of fifty. He claims to have only five accredited diplomats in the legation, and with all the code clerks, servants, ushers and translators thrown in, he has barely twenty. The total is a small decimal of the staff of our own huge embassy in Havana. As for the ominous significance attached to the fact that the Soviets have a press attaché—presumably he feeds propaganda to left-wing newspapers such as *Hoy*—well, we have a press attaché, too, although he isn't officially called that.

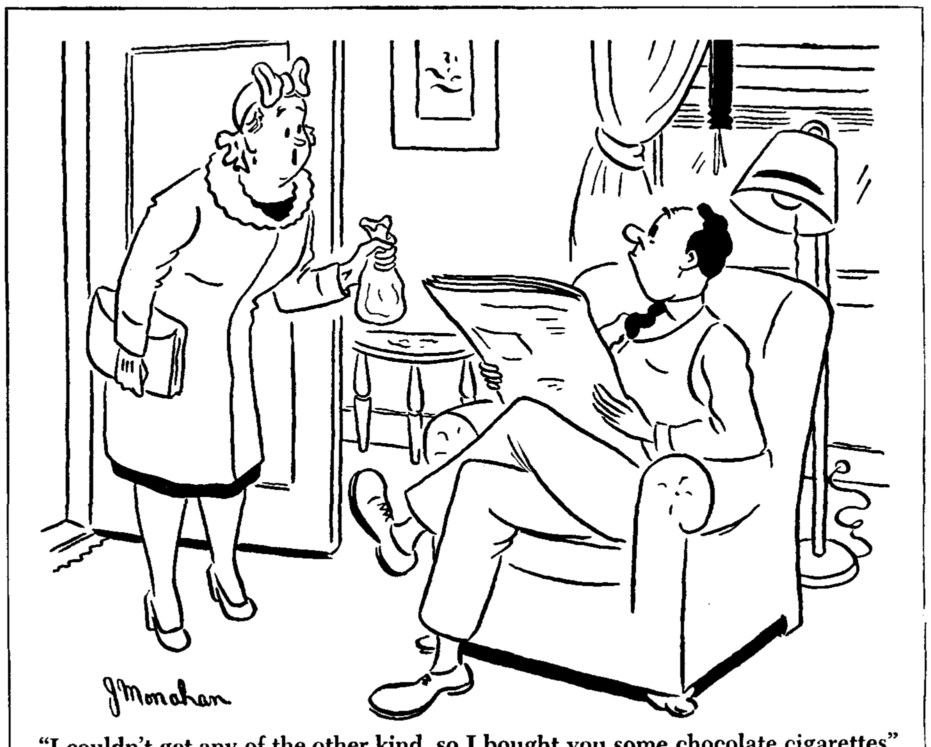
Nowhere, either in newspapers or books, in radio programs or the English-language Havana Post, is there any substantial evidence that the vast amounts Washington spends for propaganda are providing food for democratic thought. Cubans read what they can get, and a lot of it is Marxist literature. Maybe they merely like it, and maybe it was made available to them, but we don't offer anything to combat it.

Even some of our hardest-to-convince diplomats have reached the conclusion that papers like *Hoy* can get all the Soviet propaganda they need by picking up the editorials of Pravda, Izvestia and Red Star, and from the communiqués and speeches of Marshal Stalin from the normal American wire services like AP and UP.

Cubans' respect and admiration for Soviet Russia, as distinct from whatever fascination Communism holds for them, began with the USSR's intervention in Spain in 1936. It was something Cubans who'd fought Machado understood. Since then the success of the Red Army has further impressed those whom professional Reds call "the masses," with the advantage of Communism.

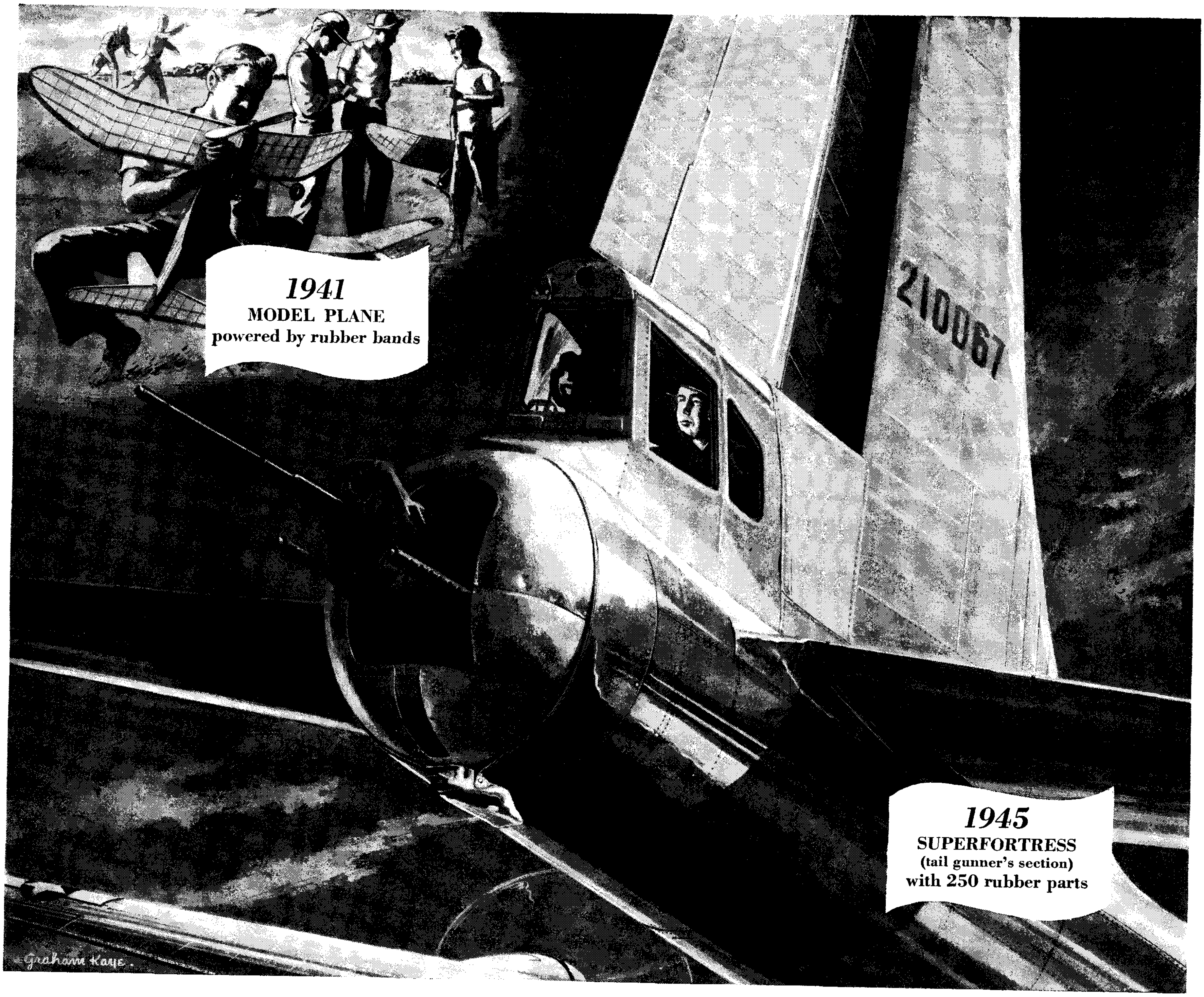
But while American businessmen and upper-crust Cubans raise a hullabaloo about spreading "Russian influence" in Cuba and Latin America, nothing is said and little is done about the admirers of Franco.

The upper stratum of Cuban society is composed of about 300,000 pure-blooded Spaniards. A small but powerful minority among them, including those 1,000 families who own everything in Cuba not already nailed down by foreigners, are Falangist sympathizers, antilabor and anti-Negro. They monopolize the import-export trade and have strong sugar and tobacco, banking, insurance and shipping interests. They are the socially "nice people" of Cuba and the ones whom the Americans meet at the clubs, the Oriental Park race track, the Gran Casino Nacional



"I couldn't get any of the other kind, so I bought you some chocolate cigarettes"

COLLIER'S JAMES MONAHAN



New realm for the rubber engineers

WITHIN the lifetime of many of us, man has launched upon his boldest undertaking—the conquest of the air.

Only thirty years lie between the "Jenny" of World War I, and the "Superfortress" of World War II. Yet even now we stand on the threshold of epic progress through the development of new types of aircraft, such as jet and rocket planes.

As the air is invaded, dangerous enemies must be met and vanquished.

Fire is one of these; its hazard intensified because of extreme concentration of highly inflammable fuels.

Cold and *lack of oxygen* are other foes. As the ceiling for aircraft rises higher and higher, methods of combatting sub-zero temperatures, "thin air" and icing of wings have to be found. *Vibration,* strong enough to tear a ship apart, is set up by faster speeds.

Science finds the answers to these and other baffling problems in rubber—the greatest of all plastics.

In the mighty Superfortress there are more than 250 different vital rubber parts. Bullet-sealing rubber reduces the threat of fire; rubber insulation keeps out the bitter cold; a complex system of rubber hose and ducts feeds life-giving oxygen to the crew; precision-engineered rubber mountings cushion instruments and hundreds of delicate parts; rubber helps to de-ice the wings, warm the guns, maintain communications.

Your purchases of United States Rubber Company products in the past helped this company grow big. They made work for scientists and engineers. They built the technical staff that assumed the responsibilities demanded by war. And because rubber—engineered rubber—is a prime factor in making aircraft safer and more comfortable, U. S. Rubber experts will go on exploring the new realms that open up, will go on serving through science.

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Listen to "Science Looks Forward"—new series of talks by the great scientists of America—on the Philharmonic-Symphony Program. CBS network, Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:30 E.W.T.

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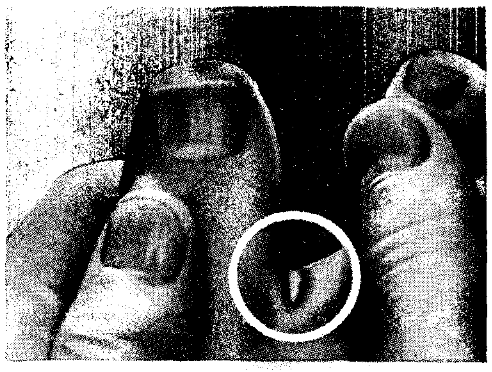
Athlete's Foot
strikes hot, steaming feet

• Summer "dog days" make your feet perspire excessively. And as they steam in hot, damp socks the skin is irritated—especially between the toes. Often it cracks wide open, exposing raw tissue to an attack of that painful skin disease called Athlete's Foot!

Cracks between your toes warn of danger

Athlete's Foot micro-organisms grow faster when they feed on extra perspiration and dead skin. When the skin between your toes cracks open they get under the skin and spread beneath the tissues. Your toes redden and itch. Skin flakes off in dull white patches. You know Athlete's Foot has taken hold!



Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot micro-organisms on contact!

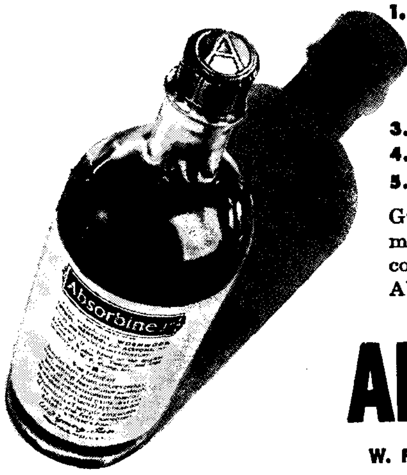
Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot microorganisms. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, attacks delicate nerve endings.

Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot micro-organisms on contact—they can't grow and cause you pain.

Drench those open cracks at once

Don't take chances. At the first sign of a crack between the toes, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. full strength, night and morning.

$1.25 a bottle at all druggists.



1. Absorbine Jr. kills the Athlete's Foot micro-organisms on contact.

It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot micro-organisms thrive.

3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. Cleanses and helps heal broken tissues.
5. Relieves itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

Absorbine Jr.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

and the better restaurants, and they influence the attitude toward the rest of Cuban society of our flattered commercial agents.

Mouthpiece of the Falangist element is the well-edited *Diario de la Marina* (circulation about 20,000), owned by the late José (Pepin) Rivero. He was a Franco supporter who was decorated by Hitler and Mussolini, who once prayed that God might grant Der Fuehrer a long life, and editorially predicted that the Axis would win the war.

But most of the Spanish element, like most Cubans, were anti-Franco during the war, and one of the things they can't understand about us is why we don't break with Franco. If there are good reasons for our failure to do so, they haven't been made clear to the bulk of Cubans, who unfortunately believe that the downfall of Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany has been brought about by the Russians, the British and the Americans in that order.

An analysis of the political color composition of the CTC provides, perhaps, the best clue to how rich the Red harvest in Cuba might be. Of the 500,000 CTC members, 100,000, at the most, are Popular Socialist Party members and therefore open to suspicion of being Communists. The other four fifths are mostly political followers, although not necessarily members of Grau's Autenticos.

There's no question about Pina's personal political power in labor circles. His easy manner and forceful persuasiveness are remindful of John L. Lewis in his prime. He has the knack of talking the language of college professors or iron miners, cigar rollers or cane cutters. His voice is rough, throaty and warm. He is not only secretary general of the CTC but a high-ranking leader of the PSP as well. His power, however, like that of the Reds, is directly proportionate to how much misery there is in the land.

As for the Communists themselves, the best indication of the extent of their actual voting strength, as opposed to their ideological power, came in the 1944 elections. The PSP has 120,000 members but it polled only 140,000 votes for its presidential candidate. Its greatest strength lies in the sheer incorruptibility of its leaders and party discipline. Such is their discipline that Pina, who earns $600 a month as a member of the House of Representatives, turns in $500 to the party and lives on the rest plus an expense account from the party, which never exceeds, I was told, $120.

Grau likes Pina and the leaders of the left not only because he finds their six votes in the House and three in the Senate useful when he wishes to sidestep his Republican allies, but because they never ask him for jobs. They don't shoot up his cabinet ministers, either.

Sensible Cubans willing to guess about Cuba's future—and among them was one of the country's biggest and most progressive sugar planters—say it's possible for Grau to absorb the PSP and mitigate or even lay the Red menace simply by reducing or removing the reasons for its existence. These are unemployment and distress during the *tiempo muerto* or dead season between sugar crops, including poverty, disease, hunger, ignorance.

The average Cuban sugar worker, for example, eats only 915 calories a day, which is considerably lower than the "desperate malnutrition" standards established by recognized dietitians, who say a working man must have 3,000 for good health. In Havana, which is a health resort compared to other Cuban towns and cities, three times as many people die of tuberculosis per 100,000 population as in New York. Only half the people are really literate, despite claims that illiteracy has been reduced to only 25 per cent.

Danger in Hands-Off Policy

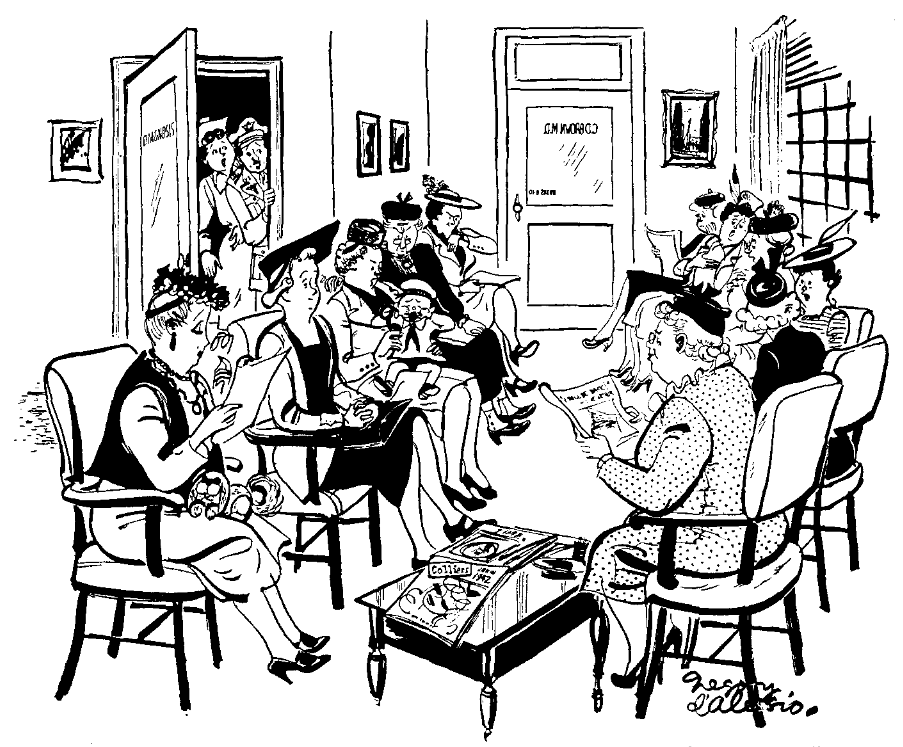
To accomplish even a small part of his program for eliminating the causes of social unrest and the breeders of Communism, Grau will need a lot of help—financial, technical, moral and political. Some financial assistance in the form of loans might come from the U.S., but our rigid official policy of nonintervention in the internal affairs of other nations probably precludes any other forms of help. This hands-off policy of ours leaves the field to outside powers, and we have no one but ourselves to blame if things go haywire south of the Rio Grande.

Cuba's revolution of 1933 didn't end with Machado's flight from Havana. It continues and could be a democratic one. But unless the greatest democracy on earth helps Cuba to move along democratic paths, the Communists will surely see to it that it develops according to their own social, political and economic ideas.

The test is bound to come in Cuba when the sugar market crashes. It might come sooner. Next year's crop, due to a seven months drought which hit the island last October, will be at least 30 per cent smaller than the 1945 harvest. This may mean that you'll get one third less sugar in your ration. To the *guajiros* in Cuba it'll most certainly mean one third less money with which to buy rice and beans for supper, and a proportionately higher interest in any kind of economic and political formula that'll help fill the increased emptiness of their bellies. Grau, in any case, has his work cut out for him.

THE END

WELCOME HOME! by **GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"It's been all over town that you were coming home today, Doctor"

COLLIER'S

INVEST IN VICTORY . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS

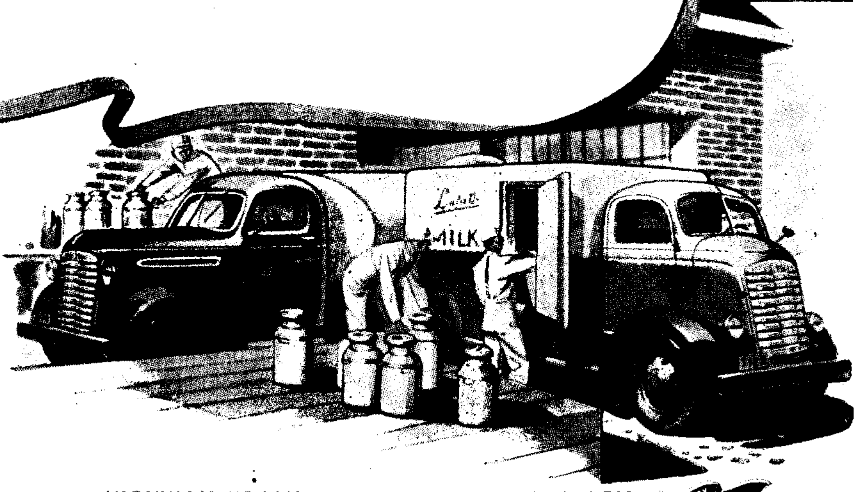
Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

Main Street Mess Call

A baby's cry is morning mess call in many millions of American homes every day in the year. And plenty of milk is needed to keep our youngsters husky and healthy all their growing years. Last year, the farmer produced more than 119 billion pounds of milk . . . a remarkable record he's doing his best to beat by another billion pounds this year. Every day, more than 50 million quarts of milk and cream are processed for use on our country's tables.

Farm trucks haul nearly all the feed and other supplies to dairy farms . . . transport most of the milk to creameries and sub-stations. Tank trucks haul the bulk of the milk to urban areas . . . the entire load to 49 of our largest cities. Delivery trucks carry most of the bottled milk directly to retail store and kitchen door.

But for Motor Truck Transportation the *Main Street Mess Call* in most of the nation's 37 million homes would go unanswered.



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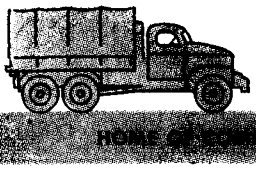
In addition to being one of the largest producers of military vehicles, GMC Truck & Coach builds many commercial trucks for essential users. Civilian GMCs are powered by engines of the same basic design as the famous "270" used in more than 500,000 GMC "six-by-sixes" . . . so often called the "Workhorse of the Army."



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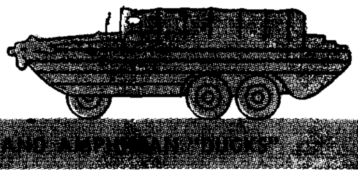


HOME OF COMMERCIAL GMC TRUCKS AND GM COACHES . . . VOLUME PRODUCER OF GMC ARMY TRUCKS AND AMPHIBIAN "DUCKS"

The LAST HUNT

BY FRANK O'ROURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

In this perceptive story, an anxious boy learns through his father that compassion can go hand in hand with manliness

THIS was the day. When his father called from the stairs, "Wake up, Joe, time to go," he hopped out of bed, dressed with shivering haste and ran downstairs to the bathroom, carrying his red-topped socks and the new hunting boots. He brushed his teeth, washed his face and hands and gave his hair a lick-and-promise. The cowlick behind his right ear refused to bow down, but he knew his mother wouldn't make him plaster it in place on this morning.

His mother called, "Hurry up, Joe."

Breakfast was on the table when he trotted into the kitchen, and his father was drinking his first cup of steaming black coffee and reading the morning paper, still damp from lying on the front steps. The boy gulped down his orange juice and attacked his cereal, and his mother said, "Slow down, wild man, slow down," and cuffed him lovingly on the ear. He grinned sheepishly and ate his bacon and eggs and drank two glasses of milk, while his father prowled slowly through the paper, as if this was only another day, sipping his second and third cups of coffee deliberately.

He was finished and fidgeting in his chair, afraid the hunters would be gone without them, when his father lighted a fresh cigar and blew fragrant blue smoke across the table, smiling at his nervousness.

"All right, Joe," his father said. "Get your gun and we'll go."

He held the new twenty-gauge double-barrel between his knees when they drove downtown, feeling the cold steel and the smooth oiled wood with his fingers. The street was lined with cars, and hunters were grouped in front of the saloon and under the post-office awning, squinting at their morning mail and making small talk in the dim six-o'clock half-light.

His father blew the horn, and Dale Beigler came from his saloon, wearing his faded brown hunting clothes, the Parker double-barrel under his thick arm. Dale got in beside him and gave him a swat on the arm, and he socked Dale back as his father drove around the flagpole and headed out of town, followed now by a string of other cars. Dale smelled of fresh tobacco, good food and the clean sharp malty tang of his own beer.

Dale said, "Reckon you'll get a coyote today, Joe?"

He grinned, rubbing the new gun, and said, "I hope so," and Dale nodded, lighting his pipe.

"When did you get your first coyote, Dale?" he asked.

Dale grinned. "I was seven, going on eight."

"Aw!" he cried.

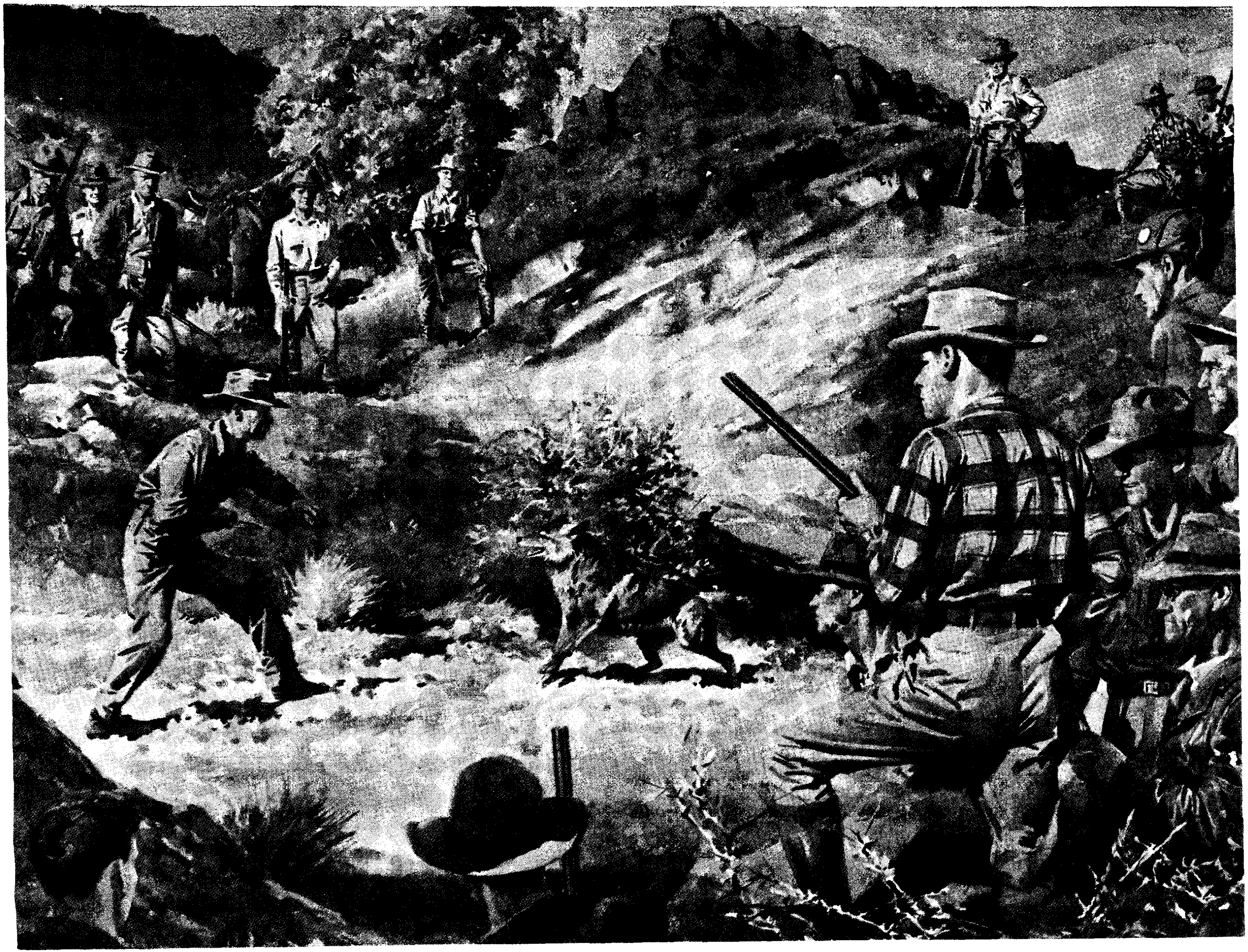
"Aw, nothing!" Dale said, his black eyes twinkling in his fat, ruddy face. "I was lugging water from the windmill one night about sundown when this coyote crossed my path and scared us both witless. But he was more scared than me because he froze up long enough, so's I pitched the waterbucket at him."

"Did you kill him?"

"No," Dale said solemnly. "He drowned."

"Aw," he cried, "you're kidding me again," and Dale cuffed him, and they wrestled all over the front seat until his father, grinning sideways at them, said, "Dammit, if you two roosters want to fight, I'll set you out on the road and you can walk the rest of the way."

And then Dale said, "I wouldn't miss today," and the boy knew, even as they stopped their horseplay, that all this foolish talk and scuffling had been just window dressing hiding their real thoughts. He could feel the depth and strength of these thoughts running ahead of them toward the hunt, and toward Old Devil, the coyote for whom the hunt was being staged. They hunted him every year after a fashion, knowing before they started



'Wait!" said Behmer. The men held their fire as he moved forward, blade out, toward the old coyote

OVER — and OVER AGAIN

EYES
Clear and Bright
LEGS
Fast-traveling; Strong
COAT
Abundant and Smooth
ACTIONS
Peppy and Gay

. . . it pays to nourish *EVERY INCH* of your dog with GAINES!

● In the brightness of his eyes, the sleekness of his coat, the patter of his playful paws, the happy wag of his tail—you'll see how it pays to feed him Gaines. At his dinnertime he'll put on a dog show all his own—dancing with joy and eagerness. For there's plenty of *meat meal* in Gaines! And vegetables, milk nutrients, cereals, minerals, vitamins—every type of nourishment that dogs are known to need.

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Gaines has been the stand-by of big kennels and veterinarians for over 15 years. It's a Meal dogs love—inexpensive to feed—prepared in less than a minute. Largest-selling dog food in the U.S.A.

FOR ALL DOGS GAINES
Complete Meal

MASTER! Just see all the nourishment IN EVERY POUND OF GAINES

As much body and strength-building *proteins* as in 1½ lbs. raw beef

As much energy-making *carbohydrates* as in 2 qts. cooked oatmeal

For sleek appearance and glossy coat—the *fats* that would be provided by 1 oz. butter

For strong bones and teeth—the *minerals* that would be provided by 1¾ lbs. cheese

For red-blooded vitality—as much *iron* as in ¾ lb. beef liver

VITAMINS: The *vitamin A* in 5 eggs; the *thiamin* (B_1) in 1 lb. whole-wheat bread; the *riboflavin* (B_2) in 1 qt. milk; the *niacin* in ½ lb. fresh mackerel . . . and all other members of the B-complex which normally accompany thiamin, riboflavin and niacin.

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"Nourishes Every Inch of Your Dog"

that he would get away, had always got away; but they kept hunting and hoping.

This year was different; even he knew it, and he was only fifteen, on his third hunt. Old Devil had gone too far. He had killed a blooded colt belonging to Tom Behmer, and they all understood—farmer and townsman alike—that Old Devil, slowing up with age but still wily and strong, had at last turned his yellow eyes toward easier game.

The boy knew the old coyote. They had met three years ago this fall when he was twelve and just getting over being proud of his first rifle, a single-shot twenty-two. He was hunting a line fence choked with dusty brown tumbleweeds, his fox terrier ranging before him, sniffing and yipping excitedly at rabbit scent. They crossed a dry creek bed, and suddenly the terrier, shivering low on his belly, short wiry hair bristling along his fat back, refused to go on; and ahead of him, like a shadow moving out of his dreams and materializing in the flesh, the old coyote came from the fence and crossed the open ground to a plum thicket.

The gun in his arms was forgotten as he stared at Old Devil, bigger than any coyote he had ever seen or—as he knew somehow—bigger than he would ever see again. There was a taste like sour gall in the sudden spurt of saliva to his mouth, a fierce constriction in his chest, and he realized for the first time that Old Devil, so long a ghost in his mind, a figment of supposed tall tales by farmers, was a solid substance that was bigger than the tales.

He never forgot how Old Devil looked that day, how his terrier, the bravest dog in town, had cowered at his feet, how the gun had hung limp in his hands. Old Devil was half again as long as an ordinary coyote and stood a good three hands higher, with a thick, corded chest, bushy mane, and yellow eyes glowing with a malevolence that would be gutted only by death.

Some said he was crossed with a wolf, or a police dog, or maybe with the devil himself. He moved with lambent swiftness in the night, in the day, through the fields and woods, up the deep sand canyons, through the grassy meadows south of town, and in this solitary life, estranged from all other animals, he carried with him an indomitable spirit that seemed to lift him above his crimes and give him a lonely grandeur that commanded respect.

Now Joe knew all about the old coyote, and he knew his record: chicken roosts raided, hogs and calves pulled down and eaten on the spot, traps nosed over contemptuously, poison bait ignored, good dogs cut to ribbons in plum thickets and the deep canyons south of town—a decade of violence and defiance. He knew the coyote was too fierce for the dogs, too sly for the men, too clever for the traps and poison; it was as if he were the last epitome of a forgotten wild age.

But Old Devil had gone too far when he killed the colt on Tom Behmer's farm. He had crossed the invisible line between hunting and murder, and he knew it, and the hunters knew it. For the hunt today was different from most circle hunts; it had been planned seriously, more men were coming, and all through the night other men had been watching the canyons south of town, tending big fires at the outer entrances, doing all they could to insure the old coyote's presence when they started out. Today was different; this was the finish.

THEY drove three miles south to the section line allotted their team by the hunt captain. Already a thick black knot of cars was parked at the road intersection, and hunters were gathered around Ernest Puls, their line captain, waiting for final instructions. The boy stood beside his father and Dale, listening to the good man-talk in the group; and at fifteen to seven Ernest got up on a car bumper and told them what to do, the words rolling out sonorous and husky with a slight Scandinavian accent.

Ernest explained that they had to cover the mile east from where they stood. They would spread out with twenty yards or less between hunters, and when the signal came from the hunt captain at seven o'clock they would move forward. They were to walk slowly and let nothing through, old Ernest said, pounding his gnarled hands together to emphasize the point.

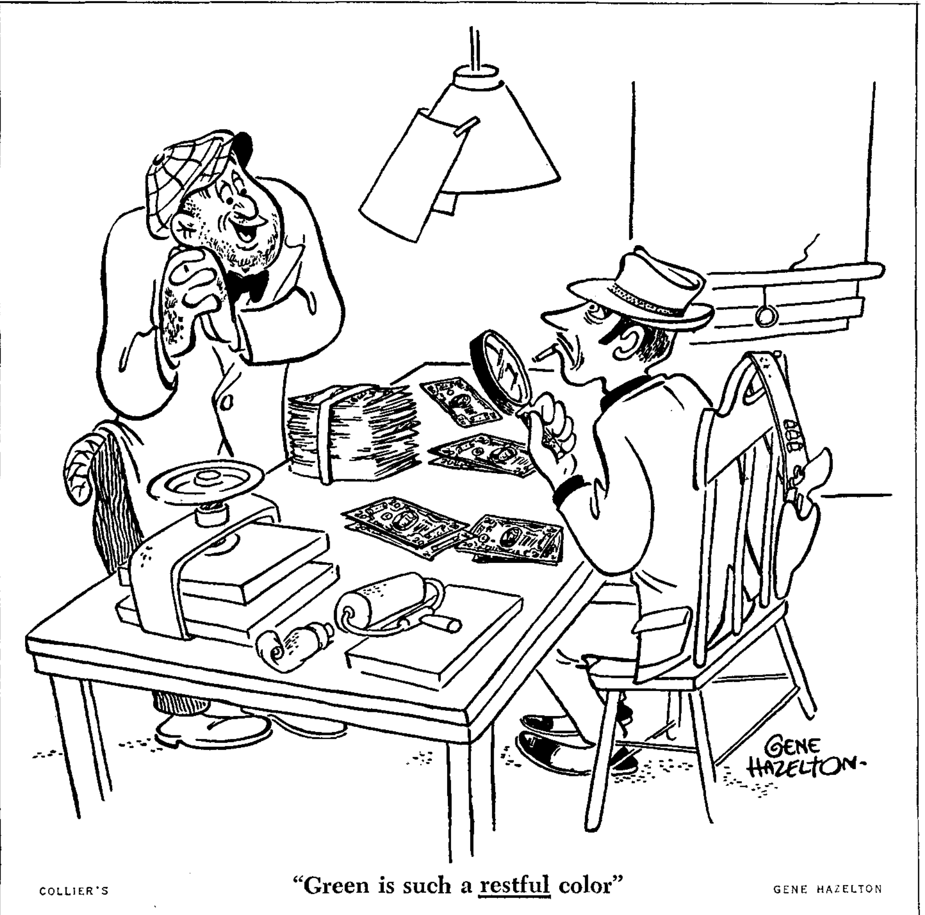
Dale said, "Come on, we'll go halfway down."

The boy had to trot down the section road, moving between the two car tracks in the loose sand, to keep pace with Dale and his father. They walked half a mile and took up positions on a gentle swell of land, from which they could see both ways for half a mile. He watched the other hunters spreading out on both sides of him in a long stationary line held behind the fence.

DALE looked at his watch and grunted, his breath white and puffy in the cold morning air. He called, "Time right now, Jim," and on the heels of his speech, they heard the boom-boom-boom of the hunt captain's shotgun from the south mile.

Then old Ernest came riding down the line on his big bay mare, waving his automatic, and they crossed the fence and moved off.

The boy knew why they had picked this square mile of ground; this was Old Devil's hang-out during the winter months. He holed up in the deep canyons and brush-choked ravines, always moving, never sleeping twice in the same place. There were no farms on this section of land, only canyons and ravines and thistle-covered cow pastures. This was, in a way, the old coyote's kingdom and they were the trespassers. He wondered what he would do if he saw Old Devil.



COLLIER'S "Green is such a restful color" GENE HAZELTON

The men were moving deliberately, examining every hole and brush pile, and when they came to the crisscrossing canyons and ravines they held their line intact while picked men beat the bottoms from one end to the other.

He crossed a thistle-covered knoll, holding the twenty-gauge ready, searching the ground before him as Dale and his father had taught him, looking far ahead and bringing his vision closer in back-and-forth strips. He remembered belatedly that Dale had brought the Parker double-barrel, finest shotgun in the county, and he knew Dale only used that gun on special occasions. He felt the pressure of the day settle squarely on his shoulders.

Two hundred yards from the road, rabbits were getting out and running with huge hops toward the general center of the section. A big jack jumped out, two feet from his gun barrels, and Dale yelled, "Get him, Joe!"

The boy tried to shoot and found himself frozen, just as he had been the day he saw Old Devil. And then suddenly he knew that he would never fire the shot that got the old coyote because some vague feeling of respect and pride lay between them.

Dale called, "Buck fever, Jim," and his father grinned and called, "Loosen up, Joe. Get the next one."

"Yes, sir," he said. "Sorry."

They passed through a small grove of stunted cottonwoods dappled in the pale December sunshine. He felt the thick leaf mat crumple under his boots; a squirrel ran chattering up a tree as if following a spiral staircase, and he raised the twenty-gauge, laid a fast bead on the squirrel, grinned self-consciously and dropped the gun. He wouldn't shoot the squirrel; he had no quarrel with it.

Then he was all right again, loose and easy, sweating under his arms and across his upper lip, moving confidently through the brush and ravines. He got the next jack on a nice side shot, and then rabbits were jumping up all along the line and guns were booming hollowly. He heard a shot every ten seconds now, sometimes two or three. Crows flew up, too late, to drop in a flurry of feathers. Two chicken hawks got up and flew low to the south.

And then, a quarter of a mile from the road, Dale let loose a shrill whoop, "One going west!" and he saw the rear end of a small coyote snake across a ditch and vanish up a thistle row, moving like the wind.

Guns roared, but the coyote was gone, and Dale called, "Watch him, you guys on the west," and the line moved on very carefully, kicking with expert boots at every brush pile and examining all holes large enough for a gopher to hide in.

HE HEARD a quick flurry of shots to the west, and Dale, mounting a small rise, shaded his eyes and called over his shoulder, "They got that one, Jim. He tried to bust through."

His father said, "The old one won't try that."

That was true. Old Devil would never be that foolish. If he was inside this great circle, he would be moving through the thickest brush, watching the lines, his yellow eyes gleaming, weighing every chance, always waiting and looking for the hole he had never missed before. But today the lines were very heavy.

The boy could see the other lines now, wavering black files of little figures, growing steadily larger as they moved toward the center of the section, and he could see that they were no longer straight but had joined ends and overlapped as they came together, forming a huge circle half a mile in diameter, with a man every ten to fifteen feet now.

He saw the white puffs of smoke from shotguns and heard the reports, heavy in the cold air, louder now and sharper. Old Ernest rode up and down behind his line on the big bay, shouting, "Watch the draws, boys!" and they were moving in closer, and he could pick out the different colored shirts and the faces of the hunters in the other lines.

They paused on the lip of a small draw, and a coyote jumped from cover almost at his feet, running hard toward the south, and for a moment he thought it was Old Devil. Then he centered on the small shoulders and head, those of a foolish yearling, as Dale called them. He fired, not knowing he had fired, two seconds before the other guns exploded, and in a pleasurable haze he watched the coyote go cartwheeling down the bottom of the draw.

Dale was yelling, "Good boy, Joe, good boy!" and his father called, "That's the way to follow through, son," a strong note of pride in his deep voice.

He skirted the dead body of the coyote, still and blood-flecked on the sand, and climbed up the other bank of the ravine. Behind him old Ernest was bellowing for the men with their light wagon, who picked up the coyotes when they were shot, and he felt a belated thrill of pride at having contributed his share toward filling that wagon. He remembered stories of the biggest bag in any hunt in the territory, that of '23, when they killed twenty-two, and he wondered if they would surpass that record today, knowing that the hunt would become a legend if they got Old Devil and nothing else.

NOW the hunters were very close together, standing on the edge of the big canyon that ran from west to east across their line of advance; beyond that in the middle of a flat-topped hill was a small but deep sinkhole, and beyond that the other side of the circle was closing in toward them. It would happen soon if it was going to happen today, and he felt his muscles grow taut again, even after shooting the small coyote. He hadn't licked the feeling, that respect and admiration for Old Devil.

"There he goes!" Dale roared.

It happened like that. Old Devil broke from cover a few yards in front of him and ran like the wind across the canyon, the guns roaring one after the other, shot dusting the sand behind his flowing tail. He raced into a small ditch that led to the sinkhole and disappeared. The word was flashing around the circle, and the hunt captains were riding madly around the line on their sweaty horses, shouting orders and waving their guns excitedly. His father said, "Why didn't you shoot, Joe?"

He flushed. "Didn't I?" he said.

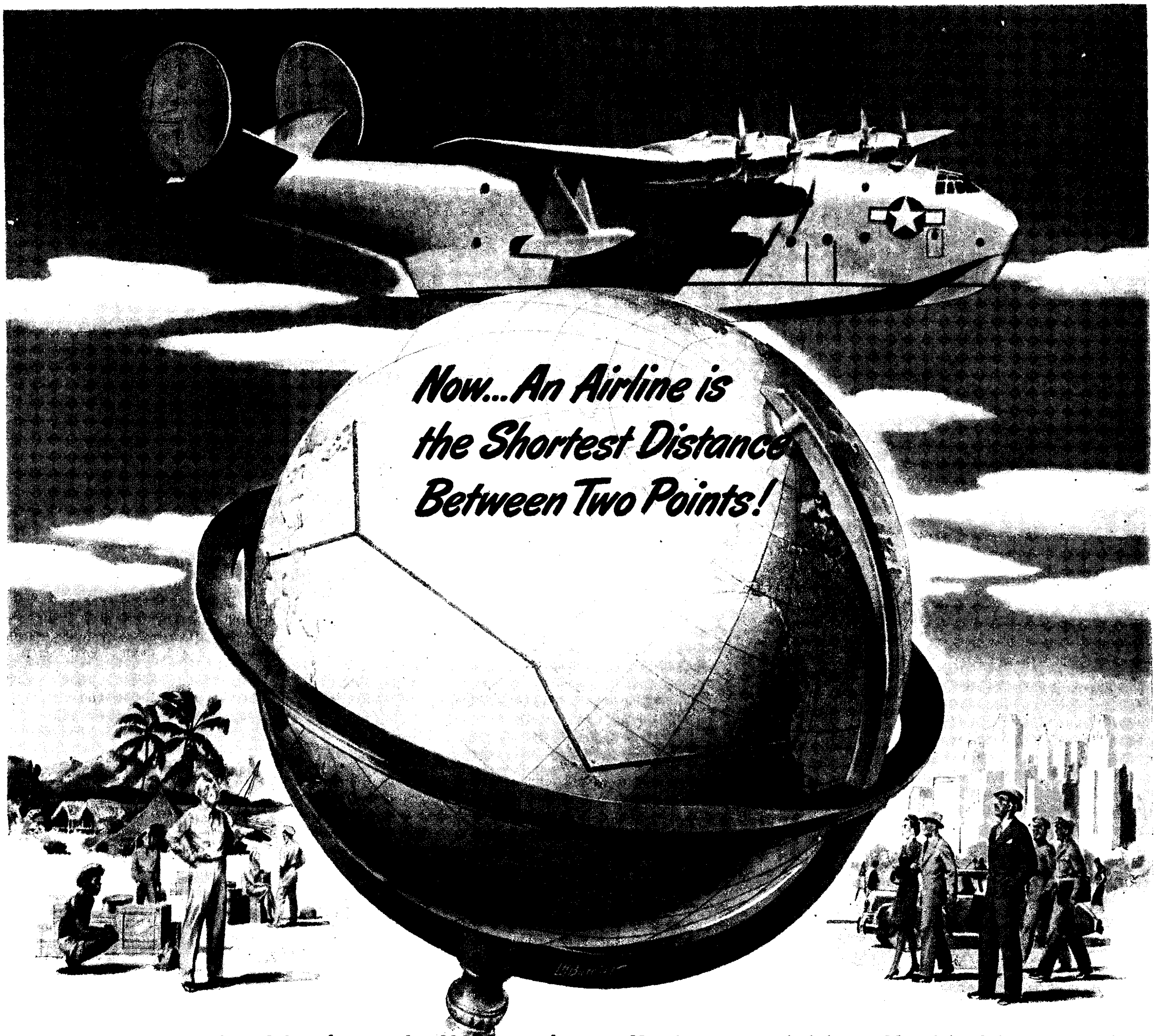
His father smiled. "I know you didn't," he said quietly. "You see, I didn't myself." Then he smiled. "Come on, Joe. We'll have to see the finish."

The boy knew that his father understood; that he felt the same way. He also knew, now, what controlled his own thoughts: Old Devil was a part of this land, owning it more fully than all the hunters, knowing with the mind of one who had felt the earth in rain, snow and sun, that his roots were embedded far more deeply in the centuries than were those of the hunters, moving in for the kill.

It seemed that something would go from the land when the old coyote went down, as go down he must; it seemed unfair, somehow, that Old Devil should meet death under their guns and not man to man as a warrior should die, facing the insurmountable odds and giving his all to the last breath. But that was not to be, could not be on this day, with the anger of the men running high, and the guns ready, three hundred of them, already hot and smoking on rabbits, hawks, and crows, waiting now for the final blow. The old coyote had lived as his ancestors had lived; and now he must be condemned by civilized laws and standards when he himself had other laws and standards, and the boy wondered who was wrong, the men or the old coyote. He knew only that he would not shoot, not even if Old Devil leaped from under his very shoetops and stood before him.

They were in the bottom of the big canyon

(Continued on page 73)



A glance at the globe shows why NATS need more Martin Mars!

Look at the globe. Note the width of the Pacific. And remember, distance doesn't lend enchantment, where logistics are concerned!

How to get blood, vital supplies, or personnel across the Pacific *quickly*? That's a job for the NATS . . . the Naval Air Transport Service!

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Thanks to the NATS, life-giving whole blood reached the Leyte beachhead 48 hours after leaving San Francisco. Thanks to the NATS, ten *billion* letters were flown over the Pacific alone in 1944. And thanks to the NATS, our fighting men, from Rio to Okinawa, are receiving high-priority cargoes . . . ammunition, penicillin, radio parts, aircraft tires, etc., . . . in ever-increasing volume.

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Brightest stars in Pacific skies are the NATS' new 82-ton Martin Mars cargo carriers. The original Mars in its first year flew the equivalent of nine trips around the world . . . carried more than two million pounds of cargo . . . was never in port more than two days for turn-around. And the new Mars flying freighters, now joining NATS, show even higher performance.

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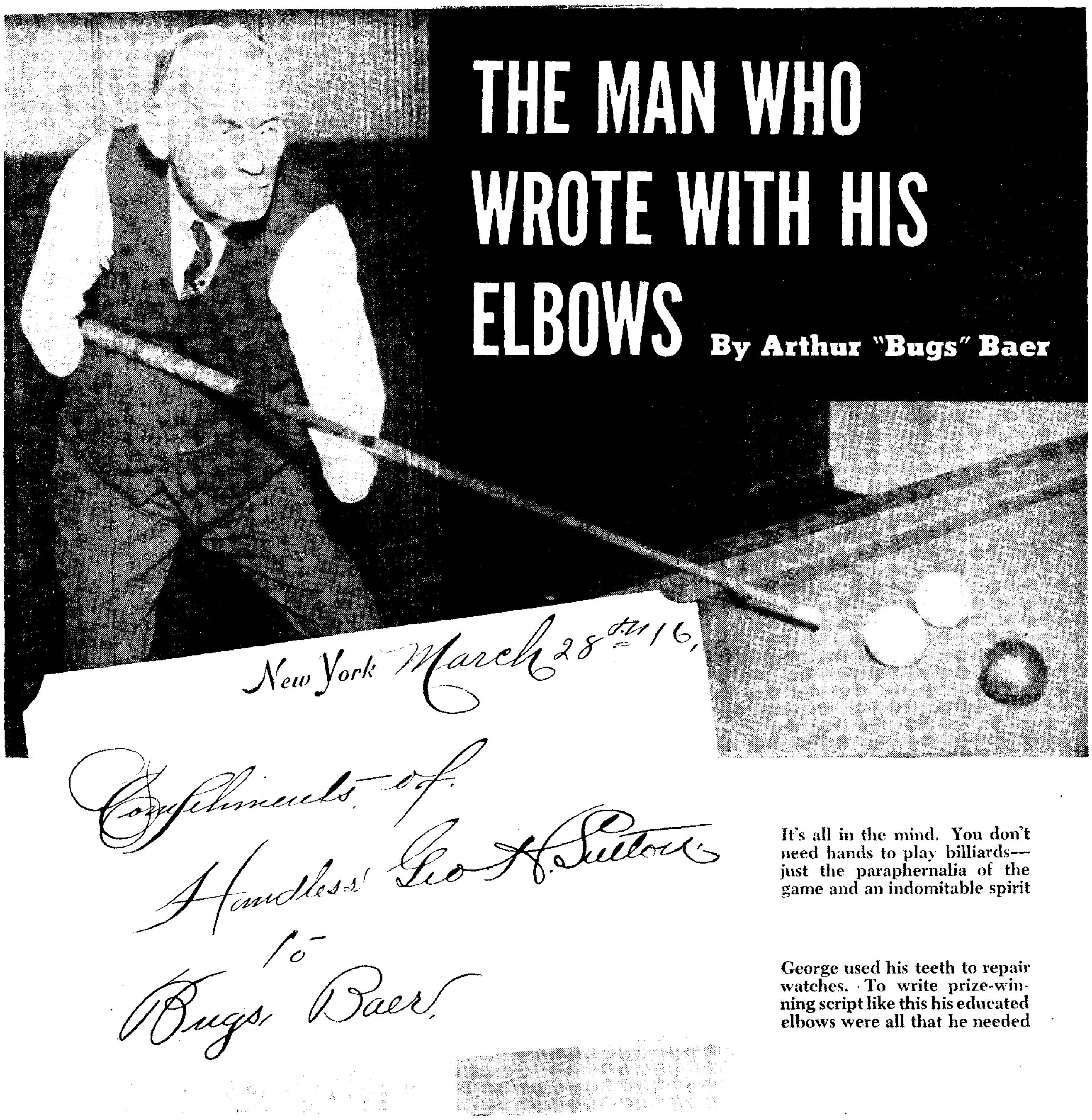
THE MAN WHO WROTE WITH HIS ELBOWS

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer



New York March 28th/16,

Compliments of Handless Geo H. Sutton to Bugs Baer.

It's all in the mind. You don't need hands to play billiards—just the paraphernalia of the game and an indomitable spirit

George used his teeth to repair watches. To write prize-winning script like this his educated elbows were all that he needed

Thumbnail sketch of a dauntless character, drawn by a famous American humorist and dedicated to the consolation of other dauntless characters who are wondering what chance they have to overcome the handicaps that war has raised against them

KID, when a couple of strangers laugh together, that makes them old friends. So I'm going to tell you something about the Army show you saw in Atlantic City. I'm the M.C., which is a man who tells you what's going to happen next. But not how to avoid it.

Our show is, in my blessed opinion, the best on the Army wheel. They gave me all the great cartoonists like Milt Caniff, Rube Goldberg, Sergeant Baker, Walter Berndt, Cowboy Russell, Otto Soglow and others too important to mention. They draw their stuff.

I talk when their backs are turned. As a matter of fact, they look better that way. Now there is none of that psychology business about our show. We are there to make you laugh if we can. We have been going around the camps and hospitals for two years now, and our average is something like a guy with malaria. When we are not hot, we are cold.

Well, kid, I'm going to tell you something about talking off the stage. When two fellows gag, up there on the shelf, we call one the monkey and one the scolder. You would call the monkey the comedian and the scolder the straight man. Well, the straight man handles the questions or the give-outs. The monkey furnishes the snapbacks or the jokes.

When you are up there by yourself making a pitch (or what you would call a monologue), the only friend you have is your memory and your ability to ad lib. It's pretty lonely up there, so you usually select somebody in the audience who looks alert and sympathetic, and talk to him.

That's how I happened to pick on you down there at Thomas England Hospital in Atlantic City that night. You were there in your wheel chair and you didn't look none too kipper but there was something about you that got me. I coaxed a smile out of you once in a while but not a real belly laugh. Now, let me tell you about a good laugh from an audience. It's like an oasis in a desert. While the audience is laughing, you figure out your next move. Shall you milk that gag along, change the subject, or scram?

You know, kid, you must black out on a laugh in our racket. You were smiling okay, but that's no good for me. Neither is a snicker. I knew you were enjoying yourself when Otto Soglow came out and drew his famous character, The Little King; when C. D. Russell showed you how he put Pete the Tramp through his capers; and when Gus Edson drew Uncle Bim, I kept on gagging while their backs were turned just to keep things buzzing. Finally, you busted down when I said, "I told Mr. Brisbane I wanted more money or more respect. So they gave me a fifty-cent raise." That was when Walter Berndt was drawing Smitty.

Naturally, Sergeant George Baker wowed 'em with his famous Sad Sack; and I got another belly from you when I said, "George is a bashful fellow. Inherited it right from his pop. Mrs. Baker told me if George's father hadn't been so bashful, George would be six years older than he is now."

Then when Milt Caniff was drawing those beautiful vamps Burma and Lace from his swell comics, you really went for a ride in your wheel chair when I said, "Milt didn't have enough money to go to art school and take lessons in drawing. So he married the tattooed lady and sat up all night and looked at the pictures."

Kid, you laughed so hard at that one your blanket fell off. I saw you didn't have any hands. That's when I got seaweed in my propeller. I stopped deader than a moose in a museum. I thought to myself: What the hell have *you* got to laugh about?

An Old Friend to the Rescue

Well, I guess I stunk up the joint for a while after that, but we managed to finish on an upbeat okay. That was what happened to me that night. What helped me at the finish was I happened to think of another fellow who was fixed up like you. He was Handless George Sutton, an old friend of mine.

I'm going to tell you about him and I have the dope to prove what I say. Handless George lost his mitts in a sawmill when he was a kid. When I first gandered him in 1903, I was along about seventeen and a pretty good gate crasher in Philadelphia. Everything to me was for free. I was a cash customer if the guy at the gate would take a slow note on a bank in Egypt. Well, Handless George beats a fellow named Sol Allinger who was repped as fair over medium at billiards. Handless George was a man about six foot high, had square shoulders, a mustache that we called a beer strainer, and his arms stopped about an inch below his elbows.

That gives him a hinge for grabbing things. Well, he sure handles that billiard cue like it was a magician's dizzy stick. I don't meet Handless George again until 1916 when I am in the newspaper racket and I get around places strictly the fringe on the cuff. That's when I really get to know Handless George.

He gave me a sample of his handwriting that has won him prizes in hundreds of Spencerian competitions all over the works. You study that script while I tell you how he did it. He didn't have any harness or apparatus. He just grabbed the pen in both elbows and wrote as graceful and as smooth as a wooden duck going over Niagara Falls. Some people thought he must have grabbed the pen in his teeth. Well, he didn't.

He did use his teeth when repairing a watch. He clamped them down on a small screwdriver. He took my watch apart and put it together again as fast as any jeweler could. He drove an automobile. Say, kid, I was in a storm on Lake Michigan when the engine of his motorboat broke down. While we played upsy-daisy with our life insurance policies, Handless George takes down the engine and puts it together again as easy as knocking a drunk off a bicycle.

Now, kid, Handless George could handle himself in a barroom fiesta. Well, he sure could and I didn't want to be around when he started swinging. You can see by his picture he was a good-looking fellow and a swell dresser. Naturally, a man like that would be on the make for the dames, and George was. That would get him in conflict with another hot shot once in a while. Well, when Handless George makes a play for Dibs Gerheart's gal, Dibs sends him word to lay off or else. This Dibs is a bruiser, weight about two hundred, and meaner than a two-headed snake.

A Challenge is Met

Handless George doesn't back up any more than a bronze hoss, and Dibs sends word again that he will slap George to a white blister and then bust the blister. George sends word he will do what he likes and he likes it. Then one night Dibs is sitting in Gus Born's saloon with three of his thugs and telling what he will do to George, when Handless suddenly walks in.

He is dressed real snappy with a pearl derby, gray spats, Ascot tie and striped pants. As usual, his empty sleeves are tucked neatly in the pockets of his coat—Handless was fastidious and never let them dangle.

Handless walks straight up to Dibs and says, "You're looking for me. Here I am."

Well, kid, you know how it is. When you're looking for the other guy, you have the edge on him. It's an invasion. But when he comes amphibious up on your beach, then he is crowding you. Dibs is no sucker, and something tells him Handless has the difference around somewhere. He figures there must be at least fifty tough eggs hatching outside the swinging doors.

Handless George sounds off again. He says, "Fish, chop bait, or go ashore."

He stands there so confident, so handsome and so burly looking that Dibs backs down like a paper hanger at lunchtime. The old yellow is coloring him like a meerschaum pipe.

"No, George, you got me wrong," says Dibs. "I wasn't looking for you."

"It's just as well you aren't, Dibs," says Handless George, as he makes a rotary motion with his shoulder and what's left of his right arm.

Kid, that empty sleeve jerks out of Handless George's pocket and spins like a wheel at a lodge raffle. *Bango!* It hits in the middle of the table where Dibs and his three thugs are drinking their beer. The beer steins fly up in the air, the four bums fall off their chairs, and as the table splits down the middle like a salt mackerel, Handless George gives it the full treatment. His left sleeve comes winging out of the pocket and cracks the table again.

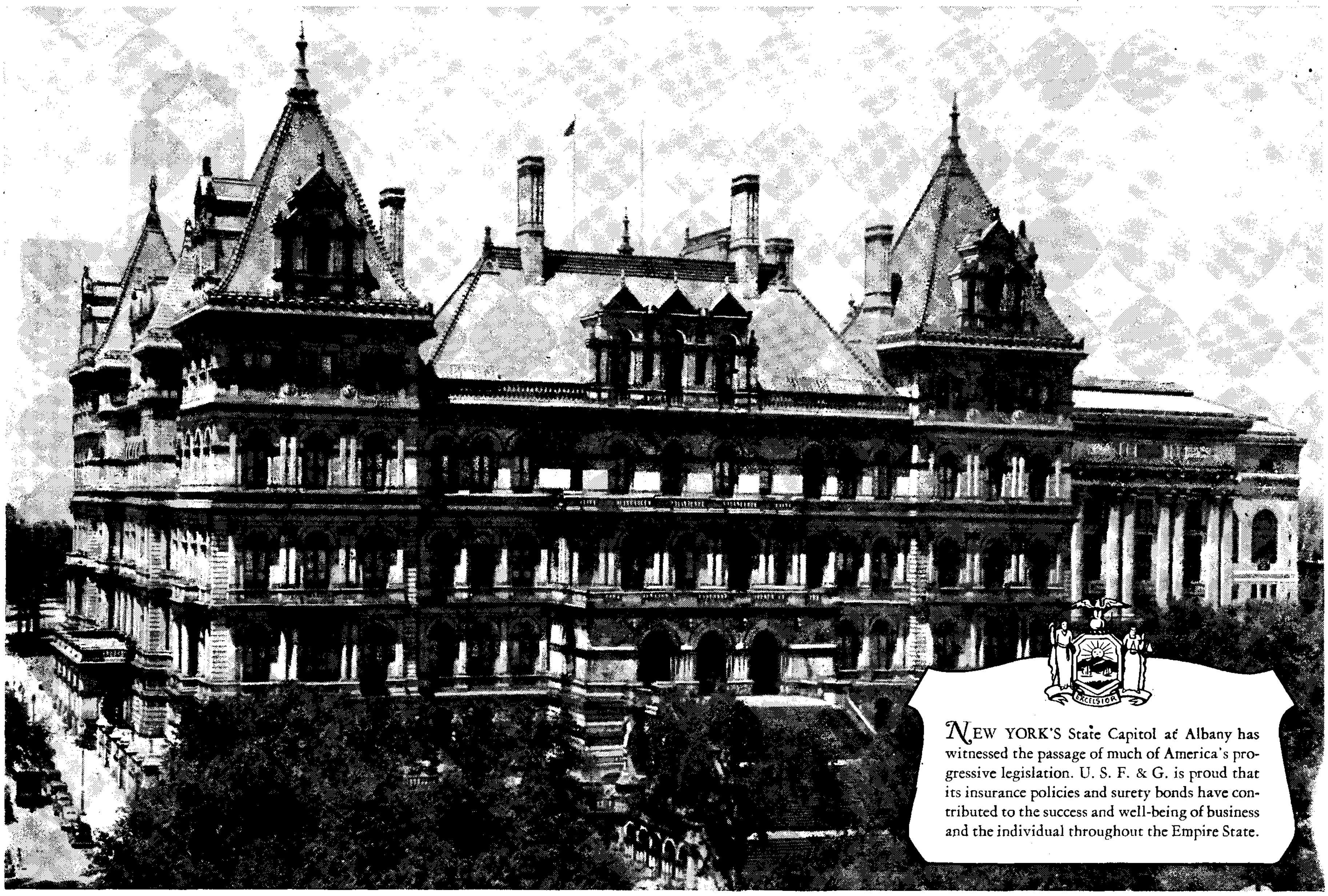
Handless George has sewed a billiard ball in the end of each sleeve.

Kid, I'm not telling you this story to boost your morale. I'm telling it to hype my own.

★★★

THE AUTHOR HAS CONTRIBUTED THE ENTIRE PROCEEDS OF THIS ARTICLE TO THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

U. S. F. & G. *salutes the Empire State!*



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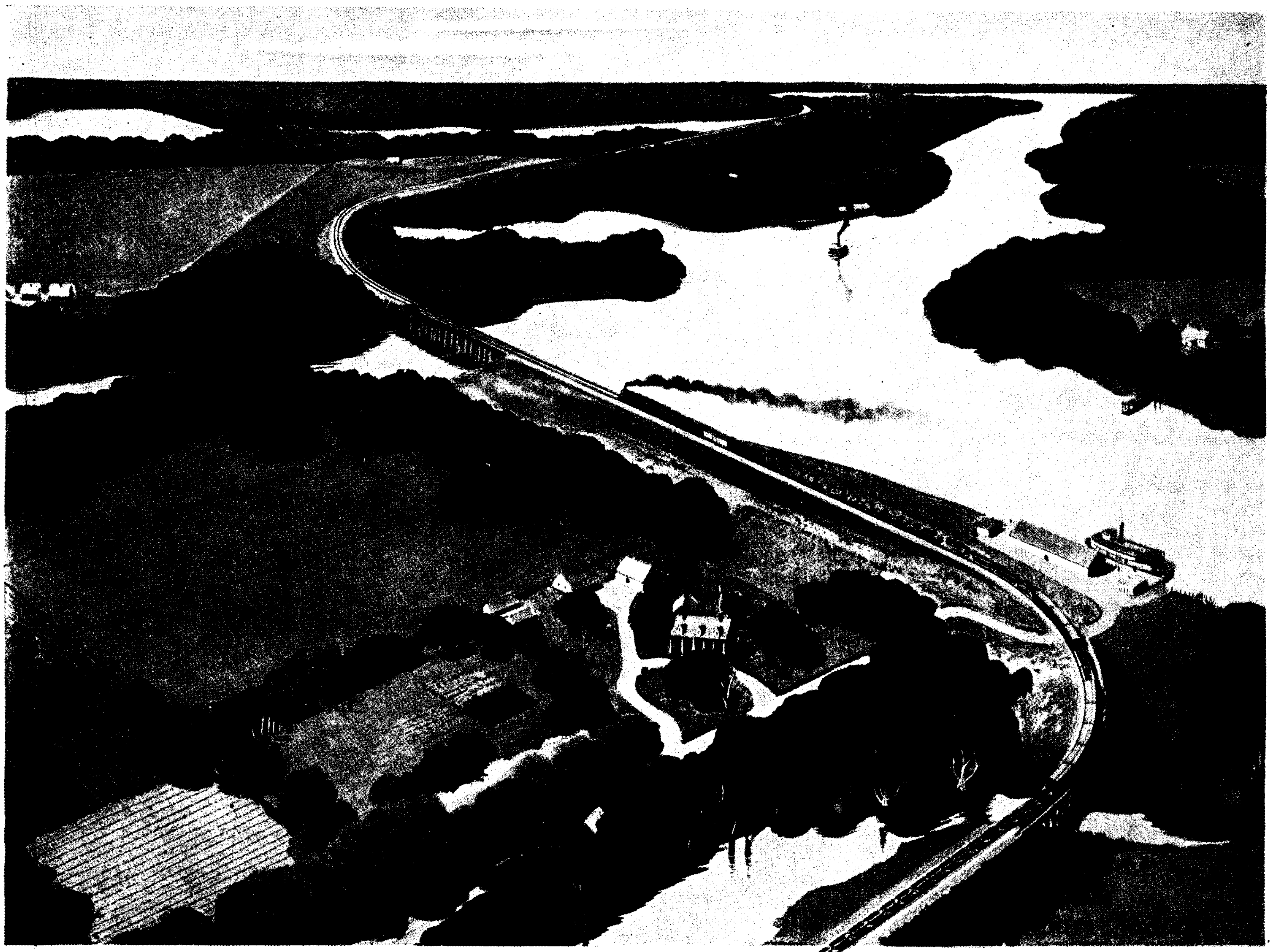


MTX 44344 in the Old South

on Southern Pacific's Sunset Route

Cotton is still king in the Old South, and cotton gins and shaggy cotton bales are still a common sight along our right-of-way. But now the Gulf Coast is throbbing with new industries, making tank parts, gun barrels, ships and landing craft, airplanes and 100 octane gasoline, toluene for TNT and butadiene for synthetic rubber . . . smelting tin ore . . . making magnesium . . .

MTX 44344 symbolizes the new industrialization of the South and Southwest, for this train's cargo is mostly manufactured goods—war stuff. ("MTX" means high-priority freight that has to be at a certain place at a certain time. It means that Uncle Sam is vitally interested in this train.)

Westbound from New Orleans, MTX 44344 will cross more than 2,000 miles of plains, desert and mountain country, to keep its date with our men in the Pacific. It will speed through the bayous and cypress groves of Louisiana and across all of mighty Texas—through Houston and San Antonio, and over Paisano Pass at 5,074 feet. Then down to El Paso, across New Mexico and Southern Arizona—through Phoenix and Tucson—to San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco or some other West Coast port.

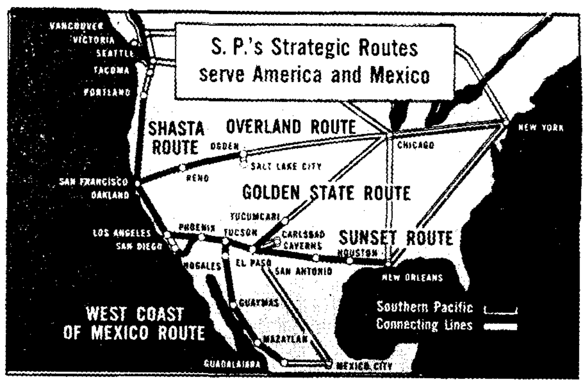
* * * *

When pleasure trips are possible again, we hope you'll come West on Southern Pacific's romantic SUNSET ROUTE. You will ride the famous *Sunset Limited* or the *Argonaut,* see picturesque New Orleans and all the other historic cities along this route. But that must wait.

Now night and day on Southern Pacific's 15,000 miles of line the war trains roll.

On our GOLDEN STATE ROUTE, tracing the Longhorn Trail from Chicago through El Paso and Southern Arizona to Los Angeles and San Diego; on our SHASTA ROUTE through the Evergreen Northwest to California; on our OVERLAND ROUTE, from Chicago straight across mid-continent to San Francisco, through the Rocky Mountains, across Great Salt Lake on the spectacular Lucin Causeway and over the High Sierra; and on our SUNSET ROUTE.

Night and day the war trains must roll until Japan is defeated.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Drumbeat—Heartbeat

Continued from page 21

was in her face, in the very way she sat, and after he found her. John didn't play for anyone else. She noticed him, of course, and a couple of times she grinned at him.

She was young and scrubbed-looking, and she wore her yellow hair down to her shoulders. It was almost perfectly straight, and he thought: Golly, on Veronica Lake it looks wicked, but it just makes *her* look like a little kid.

She was wearing a white dress, and her skin glowed against it warm and gold. Gee, he thought, speaking the word out in his mind. And he didn't know quite what he meant except that she was so lovely, and if only women didn't mess up a guy's life so much. . . .

The boy she was with was sort of tight. He was a long, loose-jointed soldier with a dark crew cut and a square, sunburned face. His elbow kept sliding off the table and once he spilled a whole glass of beer over his blouse. She didn't seem to mind. Helped him mop up and then reached over and grabbed his hand.

John was thinking: I'd like to see that kid every day of this furlough. I'd like to listen to music with her and laugh with her. You only have to look at her once to know there's a gal who could kiss you goodby without tears.

The soldier asked her to dance, but he was pretty blind, and John saw them start to leave, her hand in his hand. The band was doing the Jazz Me Blues, and John stuck with it, and the only reason he didn't foul it up was that he didn't know how to play offbeat. He saw the soldier pay the bill, watched him put on his cap, saw him lurch against the girl as they went up the two little steps. Then they were gone, and without knowing why, John went after them.

THEY were waiting for a cab, and John lighted a cigarette and stood in the doorway watching. They looked like a pair of babies—the soldier couldn't have been more than twenty-one, and she looked younger than that. He had a string of ribbons on his blouse. A Purple Heart and a Good Conduct Medal and an ETO ribbon, and a couple of others that John couldn't make out in the dimness. Battle stars like crazy. No wonder the kid was tying on one.

"Happy, Sergeant?" the girl was asking him.

"Hell, yes!" he said, and his voice was thick and tired—dead tired. He swayed a little, and then he went down, but not hard. He just kind of crumpled and fell—relaxed and deliberate about it.

A cab came then, and John picked the kid up and put him in, and then he helped the girl in after him.

"Look," he said to her. "Let me take you both home." She looked small and pale, but she was perfectly composed.

She said, "This was stupid of me. I shouldn't have let him have so much to drink, but—I couldn't bear to stop him."

"He looks old enough to say his own 'when,'" John said, and he was unaccountably brusque.

She looked at him, a long, cold look. "Oh, he's old enough, all right." She said it softly, but there was nothing soft about her eyes or her mouth as she looked at him. "This guy is older than God."

John was ashamed, and then annoyed. He was only trying to help her. What was it to him? He bowed a little stiffly and closed the cab door.

"Can you take us to Harrison?" he heard her ask the driver.

The driver gave a great snort of derision. "Outta bounds, lady. Outta bounds."

The girl didn't answer. He could see her leaning forward in the seat, her hand clenching and unclenching on the door handle.

"A hotel, I guess," she said finally. "Just drive us to some hotel."

The driver turned around and stared at her. He spoke slowly, controlling himself with an effort. "There ain't a hotel room in New York, sister," he said. "Hasn't been one in two years. Why don't you take your boy friend over to one of the USO places? They'll fix him up."

"I couldn't do that," she said.

John looked at her, her round chin lifted, one arm around the guy, and he couldn't take it any more. Gee, she was a beautiful kid! A gallant, stubborn, beautiful kid!

"I've got a place," he said. "You can bring him to my place."

And that's how it began. . . .

THEY got the boy up the two flights to John's apartment and put him on the bed in John's room, and when she said that he was her kid brother, John felt lightheaded.

They had finished covering him up, and she put out her hand to John. "I'll go home now," she said. "Thanks so much."

He didn't want her to go. There were only nine days left. Not enough time to play a game with her. No time to say, "May I call you sometime?" and then wait perhaps a week or two. Time was short, and if there wasn't going to be anything to this, he had to find it out right away.

"I like having you here," he said. "Could you stay long enough to hear a couple of sides of Ellington and drink a cup of coffee with me?"

She stayed, and the coffee grew cold in the big white cups while they talked. They talked about music and about the war and about Greenwich Village. But never once about themselves. She seemed as leery as he of intimacy, so there was no searching and no revealing. They talked as two men talk, and it was late when he took her to Grand Central and put her on her train.

When he came back, he sat a long time thinking about her. The light, honest fragrance she had worn was still in the room, and scraps of their talk came back to him.

"There is almost no music that isn't lovely, if you hear it right," she had said. "Nursery rhymes. Even those jingles on the radio. People are such snobs about music—about everything."

"Right here," John had said, "from Twelfth Street down, there's no such thing as snobbishness. You're judged simply by what you are, not by who you are."

She had considered that a moment, and then she'd said: "But I'm afraid I disagree. Down here you measure people by their talent—their ability to write or paint or—play drums. Isn't that a pretty terrible kind of snobbishness?"

He had asked her then in what terms you were to evaluate people, and she had said: "In goodness and honesty and—" She had broken off with a little gesture of her hand.

"Big talk from such a little gal," he'd said. "How old are you, squirt?" And she had stuck her tongue out at him and told him she was twenty-four.

He sat a long time, hearing her voice, remembering her short, blunt hands, the quick eloquent gestures, unaware that he didn't know her name or what she did or a living.

The sergeant slept late the next day, and when he'd showered and shaved, he felt fine.

"It wasn't that I'd had so much to drink," he told John. "It was just the awful tiredness. The tiredness from 'way back."

They sat down at the table together, and there were a million things John wanted to know about the sergeant's sister, yet couldn't bring himself to ask. It would be cheating somehow; like looking at the last chapter of a book you'd just begun.

They drank a pot of coffee, and then the sergeant said: "You were sure swell to put me up." He shot out his hand the same way the girl did. "My name's Bradley. Jim Bradley."

"I'm John Hutton."

"Yeah, I know. You play nice drums." The sergeant was getting ready to go then, putting on his overseas cap carefully.

"How long have you been home, Jim?" John asked him.

"Two days," he said. "I've got nineteen more before I go back." His grin was a little off-center. "Sure as hell wish this was the end of the line.'

"Yeah," John said. "I'd say you'd had your share."

The kid let out his belt a notch and shrugged his wide, thin shoulders. "Maybe you'll have dinner with Jan and me some night."

Jan! John liked the sound of it. "Fine. Could you make it tonight?"

They made it for 6:30 in a sea-food place on Tenth Street that had a good small band, and at 6:15 John was there. He had a beer, and then he saw them come in. She was wearing a linen suit, the color of honey, the color of her hair, and she looked wonderful. He said, "Hi, squirt," and she said, "Hi," and when she smiled you just couldn't believe it, it was that good.

THEY had drinks and a perfect dinner, and they were any three kids on any May evening. For a whole hour and a half, the war was over. Better than that. The war had never been. John, watching the two of them shagging to Jersey Bounce, wondered how it would be to dance with Jan, and knew it would be good. The band went into Star Dust, playing it clean and fast with no *schmalz*, and he walked across the floor and tapped Jim on the shoulder. "Mind?" he said, and Jan was smiling at them both, and then she was in his arms.

Dancing with her was like nothing he'd ever known. Effortless, exhilarating, an instant outside of time. She didn't talk or hum. She just danced, and when the music stopped he said, "That was mellow for my dough."

She said, "You're good, you know."

Back at the table they found Jim gone and a note pinned to the tablecloth. "Take it from here, kids. Bradley's tired."

John was glad. The evening stretched ahead, wonderfully long and uncharted. He could dance all night, the way he felt. He turned to her suddenly.

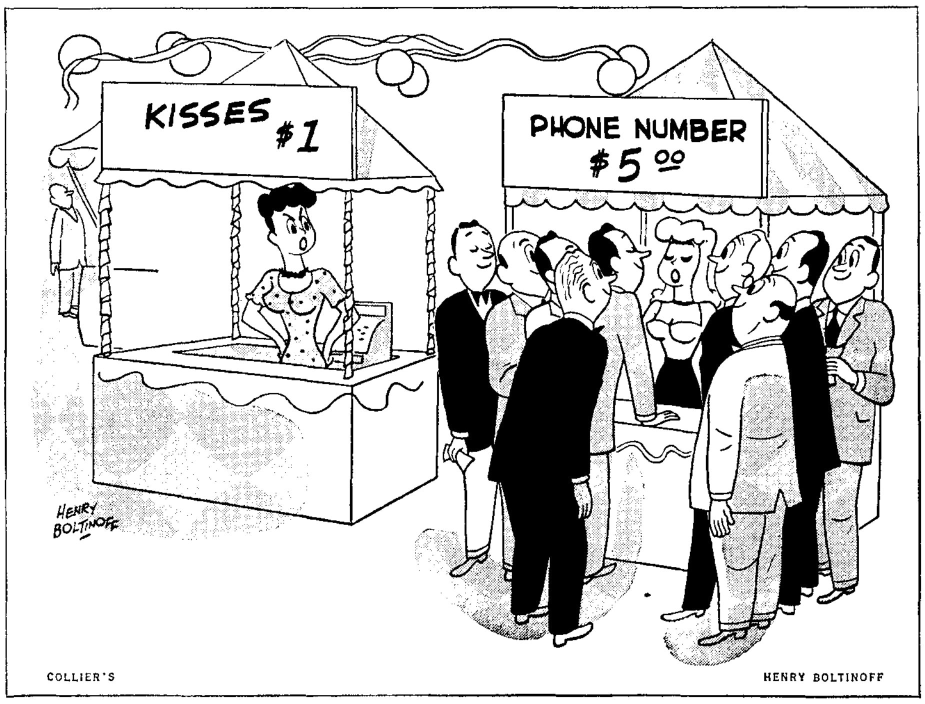
"I'm leaving the country next week. I'd like to see you every day, every night. Would you mind?"

She said, "I've got a shop at home that ties me up until five o'clock, but after that . . ."

"Couldn't you close the damn' shop for a week?"

She looked at him seriously. "Nope," she said, and for a minute he thought that was all she was going to say. After a minute, she explained it to him. "I'm kind of an institution," she said. "I sell records and sweaters and soft drinks. I'm a favorite night club and the snazziest clothes department all in one fell swoop. The kids wouldn't know what to do without me." And she wasn't boastful when she said it. Her voice was wondering and kind of breathless.

He wanted to reach out and touch her hand, but he just said, "Every night, then, Institution?" And she nodded her head.



COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

THAT was the first night. There were others after it. Nights spent listening to music all over the Village. Holding hands through Moon Glow and Limehouse Blues. Nights spent discussing the future abstractly and carefully, without relation to themselves, over hamburgers and coffee.

One day he even went up to Harrison to take a look at her shop. He watched her with the kids and he knew she was as important to them as good food and eight hours' sleep. And he felt proud of her, which was a crazy thing.

That was Saturday, the most perfect day of all. The most perfect night of all, even the way it ended. He'd never been a guy who did much talking, but now there was so much to say. He told her about growing up over on Christie Street, about his mother, and the big, easy-going father who could never hang onto a job. He told her about going to N.Y.U. at night, not to help him get a good job or anything like that, but because he wanted to learn; about stumbling into music and loving it from the first, feeling happy in it, as if it belonged to him and he to it. And as he talked and watched her lovely face, he didn't need Dan's remembered words to tell him what was happening.

"Watch it, bud," Dan had said. "When you start giving it to her play by play, you're a dead duck."

They were at the bar at Nick's when he told her what he suddenly had to tell her. "I like you, Jan," he said, and then he stopped short and began again. "I'll up the ante on that, darling. I love you. Only for me, it's strictly for laughs. I want you to know that. It's only fair that you know how it is with me."

She raised her eyes and looked at him, and the clear unbelievable blue of them hit him like a cold shower.

"You're safe with me, Johnny," she said quietly. "I thought you knew I had a guy."

He shook his head then. "No," he said. "No, I didn't know it."

So that should have been dandy. That should have solved it all. Only in the taxi on the way to the train that night, he found it didn't solve anything. He reached for her in the flickering half-light, and she met him halfway. Her small hand warm on the back of his neck, her mouth hard against his. And then without warning she withdrew from him.

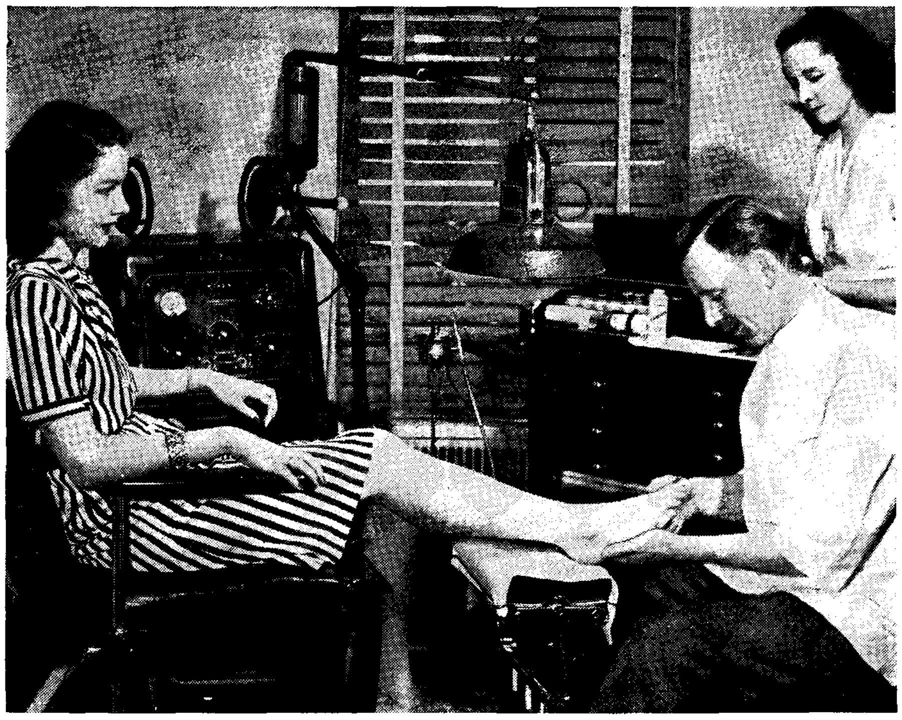
"That was strictly off the record," she said, her voice almost inaudible, and he knew somehow that she was crying.

He put her on the train, and standing on the platform a minute before it pulled out, he leaned down and kissed the curve of her cheek.

"It's been zoot," he said, and that made her laugh. They'd had such fun discussing jazz slang. "Good night," he said then, and they both knew that was all there was going to be, and the less said about it the better.

"Good night." She put out her hand in that funny boyish way she had, and then the train began to move, and John jumped off.

Walking quickly up the ramp, walking over to the subway, he felt uplifted, free. It had been close, but he had pulled out in



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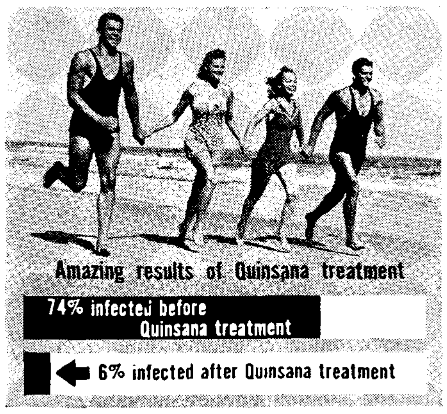
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time. It had been beautiful, and he had left it while it was still beautiful. He got off the subway at Washington Square and walked over to Joe's.

The boys were tearing into On the Sunny Side of the Street, and when they saw him, they gestured to him to come on up. Jeep, the new drummer, handed over the drums, and John sat down. The sticks came alive in his hands. He was back again in his element. And that night he was terrific. When the place folded up, none of the guys looked at him for a minute. Finally, Smoky offered him a cigarette and said, "You been hitting the stuff, boy? No man could play that good if he was sober." Then they all laughed, and the tension was gone.

After a while, Dan began knocking out some exciting minor chords and they were playing again—kiddingly at first, giving it corn. Then they weren't kidding any more. It was West End Blues, and Bill's high notes were poignant as parting, and Smoky's bass was rich and full and sad beyond words. They wound it up at last, and they stared at one another for a minute, all four of them knowing they'd been beyond themselves, knowing that that night they were the best band anywhere in the world.

In a kind of daze, they put away the sheet music, locked the piano, got ready to go home, and as they stood around the door—awkwardly, unwilling to go their separate ways—John said at last what was in all their minds: "After the war, let's open our own place."

Dan said, "I've got a little dough. A few thousand."

Smoky said, "I've got a couple of grand."

They stopped at John's place and had a drink on it, and when they left, John sat alone thinking how close he'd been to a clerking job somewhere, how close he'd been to knocking hell out of his life. He lighted a cigarette and sat thinking about after the war, and it all looked pretty swell to him.

SUNDAY was a beautiful day, warm in the sun, cool in the blue shadows, and John started thinking about Jan again. Not with regret, exactly, not with any particular longing. He just thought about her: How little she was, how easily she walked. Things like that.

The days after that were about the same, and on Tuesday night he was about to call her and say, "Look, we're being awful dopes. We both know there's nothing to it—you've got your guy and I've got my drums—but can't we go out and drink some beer together and let it go at that?" The way it turned out, about ten o'clock she called him, her voice low and strained.

"I'm so glad you're home, John," she said.

His heart was thudding thickly inside him. "Are you okay?" He spoke quickly, aware that something was terribly wrong.

"It's Jim," she said. "He was to meet me at six-thirty at the Morgan Hotel, and he didn't come or call, and no one knows where he is. He's been drinking for days. John, I'm scared stiff."

"Where are you now?"

"At Grand Central. I was going home, and then I couldn't bear to tell Mother and Dad. I thought if we could just look everywhere. . . ."

"Wait for me at the information booth," he told her. "It won't take me ten minutes." And then he was with her again, holding her hand, listening to her warm, childish voice.

She told him that Jim had had a fight with his girl his first night home because he'd learned she'd been dating other boys. Actually, they were in love, had been for years, but it was one of those ridiculous misunderstandings that come when people are under too-great emotional strain. At any rate, they hadn't patched it up.

Betsy, his girl, who had had perhaps a half-dozen dates with old, old friends during the twenty-two months Jim had been gone, was now really on the town. A Navy man one night, a Marine the next. Jim had been wisecracking about it at first, cynical and what-the-hell about it. Lately, he'd been sullen and bitter, interested in nothing but drinking.

"He didn't come home at all last night," she said, "and I told Pops he was visiting one of his pals. I was so sure he'd show up today. You see, it's his birthday, and we'd planned a kind of binge." Her voice dropped almost to a whisper, and she said, "Johnny, do you suppose he's dead?"

"Don't be dramatic, Jan," he told her. "Why don't you call up your family? They've probably got some message from him that will clear the whole thing up in a second."

"I did call them at seven-thirty, and they just laughed. Said he'd probably got our meeting place mixed and was still waiting in some hotel lobby. I called again a minute ago, and there was no answer, which means they've gone to the movies. John, what am I going to do?"

"Let's try his favorite bars."

THEY started with Tony's and worked down.

"Has Jim Bradley been in here last night or tonight."

"Anyone seen a lanky sergeant with a string of campaign ribbons?"

"We're looking for a soldier . . ." The Signpost, Dawn's, The Twin Bar, Will's. They even went to Joe's. No one could remember seeing him.

"How about hospitals?" Jan was white-faced.

"If he'd been brought in any place, they'd have notified your family, Jan."

"Only he doesn't carry any identification when he goes on these tears. He lives in horror of Mom getting a call from an MP to the effect that her son is drunk and disorderly. He leaves his license and wallet, even his furlough papers on his bureau. Calls himself 'alcoholic anonymous.' "

Even John began to be anxious then. They started with the hospitals, pouring nickels into the slot, hanging up each time with relief mixed in with aching anxiety. And there was no trace of him.

"Look, John," Jan said at last, her voice emotionless, "let's try the morgue. Of course, I'm being a complete fool, but will you call and put me out of my misery."

So, with cold, sick determination, John made himself dial the number. He slammed the door shut, and he hung on endlessly, then put the receiver up slowly.

When he came out, his face was gray. He put his hands on her shoulders, steadying her. "They have a guy there," he said. "They can't be sure. But, of course, it's not Jim."

They were in a cab then, going west, and he had his arms around her, mumbling words against her hair. She wasn't crying. She sat small and unyielding beside him, hardly even seeming to breathe. She stayed in the cab while he went in, and presently he came out again, running, shouting at her.

"It wasn't Jim," he said. "It wasn't Jim."

She looked at him out of those incredible blue eyes—an intense, jubilant look, and her voice was steady, and her eyes were dry. "Thank you, Johnny," she said, and if she'd wept or got hysterical, he couldn't have been more moved.

That night, he couldn't let her go home alone. He went with her, sitting beside her on the train without saying anything, watching her covertly. He was remembering her saying, "I thought you knew I had a guy," and he was thinking: He must be quite a boy to rate a gal like that.

Then without warning he hated the man, whoever he was, and he knew that the thing he felt for Jan wasn't just something he could take or leave alone. It was the most important thing he'd ever known.

HER station wagon was at the station, and they drove through the town and beyond it, over a dark, winding road. There was no sound except for the frogs and the occasional whoosh of a low branch against the car roof.

"What smells so good?" he asked once.

She turned and looked at him, smiling a little. "Everything, dopey. The world."

They got out in front of the big, sprawling house, and hurried up the steps. The lights were on, a million lights. And as they came closer, they heard voices. John took her hand, and whispered to her, "Whatever it is, squirt, stand up to it." She pulled his head down quickly and put her cheek against his cheek. Then they opened the door and went in.

They stood a minute blinking in the

brightness, and it was a little while before they realized that there was a party going on, before they realized that everyone was laughing.

A big, spare guy came forward and put his arms around Jan, and when she got her breath, she said, "Pops, this is John Hutton," and the two men shook hands.

Mrs. Bradley came over to them and was introduced. "Jim's married," she told them immediately, and she was grinning from ear to ear. "We got the telegram when we came in from the movies. The kids sent it early this afternoon, but it was held up."

Mr. Bradley was introducing John around —to Mr. and Mrs. Blair, who were apparently Betsy's parents; to a Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and their hulking sixteen-year-old son; to a blur of other people. And gradually the story was pieced together.

"Jim came over early this morning," Mrs. Blair said, "looking like death on the half shell, and told us he'd been walking around the block all night. Bets took one look at him, then she said, 'Happy birthday, Jimmy,' and she put her arms around him and began to cry. Then they went out together looking at each other the way they've been doing since they were twelve, and around suppertime we got the news."

"It's the most wonderful news," Jan said, standing like one in a trance. "The most wonderful news."

"They were married in the little church in Wychley. Bets says in the wire she got her whole trousseau at Jones' store," Mrs. Bradley was saying.

"That's the general store up in the country," Mr. Blair told John, drawing him into the circle, into the warmth. And everyone laughed and laughed, and John laughed, too, liking these people, liking the chintz and the big fireplace, feeling at home.

THEN he saw a picture on the bookcase, and in a second, things were changed, and he was a stranger again. For he knew without being told that this was Jan's guy. He went closer to the picture, studying it. The boy had a nice face, not yet clearly defined because of his youth. There was a pair of wings on his tunic, two or three service ribbons.

Mr. Taylor came up behind him and stood looking, too.

"That's our boy, Red," he said. "He and Jan were to have been married, but Red was shot down at Midway."

"He's a fine-looking boy, sir," John said.

The rest of the party were at the other end of the room drinking toasts, and John and Mr. Taylor were alone.

"He was a nice kid," Mr. Taylor said. He paused a minute groping for the words he wanted. "Jan's never looked at anyone since it happened. It touched us for a while—her devotion and all—but this was a heck of a long time ago. You've got to pick up and go on, you know."

They were summoned back to the party then, and there were more toasts, and after a while, everyone went home, and Mr. and Mrs. Bradley went up to bed.

John and Jan carried glasses out to the kitchen, straightened furniture, and when they were finished it was after four.

"Too tired for one last cigarette?" he asked her. She shook her head and they went out on the porch. He lighted their cigarettes, and then he said, "It's been a day, hasn't it, Jan?"

Her head was against the back of the sofa, and her eyes were shut. "A day and a half," she said.

She had eaten off all her lipstick, and he thought he'd never seen her look so appealing. He leaned down and kissed her forehead.

HER eyes flew open, and she sat up straight. "Please don't," she said. She turned to him then. "You've been honest with me, John," she told him. "I can't play games with you."

She put one hand on his face, and he knew what she was going to say. But he wouldn't let her humble herself. This had to be right from the beginning.

Before she could speak, he was saying: "Squirt, darling, could you love a guy who played drums for a living?" He put his fingers on her lips so that she couldn't interrupt. "A guy with a drumstick for a soul?"

"Oh, Johnny, I could love that guy so much. Tonight, darling, going across Twenty-ninth Street in that taxicab . . ." There was that little gesture again. "But you said—"

"I was talking through my hat," he said gently. "I want to marry you."

I could work in a bank for you, he was thinking. I could work in the mines. She was his life now, the whole of it, and music was just a part. There was only one thing troubling him. Something he couldn't ask her, and miraculously he didn't have to.

"Johnny," she whispered.

He reached out his hand to her. "What, infant?"

"Just this," she said, and she put her arms around him.

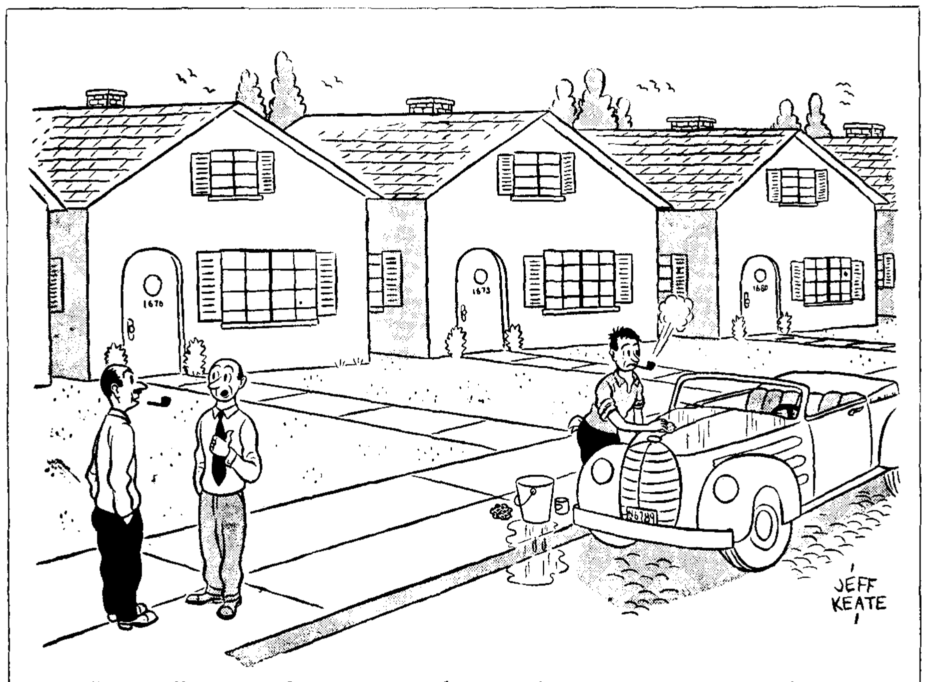
In his mind there was a picture of a soldier, a flier with a blurred young face and red hair, and he couldn't help wondering. . . .

"Johnny," she said, "there's never been anyone so right for me." And that was the answer.

He held her close then, her hair soft against his face, and it was like sitting in with Teddy Wilson and Benny Goodman. Only a million times better.

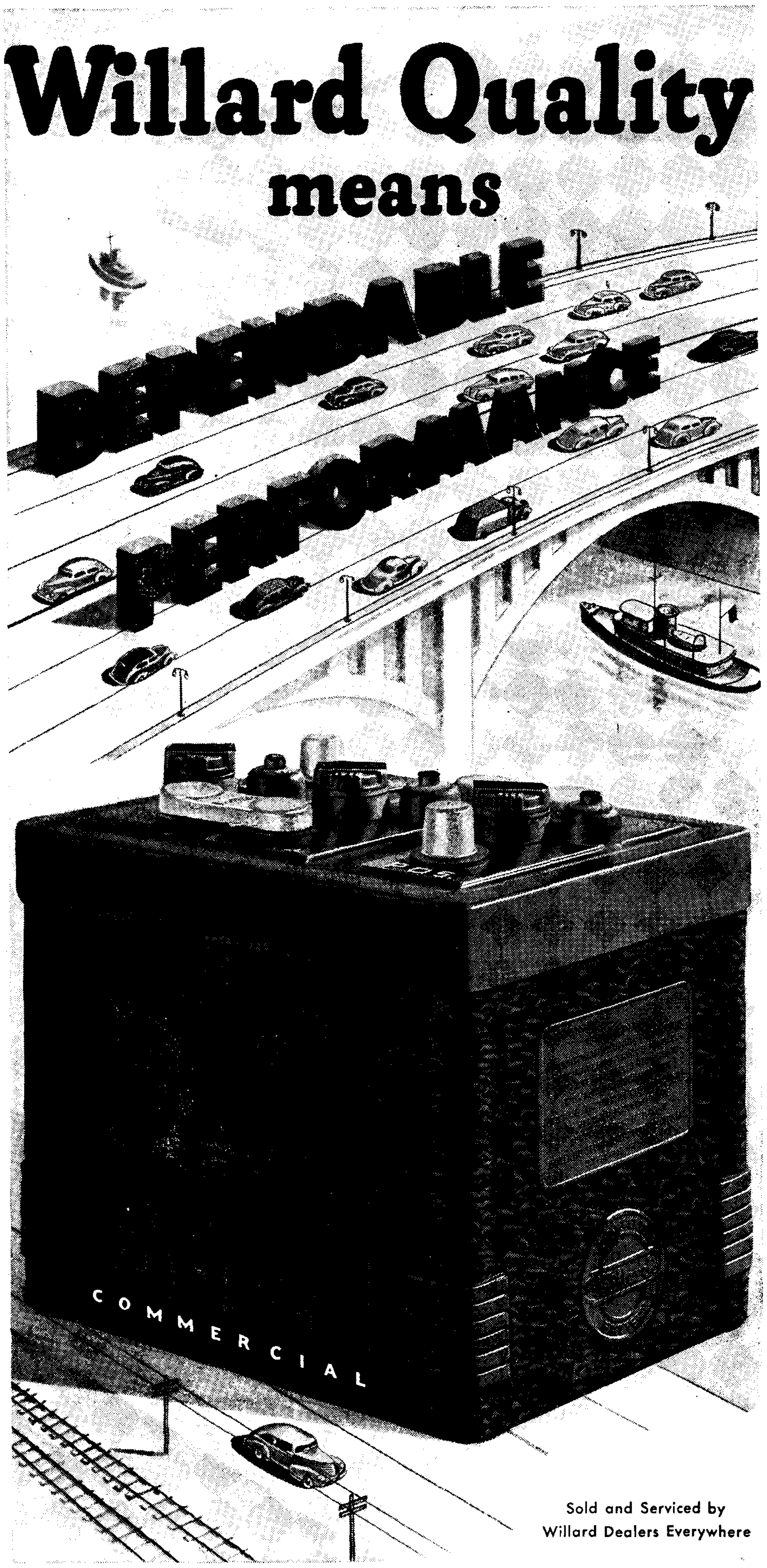
"You're terrific, darling," he said. "You're the only thing in the world that really counts," and at last he knew he meant it.

THE END



"Bicknell has startling postwar plans. He's going to continue to live in that house and drive that car for at least another eight years!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE



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Speak for Yourself

Continued from page 20

roast chicken for me with spaghetti, and look into the eyes of this beautiful and strange waitress. Mother of God, she has suffered!"

Carmine said to the waitress, "Two buck-and-a-half chicken dinners," and she left. Then he turned to Pete. "No women," he reminded angrily. "No women, remember?"

Pete said, "She is not a woman. She is a bird, a hurt bird. Do you have a heart of stone? Talk to her. For love of Heaven, tell her I am a stranger from New York, a distant land, lonesome for companionship. She is beautiful, no?"

Carmine said angrily, "Tell her yourself."

But Pete shook his head. "She will think I am only a foreigner. Please, my friend, tell her how I am alone, how I cannot get along in the world. Tell her, if it were not for you . . . Well, tell her I have only one man who understands me, only one friend who stands between me and the bad world. Go on, tell her. She is a lovely thing. It will melt her heart."

WHEN the waitress returned with the tomato juice, Carmine spoke. "My friend here thinks you're awful cute, babe," he said.

Pete nodded happily, smiling.

The girl said, "Is the guy tongue-tied?"

Carmine said, "He don't talk so good, but he's sure been carryin' on to me. He thinks you're about the hottest number this side of Harlem."

"Your friend sure is a fresh guy," the waitress said. "He better watch the way he talks to me."

"I was just telling you," Carmine said, "in case you was interested."

"I'm not." She threw the napkins on the table with a snap.

When she had left, Pete gulped his tomato juice and clutched Carmine's arm. "Carmenuche," he said, "you are doing this badly. Look at the poor creature. She needs help, a little compassion. Her harsh speech is only a fence around her. Oh, if only I could speak the language!"

When the girl returned with two orders of chicken, Carmine said to her, "My friend here is lonesome, babe. He's a long way from home."

"Where's he from?" the girl said.

"Naples," Carmine said.

"Naples? Where's that, Maine?"

"Naples, Italy," Carmine said.

This struck Pete very funny and he roared with laughter. "Napoli," he said.

"And I," said Carmine, "I myself come from Genoa, also Italy."

This sent Pete into new gales.

"Your friend," said the girl, "is sure bright. Did he escape from someplace or what?"

Carmine looked at her soberly and spoke quietly: "My friend is not so dumb. He says you look sad to him, babe, as if you been through a lotta hell."

The girl froze. She did not look at either of them for a few moments. Then she said, "I'm not asking favors from anybody." But she had changed and the men sensed it.

Carmine said, "What time you get off here?"

She said, "Who wants to know?"

He said, "My friend, of course."

She said, "Tell him around eleven-thirty."

Pete, who sensed that Carmine was at last making progress for him, spoke to his friend. "Carmenuche, tell the lady of the pizzeria I will be here at eleven-thirty and take her to a place where there will be drinking and merriment and music from the juke box."

Carmine said to the girl, "My friend's coming back and take you for a drink. But you won't be able to understand a word the dope says, so I'll have to come, too. I translate."

She said quietly, "I figured."

AT ELEVEN-THIRTY when the two men came for her, Jeanette was ready with fresh lipstick and a pert red hat.

They walked, one man on either side of her, to Hymie's Bar and Grill and found a dark, smoky booth for four. Both men ordered rye, and Jeanette asked for dry sherry.

Pete Lupo said melodiously to Carmine, "To think we would find her in such a faraway place as Buffalo. She is like nothing in the East Bronx."

Suddenly a sailor lurched into their booth from a near-by table, and sat down in the empty seat, staring vacantly. "Did I hear someone talking Eyetalian?" he said.

"Yes," said Carmine. "Him."

"Boy," the sailor said elaborately to Pete, "you are lucky, mister. You are very, very lucky. I would give a lot to be able to talk Eyetalian like that. Have a drink on me."

They ordered another round, and the three of them watched the sailor with fascination as he swayed, speaking softly and thickly.

"I just got back from Italy," he said. "Beautiful country. Yeah. Horrible poor people, tear your heart out, but beautiful country. But the damn' trouble is nobody speaks English. Millions and millions of Eyetalians, speak nothing but Eyetalian. You wouldn't believe it."

He looked at Jeanette. "I met a girl there. Small town near Naples. Oh, she was enough to break your heart. Dark and soft like the ocean at night. I've met a lot of girls, see, a lot of girls, all over, but no girl ever did that to me before." He looked at Jeanette carefully. "No offense, of course."

Jeanette smiled.

"A lovely girl," continued the sailor, "and I wanted to talk to her."

"Yah," said Carmine, "okay. So what?"

The sailor shook his head sadly. "Only I couldn't talk any lousy Eyetalian," he said. "We made signs. I had a dictionary, but it was no good. She got married, that girl. To some fisherman. Boy, how he stunk of fish, but he spoke a fluent Eyetalian." The sailor pointed at Pete Lupo. "You are lucky, my good man, that you speak such a fine, clear Eyetalian. You have a great talent there. I shake your hand."

He shook Pete's hand elaborately.

Pete said, "Fine. That's-a fine. You're welcome." He had understood barely a word the sailor had spoken.

The sailor stood up and went away.

Pete Lupo put a nickel in the juke box and said to Carmine, "Will you please ask the lady of the pizzeria if she will dance with me."

Carmine said, "My friend would like to trip the light fantastic with you, babe."

"Okay," Jeanette said softly. "Tell him okay."

Pete and Jeanette danced. They said nothing and when the juke box stopped, they sat down. Then Carmine danced with her, a little awkwardly, and they talked. They danced through two pieces, while Pete solemnly sipped his rye highball.

THAT night as the two men lay in the darkness of their little bedroom, Carmine said, "Jeanette was married to a man four years ago. He ran away, and she has a three-year-old boy. The boy stays with an aunt. She likes that boy."

"Ah," said Pete.

"She spent all her money to get a divorce," Carmine said. "Last year she was a little sick. I think she works too damn' hard in that filthy pizzeria."

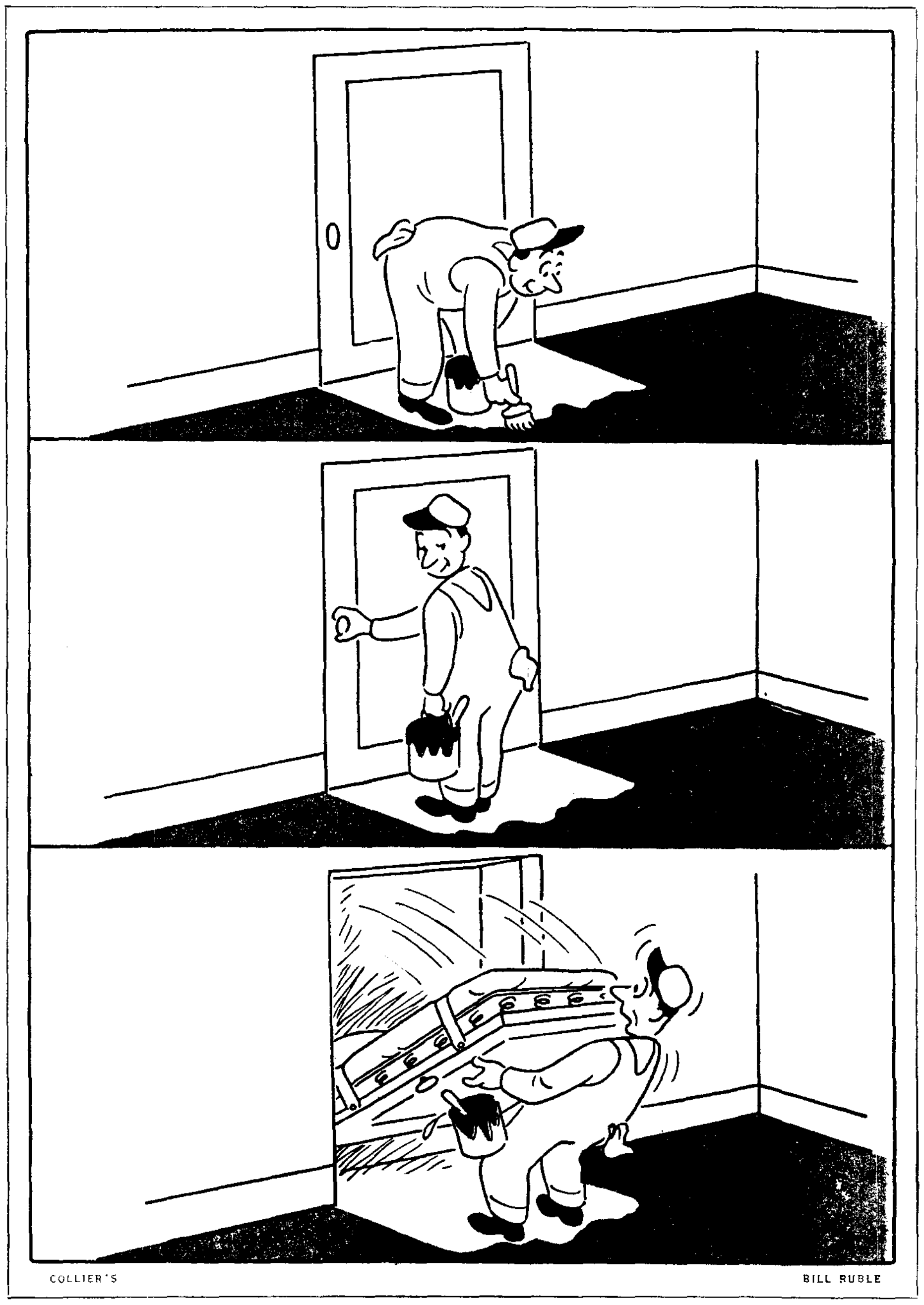
"Ah," Pete said, "I suspected."

"Oh," Carmine said, "don't give me any more of that hurt-bird stuff. She's just had a normal amount of tough luck."

"Poor child!" murmured Pete. "Poor sweet child." In a few moments he was snoring blissfully.

Carmine tossed about his bed, restless and troubled. He swore softly to himself. . . .

The two men saw Jeanette many times dur-



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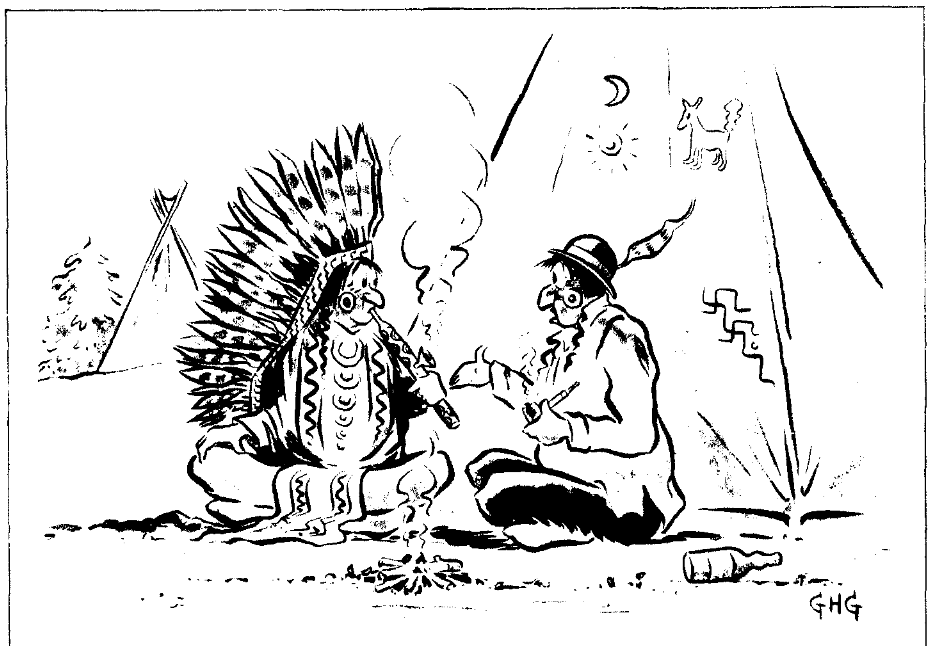


"Our biggest mistake was that we didn't set up immigration laws years ago"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

ing the next weeks. They ate frequently at the pizzeria, and on her days off they would go to the movies together. Pete assured Carmine she was happier.

On Sundays it was not possible for them to see her, for Jeanette would go to her aunt's in a suburb, to visit her boy, Joey, but finally, on the sixth Sunday she asked the two men to come along, too.

The aunt's gloomy flat was at the top of a three-story frame house built for poor people sixty years ago. The aunt was poor and about as old as the house. She and the flat were equally unhealthy, so when Jeanette arrived with Carmine and Pete, they took Joey downstairs to the back yard.

Joey, who inside had seemed a somber little boy suddenly became the engineer of a train and he was also the conductor, collecting tickets from them all, and he made the sound of a train whistle and also the puffs of the engine. He was a complete one-man train. Pete did not quite understand the principle, but Carmine explained.

Pete said to Jeanette, "He's-a nice-a boy. Smart." He smiled ingratiatingly. Pete had lately taken to saying a few simple things to her in his labored English.

The afternoon passed quickly, then Jeanette took Joey upstairs. When she came down again, the three adults sat in the back yard in the dark.

They sat very still for a little while and then Pete said, "Fine-a boy, Joey." He turned to Carmine and in his Italian said, "This has been a lovely day, Carmenuche. The girl does not seem sad any more. You notice? She is happy. I do not like to flatter myself, but I think I have helped."

Jeanette smiled a little at the melodious sound of Pete Lupo's voice. She liked to hear him talk.

"But I do not like to think of leaving Buffalo," continued Pete, "and leave her still working in the pizzeria and her boy still out here in this unhealthy place. Imagine how that boy could flourish in the East Bronx, Carmenuche! Ah!"

Carmine said impatiently, "What are you talking about?"

"I think I would like to marry this girl," said Pete. "After all, it is not right for a man to have only one friend. He should have also a wife. I think she will be very happy, and the boy will be very happy. I am sure they can learn to talk to me. Italian is not such a difficult language."

"What does he say?" Jeanette asked.

"He wants you to learn Italian," Carmine said.

Pete continued, "I would like to ask her to marry me."

"Then ask her," said Carmine quickly.

"I cannot. My English, I know it will sound ludicrous. You must ask her for me."

Carmine angrily struck his right fist into his left palm. "You can go to the devil," he said.

PETE LUPO took his hand. "You know I always depend on you, Carmenuche. How will I do it without you? For ten years you take care of me, and now you desert your friend? Can it be so?"

"All right," cried Carmine. "All right, get it over with!"

"But, Carmenuche," Pete said solemnly, "you will only translate, please. No changes. I know how you are inclined to abbreviate. This time, please, word for word. I depend."

Carmine stared at his solemn friend, then turned to Jeanette. "Pete wants me to tell you something."

"Yes?"

Pete spoke gravely, gesticulating to Jeanette, and Carmine translated. "He says it is something of the highest importance. He says since he came to Buffalo he is happier than in the East Bronx. He says you are the one who makes him happy."

"Tell him," Jeanette said slowly, "I am glad and have been happy, too."

"He says," translated Carmine, "that if you like him as much as he likes you, you will marry him. He says you and the boy and he will be very happy."

All three of them were silent. Finally Jeanette smiled wanly and took Pete's head in her hands and kissed him on the forehead, a maternal kiss. Slowly she shook her head and said to Carmine, "Tell him: Thank you very much, but I am sorry."

Awkwardly Pete kissed Jeanette on the forehead with great tenderness and said to Carmine, "I am going for a walk. I will be back soon."

They let him go.

WHEN Pete stepped down from the brick scaffold at lunch hour the next day, Carmine was waiting for him, a thoughtful look on his face. "Pete. Pete," he said, "I have something I need to tell you."

Pete filled his mouth with a bologna sandwich and said, "Well?"

Carmine ate silently for a moment. Finally he said, "Pete, I'm going to marry Jeanette next week."

Pete's face became white. He stood up, scattering his sandwich, and trotted directly to the shanty. "I'm-a queet!" he shouted to Reed. "I'm-a queet-a thees-a job."

Reed tried to quiet him, but Pete screamed, "I'm-a no work-a with that no good-a Carmenuche!"

Reed tried to explain about the necessity of getting a release. He tried to find what the trouble was. But Pete was like an enraged bull. "Neva mind what's-a the trouble," he shouted. "I no have-a to work with bad people. I'm-a queet. Pay me off-a my envelope!"

By now Reed was sore, too. "Listen!" he shouted. "Who the hell do you think you're talking to?"

"I'm-a queet!" screamed Pete. "I no have-a to listen. I'm-a no work-a with Carmenuche."

His rage seemed so uncontrolled that Reed quieted down. "You can't quit," he said, "but you can work with a different gang of brickies. You can work with the gang on the next floor."

Pete quieted down long enough to listen to this proposition. "I'm-a work on a floor higher than-a Carmenuche?" he asked, suddenly appeased.

Reed nodded.

The idea seemed to afford Pete some inexplicable satisfaction, and he finally ambled back to work, muttering grimly to himself.

AT ONE-THIRTY he emptied an entire hodful of brick onto the head of Carmine one floor below him. Two of the bricks struck Carmine squarely on the head, and others struck glancing blows on the body.

Carmine lay for a few moments stunned and bleeding, then stood up slowly and unsteadily, pushing away the men who were trying to help him. He climbed off the scaffold and laboriously walked up the flight of stairs. Pete Lupo was waiting for him.

Carmine kept wiping the blood from a cut under his eye with the back of his mortar-smeared hand. His face was fired by a terrible hatred, his fists were clenched, and his powerful body tensed, as the strength flowed back into him.

Pete Lupo watched him with smug satisfaction and waited, slightly stooped.

But Carmine did not lunge at him. He simply stared for an incredibly long time, then cried suddenly in English, "I musta been crazy! Looka me, a prize sucker. Ten years I'm the guy's partner. Ten years, where he went, I went—Boston, Philadelphia, even Staten Island. We was on WPA together, an' the Empire State Building. Everywhere!"

Pete Lupo's mouth drooped open, and the smugness left his face.

"Partners we was," shouted Carmine furiously. "I watched him like a hawk. I hadda. He got no sense whatever. He's a lousy baby. Ain't got a brain in his thick head. You know you coulda killed me, you crazy fool?"

Pete Lupo shook his head slowly, unbelieving. "You wanna fight, Carmenuche?" he said hopefully.

"Fight?" Carmine laughed derisively. "I musta been crazy. What'd I need you for? You're nothin' but a lousy guinea! A dago, a crazy wop. Look a' me. Edyacated. American!" He smacked his chest vehemently. "We come over here on the same boat, an' I'm an American. With a high-school edyacation. An' you're still a lousy wop!"

Pete Lupo backed away before the fury of words. "You no fight?" he whimpered.

"You can take care o' yourself from now on," shouted Carmine. "I'm no more your partner, see? Finish. You crazy wop!"

A weird thing happened then. Pete Lupo stared open-mouthed for an instant, then sat down on the slab right where he was and cried. His sobs came up hard, until his whole body was shaking, and his face was contorted. For five minutes he sat cross-legged and cried and cried as though his heart would break.

Carmine watched him silently, until he could stand it no longer. He lunged forward and kneeled beside Pete.

"Pete," he said, "Pete, look. Stop it, Pete." He slapped his friend's face, but the sobbing continued.

Carmine put his arms around the weeping man. "Look, Pete," he said in Italian, "it's your friend, Carmenuche. Stop crying."

Pete cocked his head and looked up at him. "You refuse to fight. You are angry with me," he sobbed.

"No, Pete, I'm not angry."

"You make me feel very bad. It is not nice of you, but if you apologize, I forgive you," Pete said hopefully.

Carmine simply stared at him, and Pete wept with renewed vigor. "I am so passionate," he cried. "You know how passionate I am. In spite of what I promised, I forgot. Carmenuche, you must forgive me, or I will be alone again, as I was when you first found me. I would not like to be all alone again."

Carmine patted the back of the weeping man, trying to quiet him, but he continued to cry.

"Marry the lady of the pizzeria," continued Pete. "God's blessing on you both, but do not leave me alone."

AFTER a little while, Carmine said, "Why should I leave you alone? At a time like this? I need you to be my best man at the wedding."

Pete sniffled. "Who else could you even think of?" he said. "I will wear a black suit and hold the ring. Is it agreeable that I should kiss the bride? It is not something on which I insist, but I merely wish to know if it is agreeable."

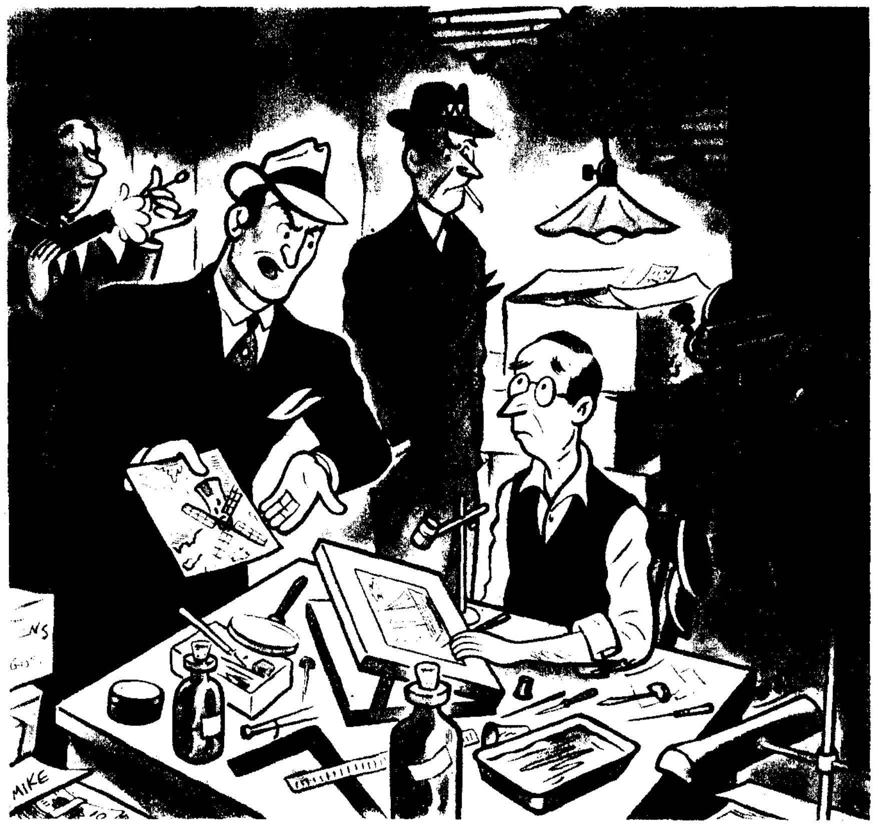
"It is agreeable," Carmine said.

Pete turned toward Carmine and they embraced each other. "Carmenuche," he said, "you are a good friend."

The two men kissed.

A bricklayer watching turned to a companion. "Look at those two crazy dagos," he said, "bawling and kissing each other. Ever see anything like it?"

THE END



"Do you consider that honest—making etchings with the gang's equipment?"

COLLIER'S FRANK BEAVEN

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Blend of Perfection!

Old Mother Nature sure did herself proud when she put together the water lily. It's a beautiful and interesting and almost awesome flower—certainly a gem of Mrs. Nature's skill at blending line and color into pure beauty.

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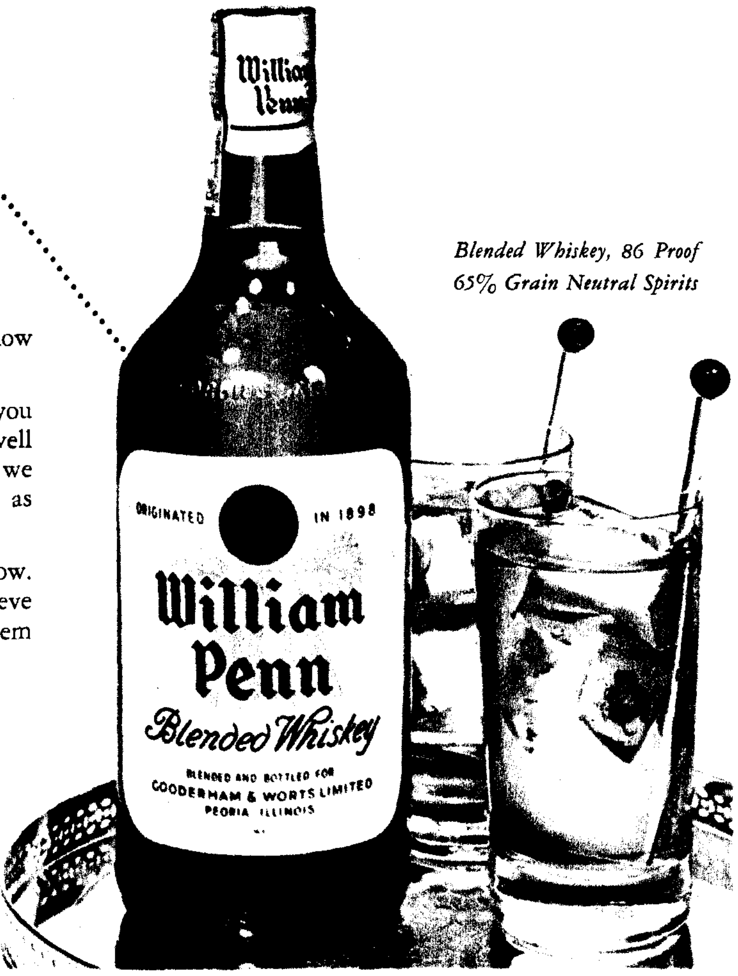
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ORIGINATED IN 1898
William Penn
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
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William Penn

GEM OF THE BLENDS

Make Mine the Human Race

Continued from page 24

human being and not a part of a column of statistics. As human beings, they are no worse and no better than any other group of human beings. Some are good, some bad; some are brilliant, some mediocre. Do not let the fact that some Negroes are illiterate make you believe they are also fools. Negro illiteracy is due to lack of educational facilities and not to an inability to absorb education. Per capita, they have produced as many top-flight performers in every field of endeavor as any other race has. Such names as Joe Louis, Richard B. Harrison, Major Robert Moton, Doctor George Washington Carver are known all over the land. These people, because of special ability and, in many cases, in spite of the lack of easily accessible opportunity, have risen to the pinnacle of human endeavor in their respective fields.

There are thousands of Negroes who have achieved greatness within their own limited spheres who will never be famous. Giles Arnold, who is the foreman of Little Bee Bend Plantation, is the most efficient and effective organizer and superintendent I have ever seen. He can barely read and write. Everything he knows he learned by "lookin' around, talkin' wid dem which do's things, and studdin' my mind." Raising cotton is his business, but he knows cattle, hay, machinery and people. From the back of Prince, his saddle horse, he ramrods sixty-odd families of share hands over more than a thousand acres of cotton each year.

"Efn I put old Prince in de barn, and got around in my ot-to," he says, "I could plant all de land in Bossier Parish!"

You think he couldn't do it? Given the educational equipment, and release from racial prejudice, he could manage the Cotton Belt Railroad or Sears-Roebuck. He has what it takes—greatness.

Changes are in process all over the world. It is to be expected that changes will take place in America in the relationships between all individuals and groups. Some changes will doubtless produce violent reaction. Some, unquestionably, will benefit no one and after a brief trial will be abandoned. Nevertheless, as has always been the case in the growth of human society, most of the changes will be for the better. Even at best, however, we need not expect the millennium overnight.

We can, with honesty to ourselves and our neighbors, work toward a day when the only race will be the human race, and when we judge our fellow man by his character and not by the color of his skin. The will to do this must come from the heart of mankind, from his brain and, if necessary, from his brawn.

When that day comes, brother, the crusaders can lay down their typewriters and their swords and pick up their harps and halos.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

tight. The plane went on its back and I recovered. But the turbulence increased severely. In the next five minutes I was thrown violently about, with the rate-of-climb indicator varying from 6,000 feet up to 6,000 feet down, until I lost track of whether it was up or down.

"It got worse, and I got scared. I was being beaten so badly I decided to bail out. I couldn't get the hood open. I cut my shoulder straps and gave up. I figured this was it. I crouched forward in the cockpit and held on, trying to work the throttle with one hand and the trim tabs with the other. The stick was whipping around so violently I couldn't use it. I made a lot of promises to God about that time and I'm gonna keep them.

"Then I blacked out. I regained consciousness, trying to crawl back into the seat, at 3,000 feet, just outside of the storm. I was flying level, but upside down. I decided to roll over and then looked out and found that the left aileron was gone, and large pieces of fabric were gone off both wings.

"So, for a while I just flew upside down. Then I finally rolled her over. I found a river and started looking for some place—any place—to land. Finally I spotted a field. My radio was out. I didn't know where I was and I couldn't get the tower. But I came in and landed. It was an Army field, at New Castle, Delaware."

"When I hit 45,000 true altitude," Clasen related, "my propeller went out of control. As I was losing altitude, the turbulence was increasing, and it wasn't long before my directional gyro tumbled. The next thing I remember was being surprised to find myself in the clear in smooth air, right side up on a northerly heading about 34,000 feet true. After a while I figured if I wasn't at Floyd Bennett I was halfway across the Atlantic. My gas was low. So I came down and landed. The sign at the airport said Concord, New Hampshire!"

"Well," Owens said. "I ended up in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. I don't know just how I got there. I used a lot more oxygen than some people, and my tanks weren't wired up just right. I went out like a light at 38,000 feet and I was under 6,000 when I came to. I was plenty scared because my plane was in a steep dive, slightly on its back, and going like a streak."

"Say," Clasen said, "didn't you have trouble keeping awake? I talked to myself continuously—until I caught myself answering my own questions."

"I had a system," Owens replied. "I kept watching my eyes in the mirror. When I would see my eyes trying to shut, I would make them open up."

IT WAS indeed a magnificent failure, yet the Marines and their Corsairs didn't do too badly. Wild Bill Clasen flew a total distance of 2,592 miles at an average speed of 420 miles an hour, which is the fastest anybody has yet flown across the country in a fighter.

From San Diego to Indianapolis, Clasen's speed reached the mark of 444 miles per hour. Bob Owens averaged 417 miles an hour to Indianapolis, and Colonel Moore, 410.

At the Army's field in New Castle, six hours and nineteen minutes from San Diego, Colonel Moore hauled his battered body out of the cockpit, slid to the ground and tottered around for a few moments, trying to recover equilibrium and shake off the punch. A youngish operations officer hurried up to where the colonel and his Corsair were still quivering.

"I'm very sorry, Colonel," the operations officer said, "but I'm afraid I won't be able to give you clearance to fly this airplane out of this field."

"Son," the colonel said, leaning against what was left of a wing, "I'm certainly appreciative of your thoughtfulness. But I don't know anybody who is looking for a clearance for this airplane. What I want to know is: Do you have anything big, safe and substantial leaving here for New York?"

JERRY GREENE

Matrimonial Hazard

The glamor boy's
A risky spouse;
He often proves,
Alas, a louse.

—Ethel Jacobson

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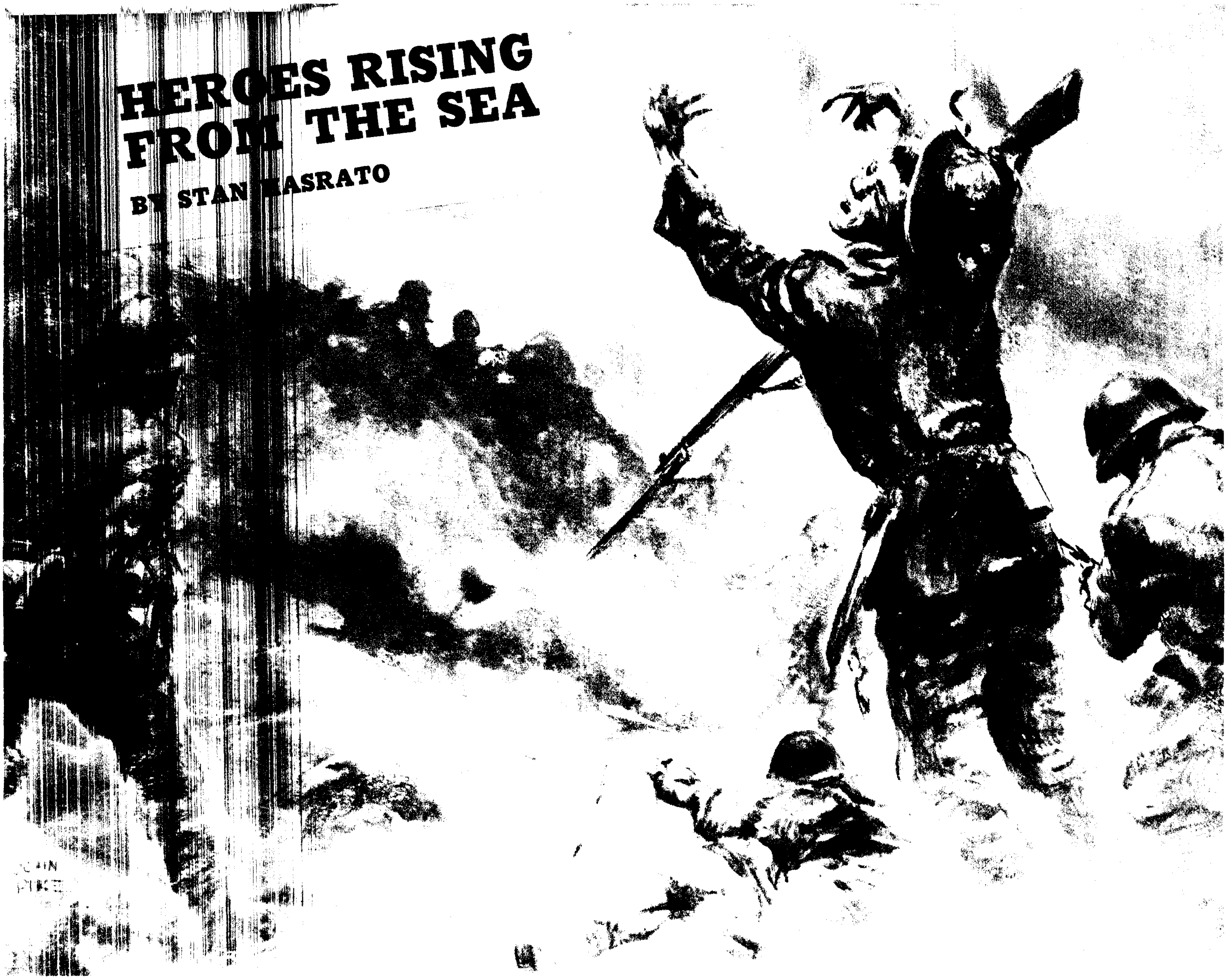
HEROES RISING FROM THE SEA

BY STAN MASRATO



A brave man concludes his personal story of the battle for Attu—in which untried American soldiers showed themselves to be the masters of Japan's fanatic veterans

II

ONCE we sneaked up to the Jap lines. My squad was chosen for patrol duty that night. It was our mission to find out all that we could about the enemy's strength. We spotted an installation and saw that it harbored an ack-ack gun. It was well-built of sandbags and concrete. We heard a lot of Japs jabbering and we looked over the side of it. They were all sitting down, about thirty of them. I gave the signal to throw hand grenades in and to bayonet them. We got them in a hurry and returned to our lines before the other Japs could get wise to what had happened.

The Reconnaissance outfit established their lines next to ours. One night I had a man by the name of Kitchens lying in his foxhole watching up front for any Japs who might try to sneak into our camp. He was only twenty feet from us. A big corporal came up to him and called out the password, which was "Portland." The reply should have been "Seattle," but Kitchens thought the recon was kidding. He knew we were there. He had seen us all. Kitchens didn't answer, and the corporal fired two shots from his .45. He hit Kitchens on the cheek. One of the scouts yelled out that he was firing on a Yank.

Our legs were getting worse and worse. The men were constantly falling down. Many were sent to the command post hospital, which consisted of holes dug into snowbanks. But these were pretty good. At least they were protection from the winds. We had no water to drink as we were too high for water. We were thirsty all the time and ate snow continuously. The CP was filled with sick and wounded and men suffering from frozen feet. Some died and were buried in snow holes. A few rocks were used for markers. The medical captain was kept busy and he did an excellent job without a hell of a lot to do it with.

On this fourth day of fighting, a soldier came up with three cans of beans. He said they had been dropped from a plane. A whole platoon of thirty-six men divided the three cans of beans, the first food in four days, and they tasted like turkey. Each man had about thirty beans, which he ate out of bare, muddy hands.

After we had eaten our thirty beans, we went back to our foxholes and lay down for a few minutes, when an order came through to go back to the front lines, attack and knock out all Jap installations toward our objective, Holtz Bay village.

We knew that this was our biggest job. We walked at a slow gait along the mountainside. Soon the snipers were popping their .25-calibers at us. We spotted some Japs hanging to rocks. They were tied there, because we shot them full of holes, and they stayed right in place, dead and slumped over.

As we proceeded along the rocks, the snipers kept up their fire. We could hear the bullets whizzing past us. The Jap .25-caliber gun is perfect for sniping because of its smokeless powder and its silence. We couldn't spot the snipers.

A good fellow and a great soldier, Sergeant Allen of Modesto, California, was shot dead by one of the dirty bastards, as was also the captain of the recon outfit. Believe me, their deaths were avenged. Our platoon felt Allen's death very keenly.

Starved Japs Offer No Resistance

Lieutenant Engley spotted Jap dugouts, built into little hills. Wooden boards and tundra grass covered the entrances. There were from ten to fifteen Japs in each one, and I believe they were either frozen or starved and without ammunition. We came upon them, and they attempted no return fire. Hand grenades were thrown and the entrances flew open. The Japs lay there, drenched in blood and moaning.

We got into positions at the foot of the rocks and waited for Lieutenant Engley's signal to attack. We were ordered to advance and knock out three Jap machine-gun nests, putting our lines even closer to the enemy. We were to advance along a flat about a hundred yards long and a hundred feet wide. It was a slope on the right going up into the mountains where the snipers were.

On the left side, the slope went down about six hundred feet and into the rocky river below. At the end of the hundred-yard flat was a draw, or saddle, with another mountain beyond. At these points, the Japs had two machine guns which we didn't know about. One was to our left front, the other to our right front. The signal was given and we had advanced about twenty feet. There were from seven to ten Japs in each position. I don't know how we did it, but we knocked off the first Jap gun with the BAR (Browning automatic rifle) and a lot of hand grenades.

I ordered my men to charge and fire from assault positions. We had to advance to the next gun. The order was carried out perfectly. All of this took place a little before midnight.

I got three big dead Japs and put them into a V position and placed a BAR behind them. They made good sandbags and windbreakers. We lay behind them all night, and I used one for a pillow. God, were we human? And how they stunk! And I do mean stunk. I wished I had some of that toilet water Toni had given me for Christmas. All that night I thought of her and my family. What if they could see me now, I thought. I won-

"Those Japs acted like they wanted to die. They stood up and fought instead of hugging the ground . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

dered if my family knew I was overseas and if Toni had any inkling as to my whereabouts. I heard, many months later, that the first time she heard of the lightning battle fought and won on Attu, she said, "That's where he is." Toni was my girl.

At dawn the next morning, we started to raid the next gun position. It was easier than the first one. We knocked it off in a hurry and backed up all the Japs there, too. We were all veterans now.

We made an all-out assault on the second gun. Dead Japs were all around us. Some had their chests and bellies torn away, either from our own hand grenades or their own (many Japs on Attu committed suicide with their own hand grenades). A Seventh Recon man got up and was hit by a bullet. He fell flat, face first, right into a dead Jap's torn-away belly. He stayed there for a moment, stunned by a bullet in him, then got up and grabbed his face with his hands and screamed at the top of his voice. The boy lost his head and was hit by another bullet. He was killed instantly.

We started on a third gun but were stopped damned soon. I yelled to Lieutenant Engley to send up a .30-caliber machine gun. This was done and with everything we had we knocked out the third nest.

Those Japs acted like they wanted to die. They stood straight up and fought instead of hugging the ground. They were supposed to be experienced fighters and they stood out like sore thumbs. When they were shot, they threw their hands up above their heads and screamed, waving their arms. Every dead Jap had his mouth wide open, baring his teeth like a dog.

We soon found we were in a trap. The oval rock formation that now harbored our machine guns had mines placed all over it. As we were running into the third nest, assault-fire fashion, I dived into the rocks and faced a good-sized land mine. About six feet to my left was a box of mines covered with Jap writing. It had a wooden cover, and the Jap machine-gun bullets were grazing it. I watched it like a hawk.

Too Vulnerable for Comfort

I got my squad behind the rocks of the third Jap machine-gun emplacement and was cross-fired on by two enemy guns forward. Private Howard had his hair parted by a bullet. He changed his position, and four bullets penetrated his helmet and hit his rear end, which was higher than his head. He had eight holes in his helmet.

Our BAR broke down, and Private Selph took my tommy gun and got a few Japs who were still standing upright on the mountain beyond. He just couldn't miss. There were about fifty of them, all yelling like mad.

Selph came from Mississippi. He was very much like Williams on the battlefield. He also had plenty of guts and he left a bloody trail. The only difference between the two was that Selph didn't have a rugged appearance. He looked like a sissy. The first time I saw him, I shook my head and wondered how he ever got into the Scouts. Then, of all things, he was placed in my squad. I gave him the BAR to carry through training, so he could get big and strong. On the submarine I took the BAR away from him and gave it to McDaniels. McDanields was bigger and had more time and experience in the Army. Selph almost cried. All that day he lay in his bunk with a lost, blank look. He spoke to no one and ate no food.

I Saw A Commando Cry was the title of a story. I saw one cry, too, and got soft and gave him back his gun.

After the battle was over for the Scouts, I met Selph on a transport bound for Frisco. His feet were frozen, as were those of the other men. I told him I admired his courage. He gave me that sissy smile again. I shook my head, still confused about the whole thing.

I used more dead Japs for sandbags and yelled for Lieutenant Engley to send me a .30-caliber machine gun and plenty of ammunition. It was sent up, and I gave Private Johnson, a recon man, a tracer bullet. He showed the gunner where to fire. That gunner didn't last long before a bullet got him in the shoulder. He fell by the gun. Another boy came up. I gave him the direction, and he fired a lot of rounds and killed a lot of the Japs before they got him between the eyes. He fell over the gun and died with his finger on the trigger.

Private McDaniels was hit in the shoulder. He said, "I'm shot."

Just then I felt a sharp pain in my shoulder and said, "Yeah, me too." I looked for blood; there wasn't any. It was a ricochet.

A terrible wind was still blowing. It rained, hailed and snowed, and the weird fog kept rolling in. God, what a mess!

About an hour before dark, we ran out of ammo and hand grenades. Our men were getting hit, right and left. The fog cleared for a few minutes and I ordered Private Selph to place the light machine gun behind the rocks in a safer position. Selph didn't know a thing about the damned gun and neither did I. We examined it quickly, and he pulled the trigger. It began to fire. He got the range and knocked the hell out of those standing, yelling monkey men.

Then the fog came in again but Selph kept on firing. He probably wasted a lot of rounds of ammo on Japs he couldn't see. He went trigger-happy and laughed like a madman.

The ammo ran low. I ordered Selph and Williams to take the machine gun up forward to a new position and concentrate on one gun, while I called back for a .50-caliber machine gun. Without a word those brave kids stood up and carried the gun through Jap machine-gun fire and established the new position. Then a section came up with a lot of ammo and got the .50-caliber ready. The bore of the .50-caliber wouldn't go into the main mechanism because of the ice and dirt that had formed on the inside threads. Everything seemed to be going wrong all at once.

I looked about me. All but a few of us had been hit. With nothing to fight with, it seemed foolish to hang around. I gave orders to withdraw back to the rocks. I turned around and found that the other squads had already gone. We were out there alone. The platoon that was to cover our advance had pulled out and left us. We learned later that the leader had said he didn't want his men to be killed and had withdrawn to the rocks in the rear. He sat down behind a rock and cried like a baby. His platoon sergeant wanted to help us, but the leader wouldn't let him. They had a fight, and the leader became a buck private, and the sergeant took over. We found out later that the leader had cracked under fire.

The fog came in again and it gave my men some cover. As they began to run, an American machine gun from the left side down in the valley began shooting up at us. What a spot we were in! No arms to fight with! Three machine guns firing at us, one of them our own. And half of our men wounded! But strange as it seems, those tough fighting men got back.

I stayed out there on the point alone, for just as I got up to run, the American gun began firing tracers in front of me. I fell back into the rocks trapped in a cross fire of three guns. As the fog lifted, I peered out on the left side of the rocks and spotted two Japs crawling toward me on hands and knees. They were sneaking in through cover of the fog. I picked up my tommy gun and fired. Both fell dead. I looked to the right, and there came another one, on hands and knees. I jumped him and hit him in the neck with an ax.

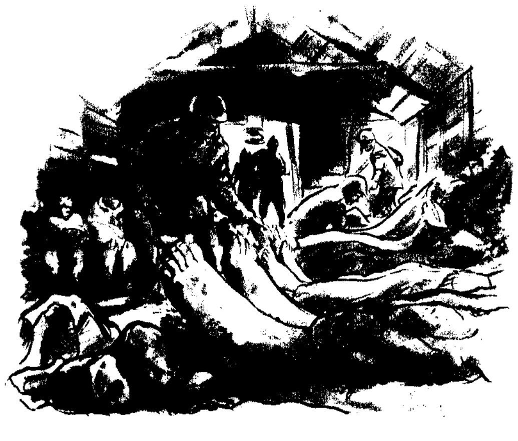
As this was going on, the three guns were still blazing away at the rest of my retreating squad. I saw my chance and slid down, under cover of the fog, toward the American gun. A couple of Japs saw me go over and started shooting at me with rifles. I slid down a good six hundred feet and into the river. I crossed to the other side and climbed up and ran seventy-five feet to the American lines. I was given a couple of Jap blankets, which had been picked up by the Yanks.

Short Respite at Command Post

A few hours later, I made my way back to our company and showed up at the command post. My legs were in bad shape. The doctor told me to stay at the CP until the next day. He said that the Americans had arrived at Holtz Bay village and had taken it over.

That night the rest of our company went down to meet them, and I was put in charge of the CP hospital. There were men spread all over the place, covered with Jap blankets. A plane dropped some food down to us. I ate dried prunes—the first food, other than the handful of beans that I had had in five days. I made up a big can of powdered milk and passed it around to the wounded. Later we had dried fruit. Then I slept for a few hours, my first sleep since the battle began.

The next morning, I started out with two wounded men for Holtz Bay village. We took along three guns—a tommy, a carbine and an M-1 and some ammo. It was several miles down the river and very tough going. We had hiked about a half a mile when we heard an American machine gun boom-booming at us. We dived behind the rocks. We feared our own men more than we did the enemy. It was hard to tell a Jap from an American because of the fogs and our mud-covered clothes. The guns were firing over our heads. After a few moments I asked if we should go on. We looked at one another for a half-minute and then all said, "Yes." So down the river we went, hiding behind rocks, wading in the water up to our waists, crawling on hands and knees part of the time. Our legs were in horrible shape. We were constantly falling.



"The Scouts were lying on the floor in the dirty hut . . . letting the air get to their frozen feet and legs"

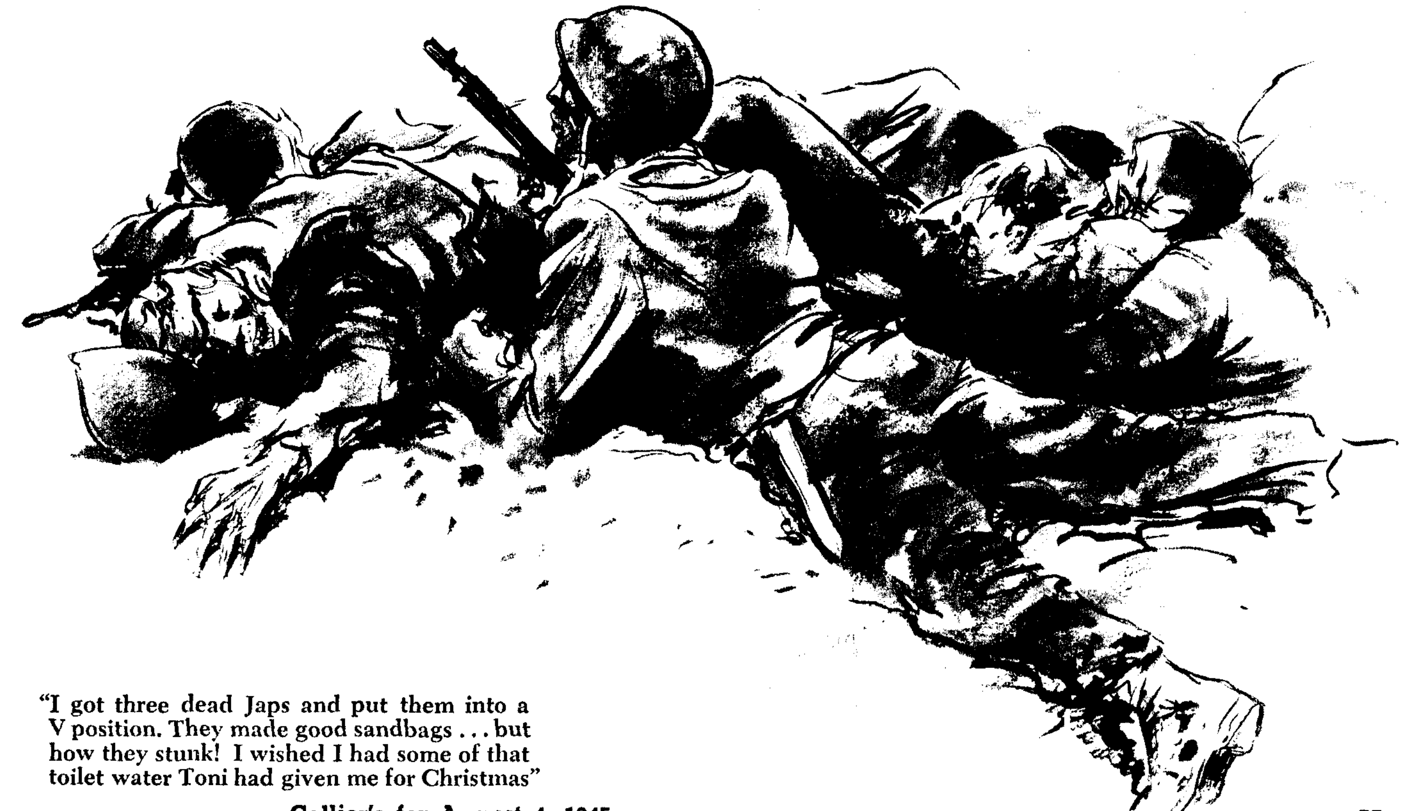
We spotted a lone soldier walking down the mountainside. He saw us, and we hid behind a rock and yelled "Portland." He answered "Seattle." He told us his buddy was up there in the mountain, dying from a shot in the stomach; he had been there for three days. He said he wouldn't leave the wounded man but was going to wait for someone to come and get him. He asked us to send up stretcher-bearers from the village. We promised.

On the last leg of our journey, we walked down the river and came out at its mouth. Americans spotted us and ran back up behind their guns. I raised my hands above my head and signaled that we were Americans. Their guns were trained straight on us. It was another bad moment. They gave us the okay signal, and we advanced to be recognized.

We got to our company and saw all the Scouts dressed in Jap uniforms, which they had found in warehouses. They gave us food. I ate three cans of Jap salmon and sat down to rest. I looked the place over. It was the biggest mess of equipment, soldiers and dead bodies anyone ever saw. American and Jap dead were scattered all over the place. For a moment, I thought the dead were luckier than the living who had to go on fighting.

I said "Hello" to some of my buddies and

(Continued on page 73)



"I got three dead Japs and put them into a V position. They made good sandbags . . . but how they stunk! I wished I had some of that toilet water Toni had given me for Christmas"

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PARKER Quink
THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X

The Expendable Heart

Continued from page 17

How long she sat there she did not know. She thought: But if I tell him?

After a long time someone knocked at the door. She said, "Come in," indifferently and looked up to see Craig standing there.

He asked carefully, "Abby, are you ill?"

"No."

He sat down on the edge of the bed. He said, "Uncle Norman suggested that you might like a tray, up here."

"All right," she said, with an effort.

"Abby, for Heaven's sake . . ."

She said, "Oh, Craig, go away . . . please."

He leaned forward. He said, "Abby, Uncle Norman asked me what, exactly, had taken place before he came in this afternoon. I was there, I saw and heard. . . . I told him. He seemed relieved."

She looked at him for the first time. The color came back slowly to her lips and cheeks. She asked, "Why?"

Craig looked away, embarrassed. "He didn't take the—proposal at its face value," he answered.

Abby stiffened. She said, "I see. . . ."

Craig rose. He said, "I'm sorry you're angry at me. But thinking it over, Abby, there wasn't much to say." He stopped and then added carelessly, "Uncle Norman had a further suggestion . . . that you might want to go away for a time, with him and me—somewhere amusing, perhaps."

She asked stonily, "To spare me the embarrassment of running after a man who had announced his public intention of marrying me in the spirit of good, clean fun?"

He said uneasily, "That's not exactly how he put it."

Abby rose. "Ask Mrs. Gambel if she can send the tray up early, will you?"

"All right," he said.

The door closed after him, and she stood there, shaking with anger.

ABBY'S tray had been sent upstairs. A little later it reposed on a table in the wide hall from which her room opened, the plates almost untouched. Her door was shut and locked.

Abby sat down at her desk, picked up the telephone, dialed a number and spoke quietly into the receiver.

"This is Miss Wallace," she said. "May I speak with Mr. Lambert?"

He came so instantly, he must have been close to the telephone. His voice was warm and eager, as urgent as if it spoke to her from the room in which she sat.

"Abby . . . I was just going to call you."

She asked, "Could you come here, Barry? Tonight?"

"Right away," he said. He did not say goodby. She heard him replace the instrument, with a miniature crash.

Abby went to her clothes closet and took a dress from the padded, scented hanger. She disliked it, as she disliked everything her father preferred, as she disliked the effeminate, brilliant designer who had made it. But tonight it would serve her.

It was a white, straight-falling dress, fashioned from a fine heavy crepe, almost unobtainable now. The high girdle was woven of gold and silver thread, and the round neck and long, wide sleeves were intricately embroidered. It was a lovely dress, a picture dress, and a little strange.

Abby loosened her hair and parted it. It sprang upward from the parting, strong, curling. She brushed it over her ears and coiled it low at her neck. . . .

Silver-gilt slippers . . . the sheerest stockings she owned . . . the brief undergarments. Powder, lipstick . . . the stopper of a perfume bottle drawn across the palms of her hands, at the base of her throat. She leaned close to the mirror, the pupils of her eyes dilated and black.

Someone plodded to the door and reported, knocking, "Mr. Lambert to see you, Miss Wallace."

Abby said clearly, "I'll be right down."

She didn't move. She sat still by the mirror looking at the familiar face. Could heavy gold hair and an especial modeling of bone and flesh hold a man forever, for as long as he lived? No. No face, not even that of Helen. But if a man had love, passionate and single-hearted, as dependable as the bread he earned and ate, would he look farther afield?

She left the room and went downstairs, walking slowly down the curving stairs as if in her dreaming sleep, seeing nothing, yet with her eyes wide open.

BARRY had been shown into the small morning room. When she came to the door, he was standing with his back to her, looking at the portrait of her mother. He turned and saw her. He asked, "Isn't there anywhere else?" He smiled with his mouth but his eyes were grave. "This seems somewhat public."

Before she could answer, he went on, staring, "You look . . . you look . . . I don't believe it. I can't." He raised a shoulder toward the portrait. "That was your mother?"

"Yes."

"It frightened me at first," he said. "She doesn't look quite of this world."

Abby said, not looking at the portrait, "I know."

It was a curious conversation. He had not taken her hands nor spoken her name.

"You are," he said, "of course—Abby, get a wrap or something. It isn't cold, but you might need it. We'll take the car and get out of this."

He walked beside her, not touching her, into the hall. There was a concealed closet there, set in the paneling. She opened it and took the first coat she put her hand on, a light, sturdy tweed which belonged to Craig.

She threw it around her shoulders and went out into the warm darkness of the May night and without a word got into the car. Barry engaged the gears and drove off down the driveway, fast, as if they were pursued.

He said, without looking at her, "Did you have a pretty rugged time after I left?"

"In a way."

"I should have stayed. I'm a damned fool. But I thought you wanted me to go."

"Barry, I did."

"I shouldn't give in to you. What sort of a man is your father?"

She said, "It would take me a lifetime to tell you, I think."

"You'll have it," he promised. They left the grounds and he turned and drove rapidly along the main road, turned again, and entered a winding, irregular road which rose to a ridge, overlooking the foothills. There he stopped the car, and spoke her name, harshly: "Abby?"

He took her in his arms and kissed her. She could feel him shaking, she heard his voice saying crazy, wonderful things, over and over, and his voice, too, was out of control. A deep, penetrating delight rose within her. It had nothing to do with the satisfaction of his kiss, the warmth and strength of his body, the instant, almost painful response of her own; it was part of these, but it was beyond them.

She told herself: He belongs to me. And she found herself crying, almost without tears, hard, harsh sobbing and uncontrollable.

BARRY held her close. He said, frightened, "Abby . . . darling, what is it?"

Abby made a desperate effort. She fought the sobbing, and whimpered a little, like a child. She said hoarsely, unsteadily, "I'm sorry, but I'm so happy."

"*You're* happy?" he said, his hands on her hair, like satin to his touch.

She said, "Now, I can love . . ."

It was a curious thing to say. He did not remember it, until long afterward; that is, he did not turn it over in his mind, examining and weighing it.

He said, "Look . . . we must do a little planning as it's perfectly obvious that your father hates my guts."

Abby said, "He wouldn't express it quite that way. But he doesn't know you and," she added, "he says I don't."

"Nuts to that!" said Barry cheerfully. "What else has he against me?"

She said, "I don't know."

But her heart hammered and she thought: I must tell him . . . now. She did not. She heard him say:

"It can't be money I've my salary and a supplementary income from my father's estate. There's also my mother's, but I hope she lives to be a hundred. Abby, will you mind living in my apartment? You've heard Mother describe it. It's not that bad, of course. But we might not be able to find another place in the district and I want to stay there. I'm getting tangled up in politics to some extent. Would you mind?"

"Of course not," she said. Absurd question. She was not concerned with money or politics or with his interests outside herself. . . . Her concern lay only in what was happening now and what would further happen to them mutually.

He said, "We can drive somewhere tomorrow, have the medical tests and get the license. It's a five-day wait. You have to be married in the town in which the license was procured. We'll pick one that hasn't a newspaper."

She said, "All right."

HE TOOK her by the shoulders and shook her slightly. "You sound as if you were talking in your sleep," he complained. "Take a little interest, will you? We're planning an elopement." He stopped. "Or would you rather be married at home or in church—all that sort of thing?" he asked gently.

She said, "No."

"If you're thinking," he said, "that your father would raise hell, we could be married from Mother's place."

She turned and clung to him. "No," she said. "No. Just us . . . no one else, Barry, no one we know."

He was astonished and disturbed by her vehemence. He thought: I don't blame her. She's been kicked around long enough, and even if that old so-and-so broke down and gave in, it would be only to save his face.

"Me, too," he said. "There's been enough public marrying in my family to last a couple of generations." He laughed and held her hard against him. "So I'll look at the road map and take Mother's coupons and we'll drive up tomorrow. I'll pick you up at the end of your drive . . . say, ten o'clock. What a story to tell our kids! . . . Abby, what's the matter?"

She said faintly, "I forgot—"

"Forgot what? You're shivering. Darling, are you cold?"

She said, "No. . . . Wait a minute, Barry, let me go." She sat away from him, not touching him. She asked, "Barry, do you want children?"

"Well, sure," he said, astonished, "half a dozen. Out of the lot we should get one as beautiful as you and one as smart as I—"

He was laughing but when he heard her voice again he was silent.

She said painfully, "My father told me today that after my birth my mother went insane and killed herself."

He felt the shock, like bitterly cold water. He said, after a minute, "And you didn't know until this afternoon?"

"No."

"You poor kid!" he said. His arm was around her instantly. He was drawing her close again, and she submitted. She did not cry now; she leaned against him, waiting.

He said, "You can't let that frighten you, darling. It doesn't mean that you—"

"How do I know?" she asked passionately. "If this makes any difference to you, Barry—"

He said, "Why should it? Don't be a little fool. He was probably trying to frighten you. Otherwise, why wouldn't he have told you long before this? After we're married we can talk to doctors about it, get their opinions, if it would make you feel any better. And anyway, it's matrimony that we're rushing into, not parenthood. You're just a kid," he said; "there's plenty of time."

He had been shocked but he had rallied. Old women's tales. The hell with it! And any woman who had been married to Norman Wallace, he reflected, doubtless had every reason to go crazy, baby or no baby.

He said that to Abby, a little differently. He said, "You're marrying me!"

It was all right, everything was all right. She drew a long, shaken breath.

"Yes," she said, "I'm marrying you."

He kissed her then, and was as triumphantly astonished by her response as he had been earlier. Releasing her, he said, "Well, you never know—"

"What?" she asked unsteadily.

"The contents from the package. The wrappings differ, but whether the contents are cold or—"

"Barry!"

"Okay," he said, laughing. He thought of Val. Her wrapping was exciting enough and all but labeled dynamite. But was she? Sometimes he had believed, yes; but more often, no. For a very brief moment he was disconcerted to realize that now he would never find out.

He asked, "Darling, how much will you hate me, if I tell you I'm hungry?"

"Hungry?" said Abby. She thought a moment and then said, with amazement, "So am I. Starving."

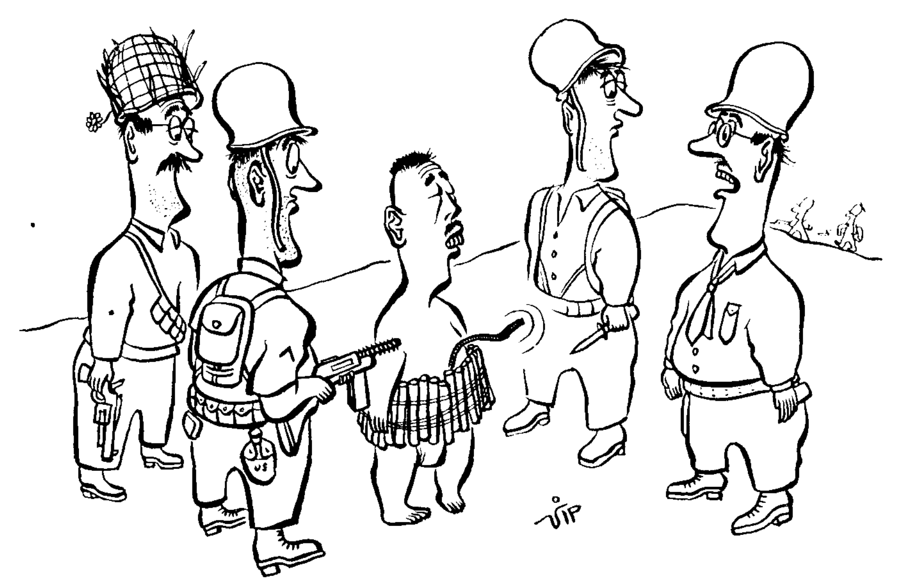
"There's a small roadhouse not far from here," he said. "I wouldn't advise the village; we might run into someone we know. Let's go, shall we?"

THE roadhouse was built of logs; it had a neon sign and looked a little sinister, which it was not. It was hardly more than a glorified diner. They were alone in it, except for the counterman, the man at the bar and a couple of customer truck drivers.

Barry and Abby sat at a table under a low ceiling festooned with artificial leaves and ate fried-egg sandwiches and drank coffee.

"I for one," said Barry, "need no intoxicants. Have you any idea how beautiful you are?"

She had accepted the fact that she was beautiful, from the time when she grew up and fell in love with Malcolm, when her father first looked at, and saw her. But it had meant nothing to her, until earlier this evening when she had taken the white dress from the hanger, when she had looked in the



COLLIER'S "He wants to know if anyone has a match" VIRGIL PARTCH

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WATER HOODOO
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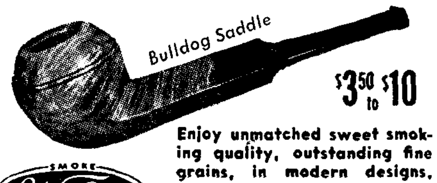

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...OR MONEY BACK

mirror. Then, for the first time, it had reassured her, it had been her friend. Now, it was more than her friend. It was a weapon—that and her love—these were all she would ever need.

They ate, with hunger; and, with hunger, looked at each other. The counterman watched them, and spoke to the man at the bar.

"Wallace's daughter," said one. "Boy, is she a knockout!" "Ain't that guy young Lambert?" the other asked. "There was a piece in the paper I seen . . . and a picture. Looks tough, don't he?"

They watched them go out, the tweed coat over Abby's arm, the white dress subtly molded to her body, the wonderful hair. . . .

Driving back, she asked, suddenly remembering, "Barry, what will your mother say?"

"She'll cry," he replied promptly; "she'll come over all romantic and give you a string of pearls. The second best. She'll love it, Abby. She adores elopements."

"But me?" asked Abby.

"She likes you," said Barry, "and if she didn't she'd be unperturbed, I think. When I was a kid and she gave me a gadget which I'd promptly break, she'd tell me I was stupid or clumsy or a dope generally. Then she'd replace it. I'm afraid she thinks of marriage in that way. She's always been able to replace hers. . . ."

"I see," said Abby. "And do you feel that way, too?"

"I should," he answered, "if the psychologists are right, because I've survived not only one broken home but several. But it didn't work out that way. As for our marriage, we aren't dealing in generalities, are we? It's you and me, as I see it. For good."

She said, "That's the way you want it?"

"How else?" he asked half angrily. "Look, we've a lifetime ahead in which to argue and analyze. Is that enough for you?"

It was more than enough. It was everything.

THEY had turned into her driveway when she touched his arm. She said, "Maybe I've accepted reassurance too easily. I've been very selfish. You were—kind, you said all the right things, but you should have time in which to think it over—"

"Think what over? Have you lost your mind?" he asked reasonably.

"Just that," she said, haltingly, "that I *might* . . ."

"I wish it were feasible," he said, "to turn you over my knee and whale the daylights out of you. We'll consult the whole medical directory, if it will make you any happier. But after we are married, not before. And we'll begin with your mother's doctor."

"He's dead," she said. "I asked."

"So what? There must be records. We'll track them down."

"And if it was true—what my father said—and if the doctors told you that I shouldn't have children?"

"Then we won't have 'em."

He stopped the car. He asked, "Shall I come in with you?"

"I'd rather not."

"Frightened?"

She bent to kiss him, fleetly. She said, "I'll never be, again."

"Tomorrow," he said, "at ten."

He waited in the car until she had gone in and then turned and drove away. Tomorrow was a long way off, and five days from tomorrow was an eternity. He thought of her in his arms; he thought of the feel of her hair under his hands, of the texture of her skin; the warmth of her mouth. He thought of her gravity and her laughter, her silences and her speech. He thought of her eyes and their heavy white lids. He thought of the life they would have together. . . .

He thought of what she had told him, and dismissed it until it should become necessary to think of it again. Either Wallace had lied or he had not. If he had lied, that was that; if he hadn't there were good doctors still available, better perhaps than twenty-odd years ago. Whatever they decided . . .

He was unused to tenderness, and now was shaken by it. He could not express it with any accuracy. He thought merely: Poor kid! . . .

Abby moved quietly through the big hall. Remembering Craig's coat, she took it from her shoulders and put it on a chair. She looked at the library door but it did not open. She went alone, unquestioned, up the stairs and to her room.

Craig had gone to bed. Wallace, in the library, had heard the car drive up. He had gone to the windows and looked out, and seen them there in the light from the doorway. He had watched them, forcing himself. And had then gone down to the gallery to shut himself in one of the rooms, sitting there, looking with concentration at the pictures. They were his. They were hung upon the walls. They would remain there until he died, after which he would not care what became of them.

ABBY and Barry drove north through the misty May morning to a border village. Sleepy and incurious, it lay in the cup of the round hills which flowed, faintly green, into the mountains . . . and steeples pointed their white fingers toward a tender blue sky.

She was frightened, but not all the time, not for long. When they walked into the square-towered town hall, Barry kept her hand close in his, his vitality flowed into her, it was warmth and reassurance. The clerk was old and dusty, his questions were like birdshot rattling around them. But he, too, was incurious, overworked, as was the physician, intercepted just as he was leaving his house to make a call.

Driving back:

"Scared again, weren't you? Yet you promised, you wouldn't be . . . ever."

She tried to laugh, looking at him, the big, self-assured young man. She said, "But, Barry, it's natural," in apology, touching his hand as it lay, relaxed, upon the wheel.

He said, "You can still get out of it. Today isn't irrevocable. There are five days left."

"Five hundred years." Her voice shook. "I wish I could sleep tonight and wake on the fifth day."

"If you feel like that, everything will be all right. Abby, you haven't said anything about a honeymoon. You haven't said anything about a ring. A girl's entitled to a ring. . . . I think—sapphires or rubies. Diamonds are too hard, too bright. . . ."

She said, "Who wants rings? And I thought . . . that is, I assumed, we were just going to your apartment."

"Never assume. I did considerable telephoning last night. We are going to Hot Springs." He laughed. He said, "I walked to the village to telephone from a booth—and roused up an old friend and put him on to getting hotel and train reservations. I felt like a conspirator, letting myself in the house at all hours. Mother came paddling to the stairway. She said, 'Where on earth have you been?' and didn't wait for an answer. It seems that Val—" He broke off. "You aren't listening!" he accused her.

"Just to your voice," she admitted drowsily. She was sleepy, suddenly; empty, yet filled with sleep.

"Did you have breakfast?" he demanded.

"Coffee."

"That all? You must be starved. This has all taken time. You're a crazy little thing," he said roughly. "You have no sense at all."

She said, "I tried to eat."

"Okay," Barry said, "so you tried. Next town we come to, we'll stop for lunch. Come closer. I'm an excellent one-arm driver. I've had," he said proudly, "practice."

"Don't tell me about it," said Abby.

"Why not? No details, no chapter and verse."

"Sometime," she said, "not now." She thought: Some time when I am sure, after we are married.

The next town had a frame hotel, with verandas on the street and across the second story. It was late; they were alone in the dining room except for a gaunt gray waitress. The soup was cold, the lamb was aged mutton, the mashed potatoes sodden lumps; the coffee couldn't have been worse, and the pie had soaked through its tasteless crust.

Barry said, "It's a legend, you know."

"What is?"

"That all New England cooking is good."

She said, smiling a little, "Mine's good, *and* New England."

He said, "It's almost too much for any man to ask: a girl who looks like you and who can cook. Shall I ever tire of looking at you? Your hair," he said, "it lights up this room, like a beacon."

"But doesn't," she suggested, "warm the potatoes."

"Who cares. Eat something. Anything. Abby, this is going to be wonderful. How uninteresting to marry a girl you have known all your life or with whom you have shared a long engagement, or even one you have known six weeks, a month, a week! Nothing new to learn . . . or," he said, smiling, "not much—except, of course, the less agreeable discoveries they tell us we all make, after marriage, whether the foreknowledge has been long or short."

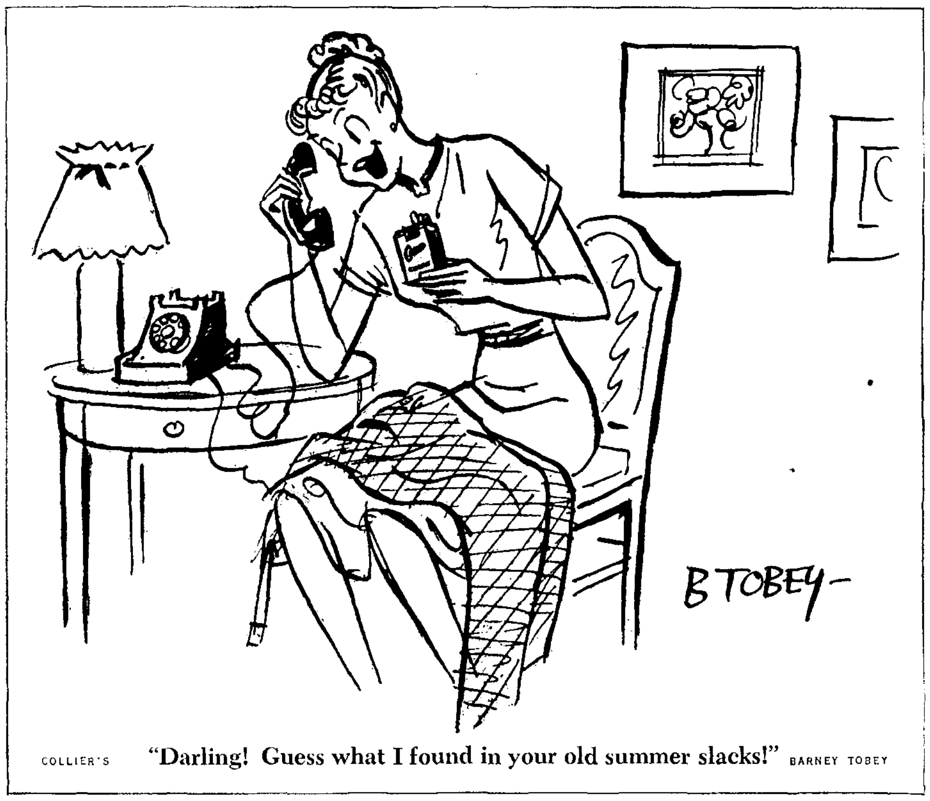
She said gravely, "I shall never discover—the disagreeable."

"Don't say it," he said, "you begin to frighten me. But, Abby, just think—I know nothing about you, really. You hold endless possibilities. You can swim," he said, smiling, "but what else? Ride? Shoot? Fish?"

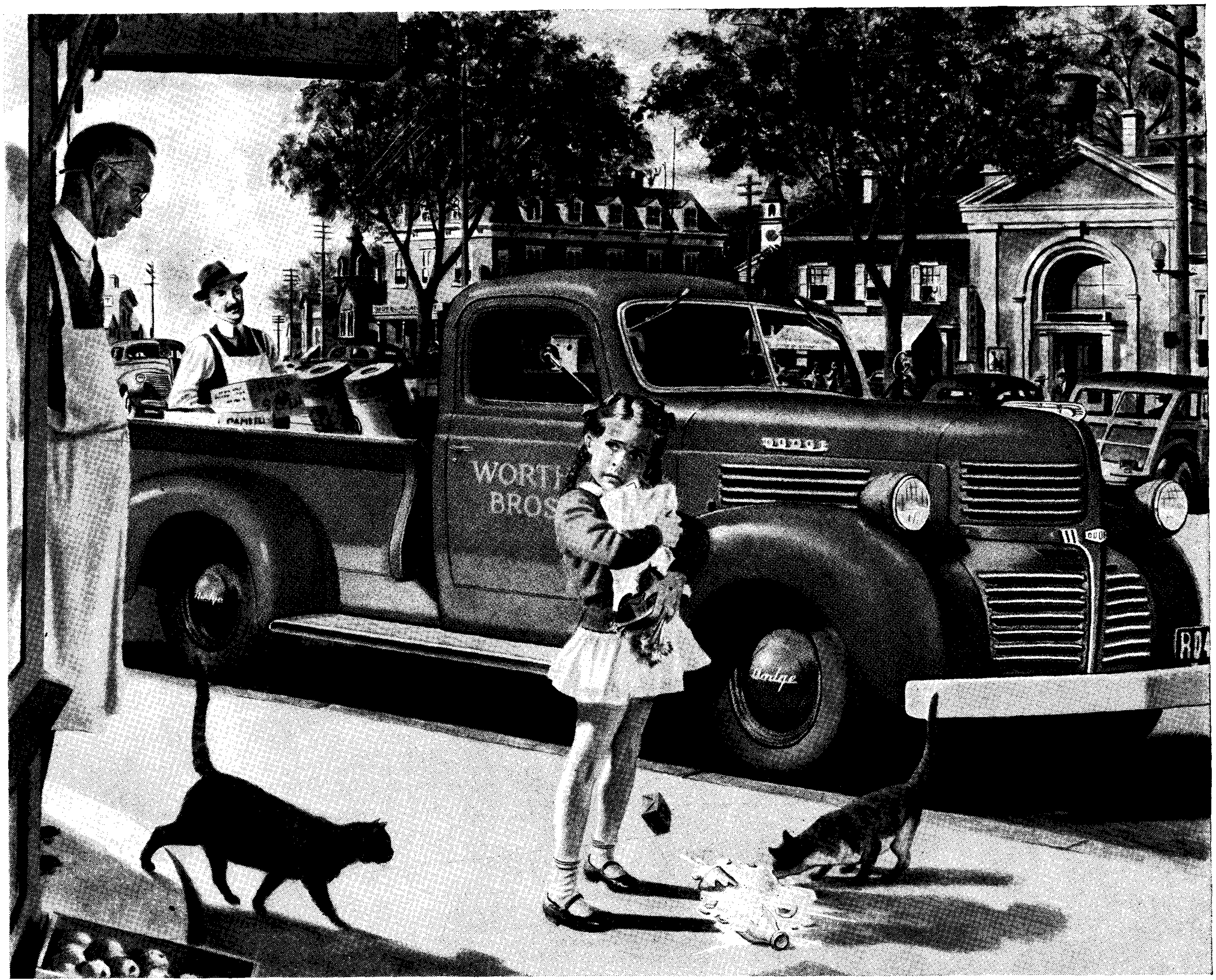
She said, "I ride. I play golf passably. I don't like tennis, much. No, I don't shoot and I've not been fishing since I was a child."

"Well," he said, "I can see where I'll have to start you from scratch . . . on a liberal education. Very liberal."

She said, her heart lifting:



COLLIER'S "Darling! Guess what I found in your old summer slacks!" BARNEY TOBEY



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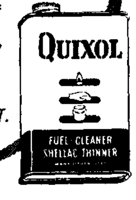


CSC **QUIXOL**

THE HANDY SOLVENT

COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

"I can at least take you on a tour of art galleries."

"Wonderful!" said Barry. "And when they ask me, 'What's your wife like?' and I say, 'Oh, utterly *un*like, I assure you, but she knows her way around art galleries—'" He broke off. "Abby, I can't believe it," he said.

"I can't either."

No, she could not. It was like living in another world, it was like looking through a door into still another, new-minted, strange, disturbingly beautiful.

AFTER lunch they drove on and reached, too soon, the entrance gates of the Wallace house. Here they parted, having made their plans. Abby walked up the driveway, in her plain little shirtmaker frock, her bright head uncovered, her small shoes light on the gravel. What she had to do was not too difficult. She had five days in which to pack her things, to be sent on later; to pack a suitcase with immediate needs.

In five days, with the suitcase ready, she would wait at the driveway. Mrs. Gambel would help her. She was a dour, reliable woman. They had always liked each other.

When she reached the big hall, it seemed very cool and dark. She blinked against the darkness, her eyes accommodating themselves slowly. She had reached the stairs when her father materialized, gray, from the gray light. She had not heard him, and her nerves shivered.

He asked, staring at her: "Where have you been?"

Abby steadied her breath. She said, "With Barry."

"As I thought. There were guests for luncheon. Your friend Miss Stanley telephoned. She asked if you were here. When I said no, she inquired if Mr. Lambert had been."

Abby said, "I had forgotten there were to be luncheon guests."

"Naturally," said her father, "in your present state." He added, "I have put Craig to work on the problem of our reservations."

"Reservations?" she repeated blankly.

WALLACE said impatiently, "Really, Abby, you are impossible. Craig told you that I was planning a trip for us three."

She asked carefully, "Where are we going —and when?"

Wallace shrugged. He said, "Traveling is uncertain at the best. One cannot leave at a moment's notice. But I have selected Pinehurst, and I hope we can leave in, approximately, a week's time."

He was watching her closely. Resentment or astonishment or both were expected of her. She tried to register and convey these convincingly. She said, "But when Craig spoke to me about it, I didn't say I'd go."

"You have no choice," said Wallace smoothly. "I am giving the staff a holiday, as we shall be gone six weeks. Jay remains behind to work on the catalogue, but a local woman will come in daily to clean and cook for him. Except for her—"

Abby was not listening. Six weeks? She thought: I'll be gone, too, and forever—into that other world of which you have no knowledge.

He said, very sharply, "Must you stand there like an imbecile?" The word bit into her, shook her back into the present, the immediate. "How can you so cheapen yourself, Abby? If you are not humiliated, I am, for you—sneaking out of your house to meet, to pursue this man . . ."

She said, "You said you would not have him here."

"From now on," he said unmoving, "I advise that you remain at home, and get your personal belongings in readiness for the trip."

It was, she thought, fortuitous, and the perfect excuse. She could have trunks brought down, pack and label them, and leave them in Mrs. Gambel's care.

"All right," she said, and went on up the stairs.

Wallace stood at the foot, looking up, frowning, after her.

In her room, her elation left her. She sat down on the edge of the bed, trembling. She thought: All today, when I was with Barry, we did not speak of my mother. . . .

Was it possible that either had forgotten? All day, driving up to the little town, driving back, she had not once thought . . . and he had not spoken.

She rose and went to the interphone and spoke into it. When Mrs. Gambel answered. Abby asked, "Would you come up, Mrs. Gambel? I want to talk to you about packing."

Something clicked, faintly. Anyone could listen over the interphone.

She waited for Mrs. Gambel, wondering how much to tell, or if it were too soon to tell anything. But in the long ago, when a governess was unkind, when a childish plan went wrong, when something happened to upset her, it was always to Mrs. Gambel that she had gone, sitting in the housekeeper's close, cluttered little living room, drinking the cambric tea she made her, listening to the stories of a Vermont village of another era. . . .

Mrs. Gambel knocked.

"Come in," said Abby, her eyes wide, and the color draining from her face.

Mrs. Gambel came in. She was an almost square woman, with thin gray hair combed upward and pinned in a hard, tight knot. She was conscious of her position. She wore decent black, and rarely, an apron. She ran the house with ease and efficiency, even with her present diminished staff.

"What's wrong?" she asked instantly.

Abby said, "I want you to help me. . . ."

Mrs. Gambel stood, uncompromising. She asked cautiously, "How?"

"Sit down," said Abby, making up her mind. And when Mrs. Gambel was sitting, very erect on the edge of the chair, she told her, and waited.

"It shouldn't be hard," said Mrs. Gambel slowly, with a gleam in her brown eyes.

Abby relaxed; relief was almost as sickening as tension. She said, "There's only you, Mrs. Gambel."

"I know," said Mrs. Gambel. She added, "You pack your things. I'll take what you want to have pressed and see that it's done. I'll carry your suitcase to the entrance myself." She added briskly, "You'll leave me the address for the trunks?"

Abby said, in wonder, "Is it as easy as that?" She looked at the older woman. "If my father finds out that you helped me, you'll be discharged," she warned her.

"And without a character," said Mrs. Gambel grimly. "But I've money saved, and my house, at home. In another two years, I was leaving anyway. I wouldn't have stayed on this long, if it hadn't been for the little I could do for you. Little enough."

She rose. She said, "Don't worry, Miss Abby. He won't find out. Even if he does, a good housekeeper isn't easy to find these days. He'd not like breaking someone else in."

She smiled, turning at the door. She said, "I got a look at the young man the other afternoon. I liked what I saw of him. I hope you'll be happy."

The door closed after her, but a moment later Abby opened it softly. She had heard her father's voice on the landing. It was low, but it carried.

He was saying, pleasantly, "Miss Abby sent for you, Mrs. Gambel?"

Mrs. Gambel explained sedately, "About the trunks. I'm afraid that Nellie isn't very expert as yet. She hasn't had the experience. But she can do the necessary pressing, and I'll help with the actual packing." She raised her voice a little. "Miss Abby needn't worry."

"Very well," said Wallace, "naturally we count on you, in any emergency."

She said severely, "Certainly, Mr. Wallace."

"IT SEEMS funny," remarked Abby, "not to have a trousseau."

"Engagement, trousseau," said Barry tolerantly. "So what? They come later. You are looking very beautiful, Mrs. Lambert."

They were driving back to Fairton after their marriage. She wore a dark silk suit, and her hat was a twist of silk, haloing her head. She was very pale but her lips were bravely red, and her eyes burned bright. On her left hand she wore her wedding ring, and the square emerald which flanked it.

She turned her hand and the emerald

caught the sun and threw it back again in darts of purest green.

He said, "I employed my five days well. I'm glad you like the ring."

Emerald or glass, it made no difference; he had given it to her. She smiled at him and he added, "As for the apartment, looking at it through your absent eyes, the less said, the better. But Mother will be enchanted to haul some furniture from the attic and do something about things."

"What things?"

"Women-things," he said vaguely, "slip covers, curtains. Oh, hell, who cares?" He added, "We were nearly late to our wedding. I could strangle Val. It seemed almost deliberate malice on her part . . . yet it couldn't have been. I got out so quietly—and so early—after coffee in the kitchen. And there she was; about to take a prebreakfast dip in the pool. For the first time in her life, I bet. She was solicitous *and* curious. Ten to one, as soon as the car drove out, she was upstairs hammering at Mother's door and announcing that I was off on some nefarious errand."

"I thought she was going back to town. I wish she had," said Abby.

He grinned, "You don't like her much, darling, do you?"

"I'm a little afraid of her," said Abby. "Even as a child, she was always so—I don't know how to put it—scornful, I suppose."

"Princess in rags," said Barry. "Dare say it was her type of compensation for the things you had and she had not. She is, however," he remarked, "a slick chick. Vining would have gone for her."

He seemed suddenly quite far away, and Abby asked, "Who's Vining?"

"A guy I used to know," said Barry shortly, "a very good guy." He was silent, remembering.

Abby touched his sleeve. "Come back to me," she said softly.

He shrugged. "Vining's dead," he told her. "Let's not talk about him today." He looked away and his hands were restless on the wheel. He said, "Sometimes I ask myself what the hell I'm doing here. Oh, don't argue, I know. But I still *ask.*"

His mood was strange to her; she was silent, adjusting herself.

Presently he inquired, "Not sorry that we phoned home, are you?"

"No." She wasn't, now. Now, she felt secure. But she hadn't wanted Barry to telephone. Couldn't they just be married, just go away? But he had said no, they couldn't. It was kinder to prepare Madge.

"You never know," he'd said, "when she'll go to pieces or stay together. And you forget we're on excellent terms, she and I."

That was when Abby's teeth had started chattering. She had managed to say, "But my father . . . I mean, if we phone her, we'll have to—"

"Nuts!" said Barry. "We'll go see him, after we've seen Mother."

Now Abby said, "I can't get over the way your mother took it."

Barry grinned. "I don't know how you knew it; she was incoherent enough."

Abby said, "It does seem mean . . . not telling her until afterward. I suppose she's waiting."

"With, I hope, lunch," said Barry cheerfully; "lots of lunch and a shaker. After that, the train, and New York, and tomorrow, the train again." He added gently, "Scared?"

She knew what he meant. She answered truthfully, "Not with you and never of you, Barry."

AS THEY drove in and parked the car, she saw the other car there and exclaimed, clutching Barry's arm, "That's Craig," she said wildly, "in the car. My father must be inside."

"Good!" said Barry. "Keep your chin up. Maybe Mother asked him to lunch, too."

Craig, watching, saw them get out of the car. He saw Abby hesitate and turn toward him, saw Barry take her arm. After a moment, they both waved and went in the house. The door stood open. . . .

Craig thought: She could have spoken to me.

He had lost what he had not had. The loss had been discovered not very long ago. Craig, talking to Morton, the gardener, and Morton saying, "Is that Gambel woman quitting?" He had disliked her always. "Saw her sneaking off at crack of dawn this morning, with a suitcase. . . ."

As simple as that, the curiosity aroused, and a little investigation set into motion. It was not hard to find Abby's trunks, packed, locked, the labels reading, Mrs. Barry Lambert and the New York address.

Mrs. Gambel was leaving presently for Vermont. There were other housekeepers, after all.

So Craig waited while Norman Wallace went to the Duncan house and, waiting, was rewarded by the glimpse of Abby's anxious face, but not so anxious that the radiance was obscured.

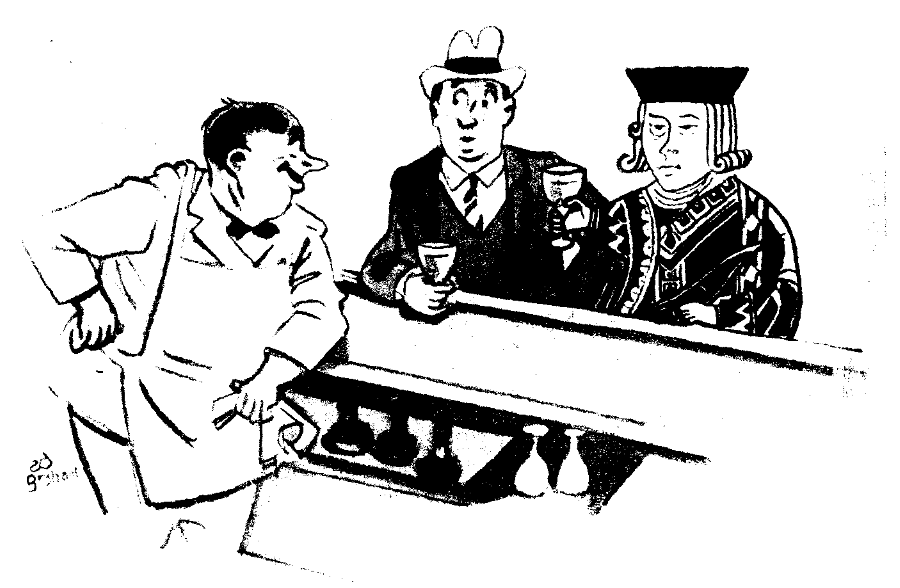
ABBY and Barry walked, handfast, into the hall, and Madge came tearing out of the living room to meet them. Duncan's rather sardonic face was apparent behind her. He merely stood there, grinned a little and shook his head.

Madge was boiling over, like a geyser. She put her thin arms around them both, she kissed them indiscriminately. She cried, "It's wonderful—though you should both be boiled in oil. I'm so excited, I can't talk. Barry, you crazy idiot! Abby, do you think you'll like me? I'm not *really* very likable."

Duncan extricated bride and bridegroom from his wife's grip. He kissed one, shook hands with the other. He said, low, "Hadn't you better tell them?"

Madge said, "Oh, I forgot. Abby, your father's here. He's in the little room off the living room. Darlings, he is in a tizzy. He's simply beside himself with rage. So I asked him to stay for luncheon and to fetch that poor Emerson boy in. He left him sitting outside like a chauffeur. Really, Abby, he's a most incredible person."

"First impervious man she ever met," said



COLLIER'S "Your friend's quite a card, ain't he?" ED GRAHAM

HOKKAIDO
OTARU
SAPPORO
SEA OF JAPAN
HONSHU
AKITA
SAKATA
SENDAI
Ishinomaki Bay
NIIGATA
Sado
C. Rokko
Noto Peninsula
Toyama Bay
TOYAMA
KANAZAWA
MITO
CHOSHI
C. Inubo
TOKYO
YOKOHAMA
Oki Shoto
Dogo
C. Hyogomo
Wakasa Bay
TSURUGA
NAGOYA
SHIZUOKA
Sagami Bay
C. Nojima
Owari Bay
OSAKA
WAKAYAMA
C. Shiono
Tosa Bay
SHIMONOSEKI
TSUSHIMA STRAIT
PACIFIC OCEAN
KAGOSHIMA
J. Anderson

WHERE IT'S 50° BELOW OVER TOKYO

. . . Rides New Heating Magic for Your Car

"ZERO" spells double-danger to the men who fight the Nips. There's the "Zero" with spitting cannons. There's also the fifty and sixty degree below-zero cold that can numb, paralyze, kill.

But along with armor against bullets goes armor against deadly cold!

It's a bantam "furnace"—heating magic that fights its enemy with a stream of life-saving heat. Protective heat for a plane's vital parts—heat that keeps young hands and minds working with split-second precision.

This is the "sealed flame" principle developed by Stewart-Warner. Millions know it in the South Wind heaters in their cars.

That's the car heater that now gives you "hot heat in 90 seconds". . . it's the heater that on shortest shopping trips, gives you warm comfort in blocks instead of miles. But the lessons learned in the killing cold of enemy skies will bring you a South Wind that gives more heat *even faster* for your new car of tomorrow.

Yes, riding far Pacific skies is the pattern for your coming South Wind car heater. It will come to you tested and proved, not only in airplanes but on land and sea—wherever cold is the *extra* enemy of our fighting men.

Tomorrow... This Heating Magic Can Add New Blessings to Your Life

You can expect the magic of improved South Wind Heaters for your car. You will also get automatic, even heat for your home from South Winds no larger than a suitcase.

Thousands of revolutionary South Winds like them are at war today. The miracles they are performing are those you can expect in your South Wind of tomorrow.

South Wind Heaters
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

STEWART WARNER

ARMY NAVY

To Manufacturers: Available now for use in essential products are compact, lightweight South Winds in sizes ranging from 10.000 to 200.000 Btu/hr. output. If you can use big heat from such small sources—now or post-war—write us outlining your requirements.

Heater Division, Stewart-Warner Corporation, Chicago 14, Illinois

NO OTHER RAZOR

EVER RECEIVED AN ENDORSEMENT LIKE THIS

▶ In 1942 war-time restrictions prevented us from providing Schick Blades for civilians. All of our production went to our fighting men. Hundreds of thousands of civilians had no choice but to lay aside their Schick Injector Razors and use some other type of razor on the market. And they had to keep on using these other razors *for almost a year!*

Then came the test!—a test probably unequalled in all razor history. For once again Schick Blades became available. Now would these hundreds of thousands keep on with other razors—or would they return to their old Schick Injector Razors?

Some predicted we had lost our civilian customers. Others said half. But how wrong the prophets were! Here's what actually happened. The Schick Injector Razors were *put back to work*—almost to a man! We know because Schick Blade sales climbed back to pre-war levels within a few short months. A drastic test—and a dramatic answer!

And now here's news for you who have wanted—but couldn't get—a Schick Injector Razor. We expect to resume civilian production shortly—so in a few months your store will have one for you. Then we hope you, too, will try the razor that passed the supreme test of razor loyalty.

SOON TO BE AVAILABLE

THE EXCLUSIVE SHAVING ADVANTAGES MEN COULDN'T FORGET!

BLADE CORNER GUARDS

SOLID GUIDE BAR

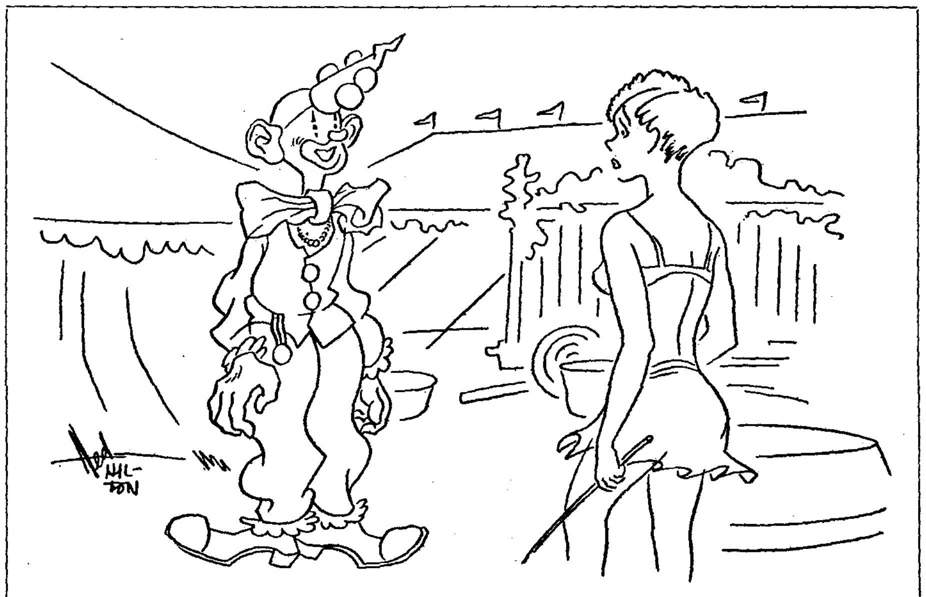
AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE . . . A pull and push on the Injector shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp edges or paper wrappers.

SOLID GUIDE BAR . . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Makes whiskers pop up for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.

DOUBLE-THICK BLADES . . . twice as thick as ordinary blades, 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. Take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.

Schick Injector Razor

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT 1, CONN.



COLLIER'S "Sure feels good to be back in civilian clothes" NED HILTON

Duncan. He put his hand on Abby's shoulder, and his amiable face showed concern. He said, "He's pretty sore, my dear."

Madge said, "After all, he is only a man!" She put her arm around Abby's waist. She said, "You look lovely. Now come along, you two, and get it over with."

"Just as long," said Barry, "as we don't miss the train tomorrow!"

He took Abby's hand, and Duncan followed. They went through the pleasant living room, with its hodgepodge of chintzes, flowers, furniture and into the small square room which Madge for no good reason called her office.

Norman Wallace was standing by the fireplace. His eyes, resting on Abby and the big redheaded young man with her, were as expressionless as a snake's.

He said, with a terrifying courtesy, "Could I ask you to let me speak with my daughter, alone?"

Barry spoke seriously. He said, "She's my wife, Mr. Wallace. I'm staying."

ROBERT DUNCAN took Madge's arm. He suggested, and no one listened except Madge, "Suppose we clear out?"

They cleared. But at the doorway, Madge was overtaken by impulse. She said sweetly, "And I do *so* hope you'll stay to luncheon," in the general direction of her son's father-in-law. Duncan hauled her away hastily. But she was laughing. They heard her light voice trail off, "Of course I'm sorry for her, darling, but Barry will take care of the situation . . . and, after all, it's all so ridiculous."

"Exactly," said Norman Wallace, "my feeling." He looked at Abby. "I have dismissed Mrs. Gambel," he said. "I suppose you knew that would happen?"

"I hoped that it wouldn't," she said.

He asked, "What else could you expect? And now may I inquire your plans?"

He spoke to Abby, but Barry answered, "We are going to town this afternoon and tomorrow to Hot Springs for two weeks." He said, "We shall then return to my apartment in New York . . . as I am working, in the offices of the Elson Estate."

Wallace laid his arm along the low mantel. He said, "This marriage has been singularly ill-advised. You have known each other a matter of days. Abby knows nothing about you . . ."

Abby said clearly, "I know all I need to know."

"Nor you," said Wallace, "about her. For your sake as well as hers, I came here—assuming that my daughter would not have the common decency to return with you to her own house—to ask you if she has told you about her mother."

"She has," said Barry promptly, while Abby's heart stumbled and then went on, too fast.

Wallace's gray eyes looked away from the black ones. A little color rose heavily to his face. He asked, "And you have no comment?"

"None," said Barry.

"You accept the responsibility?"

Barry said cautiously, "If there is a responsibility, yes."

"Very well," said Wallace. He dropped his arm to his side. He looked extremely tired. He said, "I acted as I believed best, as any father would. In any circumstances, it would be impossible for me to approve of a marriage undertaken in this fashion. However, I shall send out the usual announcements."

"If only," agreed Barry kindly, "to save your face."

Wallace looked at him. "Quite," he agreed dryly. "I shall naturally make the best of what is, to put it mildly, an unhappy position. Only Abby must understand one thing: She is free to come and go from what has been her home for many years; and you, as her husband, with her. But if for any reason, she finds that her extraordinary impulsiveness has led her into a situation from which she wishes to extricate herself, she need not come to me for assistance."

"Oh," said Barry smiling, "if it's that bad, I'll extricate her myself, Mr. Wallace. It's the least I could do for her."

He held Abby's hand very hard and the ring cut into it. It hurt, but she did not try to disengage herself. She was smiling. It seemed to her that Barry had made as exquisitely humorous a remark as she had ever heard.

"That's very interesting," said Wallace. He added, "I understand that you were in the war," as if he had said, "in a zoo."

"Long enough," said Barry, "and while I hate to disappoint you, my discharge is honorable."

Wallace's smile was frosty. He said, "You believe in the strategy of attack."

"I don't know much about strategy," said Barry. "I went in as a private. At various times I became a corporal, even a sergeant, but I was always busted back to a private again. I came out a sergeant," he added, "probably because I did come out."

"Then," said Wallace, "you dislike responsibility? For I assume you have sufficient intelligence for leadership, you so readily assume it now."

"It's a little different," said Barry.

"Is it?" asked Wallace. He thought: This is an extraordinarily stubborn and handsome young man. Handsome was perhaps not the exact word. He was reminded suddenly of Michelangelo's Adam. He said, with indifference, "When you are back and settled, you will let me know?"

"Father—" Abby began. She took a step forward, and Barry released her hand. But without the touch of his flesh against hers, she was lost, and stood there, uncertain.

"Well?" asked Wallace, with enormous patience.

She said helplessly, "Nothing. Just that I wish it had not been this way."

"It was your way," he reminded her. He walked toward the door, his shoulders square, his head erect. He said to Barry, "Please tell your mother I am sorry not to be able to accept her hospitality."

They stood aside to let him pass but suddenly Abby flashed into life. She had reached the door before her father and was running through the larger room, out into the hall and down the steps to the parked cars. Craig turned and saw her beside him, her hat a tilted halo, her face flushed. She said, "I couldn't let you go without saying goodby, and—I'm sorry."

He said a little formally, "Thanks, Abby." Then his face softened. He added, "You have made an unholy mess of it, haven't you?"

She shook her head. She said, "No."

"You're happy, you're going to be happy?" he asked her with resignation.

"Of course." She hesitated. She said, "I have always known that my father had no particular feeling for me, Craig. But I believe he has now. I believe he hates me."

He said uneasily, "It's been a shock to him, Abby. You'll have to make allowances for that."

She said, "It doesn't matter now. It's silly, but because it doesn't, I should feel grieved, shouldn't I? But I don't. And that's, somehow, the worst of all."

Her father came up on the other side of the car. He said, "We'll go home now," as if he spoke to a servant, and Craig's color darkened slightly. He looked at Abby, and she stood aside. He said, "Good luck!"

The car drove away, and Abby stood looking after it. Barry came tearing down the steps, caught her up in his arms and carried her back into the house. He said, "What goes on? It's far too soon for the old flame to start burning again!"

"What old flame?" demanded Madge, appearing with her husband. "Not Craig Emerson! Don't tell me, Abby! He's nice, but a little bloodless, don't you think?" she asked, detached. "Oh, do set her down, Barry, and stop laughing. You'll drop her. No wonder," said Madge, "that she fancies herself in love with you, after being shut up for a hundred years with that old—"

"You are speaking," interrupted Barry pontifically, "of the father of the woman I love!"

"So-and-so," said Madge imperturbably, "and Craig, too."

BARRY set Abby on her feet. He said, "What's all this about lunch?"

"And champagne," said Duncan. "I hauled it up personally from the cellar. Lanson '28, The Widow, heaven bless her, '29, and—"

"Amen," said Barry piously.

Madge said, "Let me take Abby upstairs for a moment."

"Warning and stuff?" asked Barry. "Okay, but be a little restrained, Mother. I don't want her jumping, screaming, out of windows."

He saw Abby flush and could have lashed himself for saying it. He caught and held her eyes with his own, trying to tell her: I'm sorry. Doesn't it prove to you that I don't believe it, when I could forget and say a thing like that?

After a moment, he saw her smile.

He watched them go upstairs and then spoke to Duncan. He said, "How about a cocktail?"

MADGE took Abby into her big sunny bedroom, the big bed tented in white canopies, the dressing table littered with jars and bottles, crystal and silver. She said, "Take down your hair, darling. Literally, if you wish, and remove some of the dust of your elopement from that marvelous little pan."

Abby said, "You're awfully good."

"Sometimes," said Madge complacently, "and sometimes I'm quite the contrary."

Abby said, "Barry left my suitcase downstairs." She fished in her handbag for a comb and lipstick. She had taken off her hat, and now she freed her hair and let it hang and combed it as well as she could with the miniature implement and began to coil it again.

"Honestly," said Madge, staring, "if I had hair like that, I—"

"What?"

"Never mind. Ask me in twenty years. I can't believe Barry's married," she said; "I can't believe it."

"In a way," said Abby, "I can't either."

"I used to think I'd cheerfully scratch the eyes out of any daughter-in-law he would bring me, no matter how many and how often," said Madge. "But I feel exceedingly sentimental and pleased at the moment. He needs—you, I think. He's changed," she said; "he's changed very much since his return. There's something lacking which was there before; and there's something new . . . a little hard," she said. "And then, of course," she added, "I've spoiled him."

"I know. He told me so."

"He did?" asked Madge. "You know he adores me, but he really hasn't any *use* for me. So you don't need to be jealous of me, Abby."

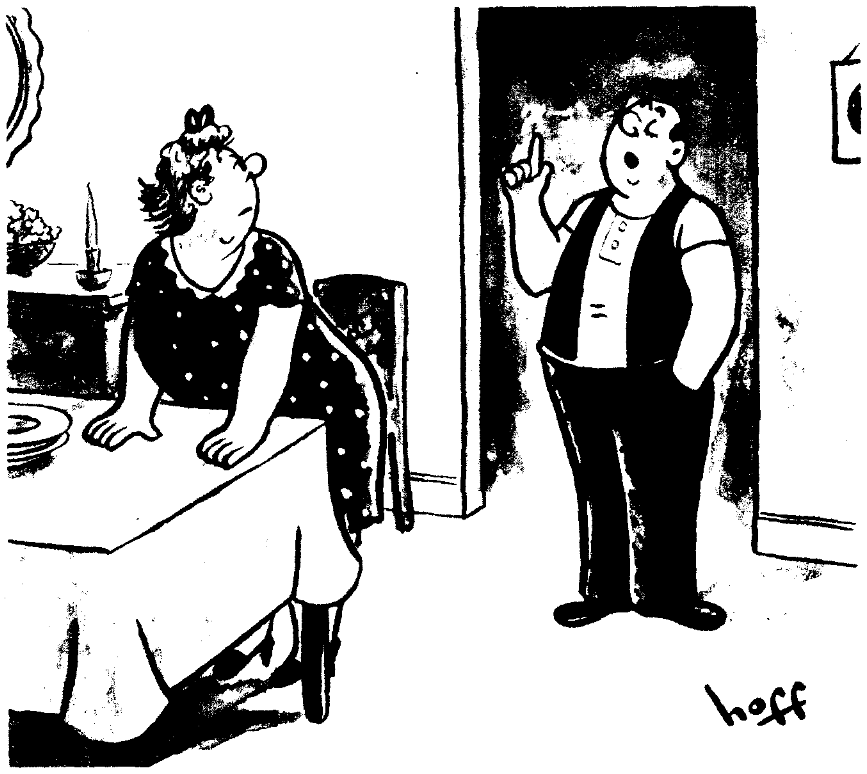
"I'm not."

"You could be," said Madge shrewdly. "You could be jealous of anyone or anything he cared for. But I'm not in that picture. Of course, I'll always love him, and when you two start quarreling, I'll probably take his side . . . unless I have sense enough to keep my mouth shut. Because no matter how fond I grow of you—"

Abby said, "That's all right, Mrs. Duncan."

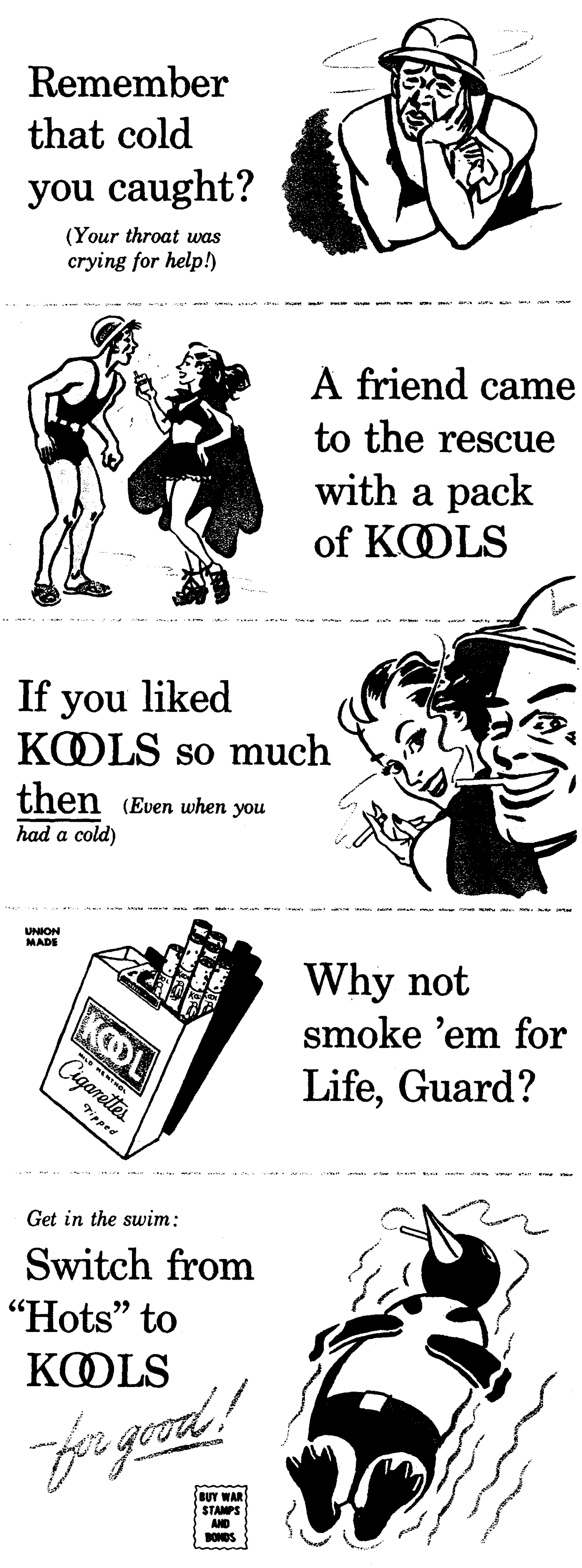
"Try Madge, for size," said her mother-in-

(Continued on page 65)



"The Grishavers are fancy people, dear, so be sure to serve the beer in cocktail glasses"

COLLIER'S SYDNEY HOFF


Remember that cold you caught?

(Your throat was crying for help!)

A friend came to the rescue with a pack of KOOLS

If you liked KOOLS so much then *(Even when you had a cold)*

UNION MADE

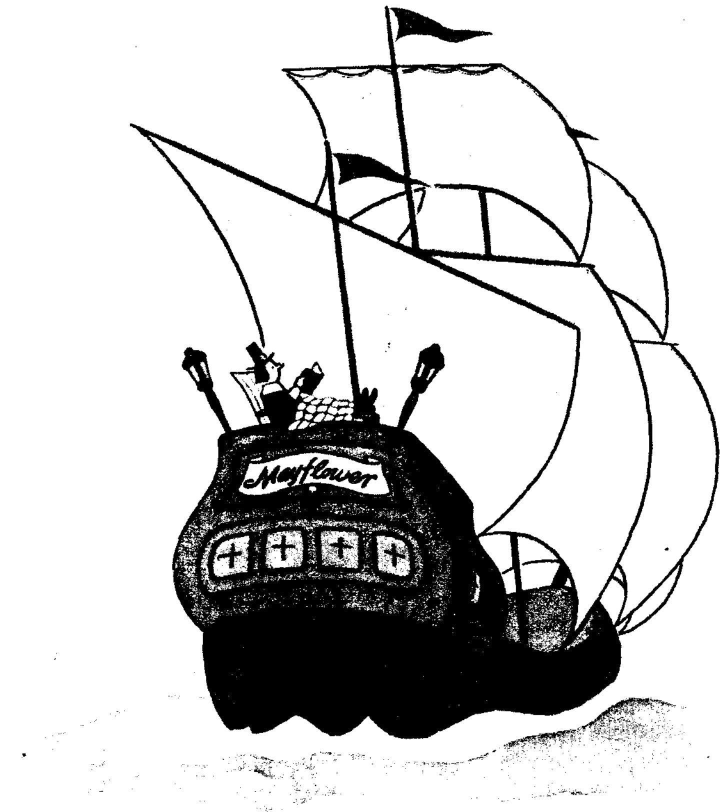
Why not smoke 'em for Life, Guard?

Get in the swim:

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

—for good!

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS



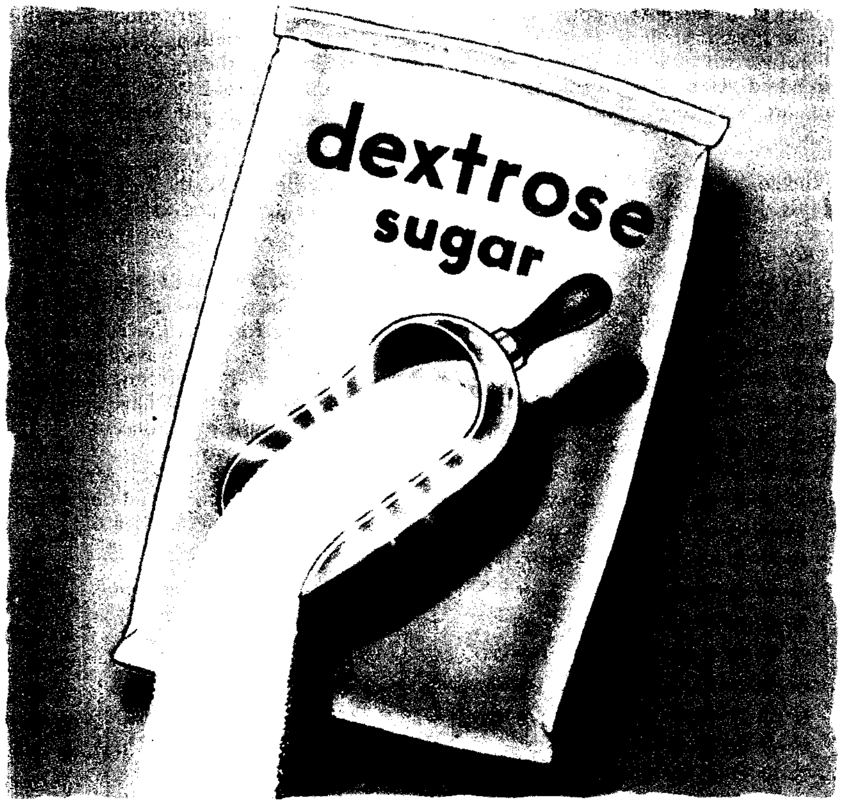
when you think of the Mayflower...

PLYMOUTH ROCK

...you think of the Pilgrims

Tony Sarlow

when you think of energy...



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...think of dextrose sugar

THROUGH the centuries, human energy has conquered continents, harnessed the elements, built empires. Strangely enough, this great human force, energy, is derived chiefly from a very simple substance called dextrose...the "fuel" sugar that powers both mental and physical activity. All other car-bo-hy-drate foods must be changed into dextrose by digestion before the body can use them for energy.

Pure dextrose is a sparkling white sugar, mildly sweet, cooling and refreshing to taste . . . it is food energy in its simplest form.

Corn Products Refining Company
One of the producers of

PURE... SWEET... SPARKLING WHITE

dextrose

NATURAL QUICK-ENERGY SUGAR

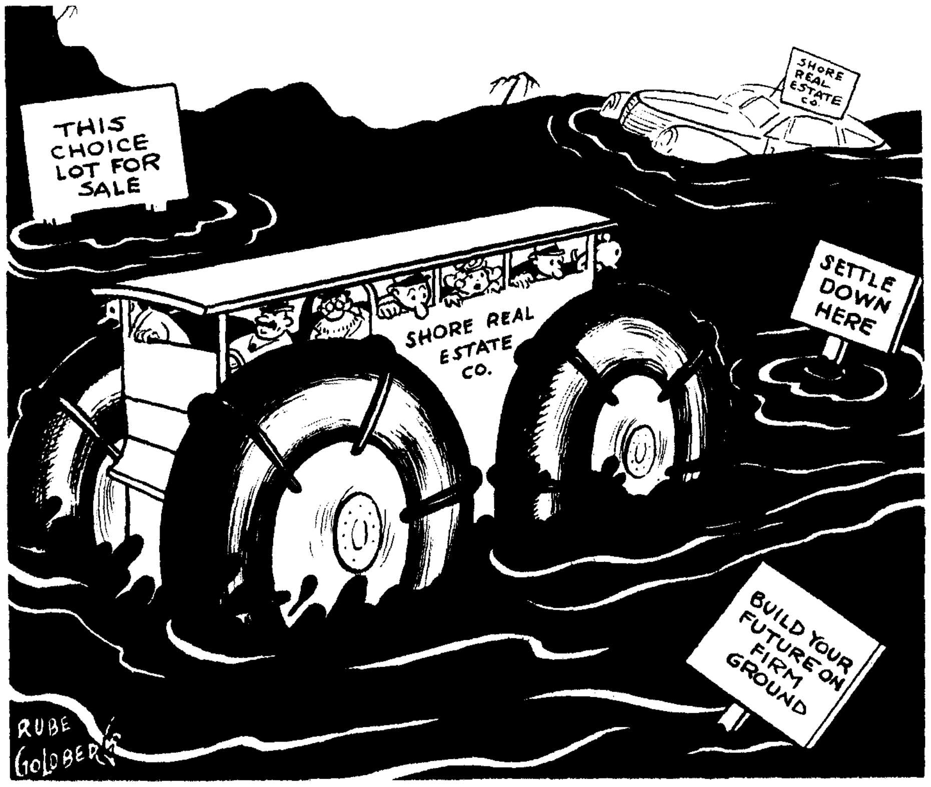
P. S. "dextrose" is *not* a brand name or a trademark . . . it is the scientific name for the basic fuel sugar of the human body.

PRACTICALLY all the dextrose produced in America is used by progressive food manufacturers...to improve the quality, texture and flavor of fine foods . . . breads, biscuits, candies, cereals, soft drinks, ice creams, table syrups, prepared desserts, jams, jellies, preserves . . . and many others.

At present, the demand for dextrose far exceeds the supply of this valuable sugar. The several producers of dextrose are working at full capacity... and striving to increase production to fulfill orders for dextrose from thousands of food processors.

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY



Even the Swamps Will Be Conquered

Hop into your marsh buggy tomorrow and go for a ride through a nice gluey swamp, or take a spin through a stretch of tropical everglades without fear of being bogged down. Come to a piece of dry ground and roll away at twenty miles an hour, or splash into lake or river and push along at four. These are some of the things you can do if you are an oil prospector or a bayou farmer or an explorer on the Amazon after the war.

So great will be the need for petroleum that the search for new fields must soon penetrate even the swamplands of the South and the slimy bogs of Central America. But until the makers of auto tires solved the problem, there was no way of carrying heavy prospecting equipment into these fearsome, snake-infested badlands where no human had ever been. Their solution has just come through in a new kind of amphibious vehicle that can navigate land or water or bottomless mud.

The new marsh buggy is a leviathan of rubber tires—four of them, ten feet in diameter and more than two feet thick. Supported between them is a platform carrying the driving engine and a canopied deck space on which eight or ten men can ride. Simple in design, it was impossible to build until tire makers developed special machinery to lay up these huge rings of rubber and vulcanize the tubes to fit.

The buggy's wheels are hollow, watertight aluminum drums which help float the vehicle. Rubber paddle vanes on the tire treads give traction in the water and mud. The buggy floats so high that its passengers are carried safely through the dirtiest swamp.

Tiny Glass Threads for Safer Operations

No matter how well organized a hospital operating room may be, there is always the off-chance that a surgical "sponge," used to stop blood flow, will be sewed up inside a patient when a major operation is finished. In the future this danger may be ended entirely, for glass technicians have invented a method of tagging sponges so that their presence can be detected with certainty.

Into the texture of the standard gauze sponge a single glass thread is woven. The glass contains a metal which is opaque to X-rays. If complications develop after the operation, and the surgeon suspects a forgotten sponge, a few moments' search under the X-ray machine will definitely reveal the shadow of the thread if it is there, and the sponge can be removed before the wound has begun to heal.

A Break for Lighthouses

Nobody lately has thought much about the faithful lighthouse and its warning flash, for most of our coastal beacons have been dark during the war. But the lights are coming on again, and many of them will have a brilliant new signal—a flash as vivid as a lightning bolt itself. Engineers have developed an electric apparatus that can produce billions of light units in a thousandth part of a second. Lighthouses will be among the first to benefit.

The new device for snapping night pictures from warplanes was invented by a specialist on high-speed photography, Doctor Harold E. Edgerton of M.I.T. Known as the "flying flash camera," it works on the familiar principle of the common hammer, by storing up a lot of energy, then releasing it in a single sharp blow. Doctor Edgerton stores a heavy electric charge in a special circuit, then suddenly releases it in one violent surge through a tiny glass tube. The result is a blinding explosion of light. So great is the power released all in an instant that wood a foot from the tube will be charred by the heat.

In the lighthouse of tomorrow the new flasher will be visible many miles farther than old-time electric or gas lights, which will make it especially valuable to small fishing boats and pleasure craft that cannot afford to use the radar or radio compass. On airways, also, it is expected to add one more element of safety, since the light is so brilliant that it will penetrate even a deep fog. ★★★

The Expendable Heart

Continued from page 63

law. "I wish you had seen Val's face when I told her. Darling, she was furious."

"Why?"

"Are you doing that on purpose?"

"I'm being cautious," Abby said.

"Fine," said Madge. "As long as you're not really a little dope. She wanted him, of course. Well, powder your classic nose and let's go down and see if she has returned from a very hasty call she had to make in the village. This ought to be good."

Whether it was good, in Madge's sense or not, Abby never knew. Excitement sustained her through luncheon—through the toasts and the laughter, and Val making funny little faces at her over a glass of champagne, Val behaving very much as Val had always behaved, a little condescending, a little amused.

"So romantic," said Val, "you two, going off the deep end of the swimming pool together. Lucky there was water in it." She regarded Barry and her brown eyes danced. She said, "You have broken my heart but I forgive you."

Barry stretched his long legs beneath the table. He said cheerfully, "I know a guy who can mend it for you, Val. Next time he gets to town on leave, I'll have him call you up."

"Do," said Val, "but first, for the record, tell me what Abby's got that I haven't."

"I wouldn't know," said Barry, "but whatever it is, I want it." He looked at his watch. He said, "This is all very well, but Mrs. Lambert and I must be on our way. We have a train to catch."

His mother said, "No, you haven't. You're taking the car. It will use up all the coupons I saved against an emergency, but it's a sort of wedding gift. Duncan will drive you." She added, "Speaking of gifts . . ."

The pearls for Abby. Val sat, a little later, on the big screened porch and watched Madge clasp them about Abby's neck. She saw the round pearls against Abby's throat, she saw the emerald on her hand and she was consumed with rage. You had a good chance so seldom, especially these days. Each lost was one less.

Presently, they all watched the car drive off. When they returned to the house, the shadows lay thick and golden on the grass. Madge put her arm through Val's and they went inside.

Later, lifting her glass, she looked at Val. "Better luck next time," she said.

"I certainly hope so, and you can't blame me."

"Why should I? Your headwork is wonderful," said Madge.

Val smiled faintly. She said, "I grow no younger, Madge. I meet very few eligible men. The attractive men, those with any substance, are usually married. I'm tired of my job and too lazy to look for another."

Madge said serenely, "If Barry had married you, I would have wished him luck. He would have needed it, I think. I like you, but I'm just as glad that he didn't."

"What does he see in her," inquired Val, "except, of course, her face and her figure and that unlikely hair?"

"Which should be enough," agreed Madge. "But I think he sees more than that. I wonder how much more."

Val asked sharply, "Just what do you mean by that?"

"Nothing," said Madge. "Only, Abby has an expendable heart."

AT DUSK, the mountains were blue against the darkening sky; at night they were crowned with stars; and when the sun rose, they were as armies marching.

Abby and Barry had a cottage, with a fireplace in the living room, and so small a space seemed inadequate to house as much happiness as was contained there.

Barry felt as if his heart held its breath. It seemed incredible to him—a man of ordinary, lusty, ephemeral experience—that any woman was capable of so swift and sweet a response, not alone in her physical being but in the quick response of her mind and spirit, her almost uncanny awareness of his mood.

He, himself, was as a man divided in two. Half of him was unspeakably happy, under a wide sky, under a summer sun, with Abby beside him . . . the lazy days, the long rides on the winding bridle paths, the secret excitement of entering a public room and watching people stop speaking to stare at his wife, the people they met, kind, amusing . . . cocktails at six . . . dinner at their small table . . . Abby dancing to a good orchestra, light and close in his arms . . . and at night, alone in the still cottage, Abby speaking to him as from a long, mutually dreamed dream. . . .

But the other half knew preoccupations which had nothing to do with the girl he had married. While he and Abby played at being man and wife, they were in reality no more and no less than lovers, for marriage comes later, as he knew. And he asked himself: What am I doing here? as he had asked it before. A scar across his ribs, a knee that ached after an hour's ride or twisted suddenly on the golf course—why should these keep him safe and unafraid? He tried to tell Abby about it, when she questioned him. She was always questioning him, sometimes in words, sometimes by her silences.

She said, "Darling, you did your share."

"Share, share," he said irritably. "That's a specious word. What is anyone's share? You can't divide it into portions."

They were sitting on the porch of the cottage, and presently they would walk over to the hotel and join some people for drinks. Abby had dressed for dinner, in a long, leaf-green frock. Her clothes were, he thought, diverted, spectacular. She said frequently that she did not like them. When she returned to New York, she said firmly, she would dress as she pleased.

Looking at her tonight, he thought: She dislikes Wallace so much that anything he approved would, of course, be distasteful to her.

He cleared his throat and tried to explain. He said, "Look, honey, it isn't, I suppose, patriotism. . . . I mean, duty and all that. I don't even know that I fought for an ideal. All I know is, there was a scrap and I wanted to get into it even if I didn't much like it afterward, the discipline and the awful monotony. I thought, when I get overseas, there won't be *that*. But there was. That's what war is: monotony, pain, and blood and fear, but always the monotony. But there's a—a kinship which is not like anything you've known before."

He was silent a moment. Then he said, "You work with men, you live and sweat and sometimes die with them. Men you haven't known before, might never have known. Often they are as strange to you as if you spoke a different language. But pretty soon you evolve a language which each can understand. So you talk it. You get to know them. You get to like them and sometimes to hate them and most often to be bored to insanity with them . . . and it's all mixed up, and part of a pattern. Then you find out that no one will ever be closer to you, or as close." He broke off and asked, "Abby, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," she told him. She said, "Tell me about Vining."

Barry was startled. How to describe Vining of whom he preferred not to speak?

"He was a good guy," he said moderately. "Californian. He hadn't been married long. His father was a druggist in a little town. Vining didn't like the drug business. He said it stunk. He had a couple of years at college and then quit. He was selling life insurance when he got in."

ABBY thought: I wouldn't have liked Vining. It was not jealousy, it went deeper. It was not as mean an emotion, nor as passionate. It was the stubborn will to love this man completely, and so completely to be loved by him, that it would be as if neither had existed before their initial meeting.

He said, "I guess it's time to get going. The Winslows will be waiting."

"What on earth do you see in them?" she asked idly, coming to sit on the arm of his chair.

He said, surprised, "Don't you like them? They're good fun. He's a swell old boy, if a bit of a stuffed shirt, and she's a riot. I—"

She said quickly, "Of course, they're very kind."

He said, "Trouble with you, darling, you aren't gregarious and you made the mistake of marrying a man who is."

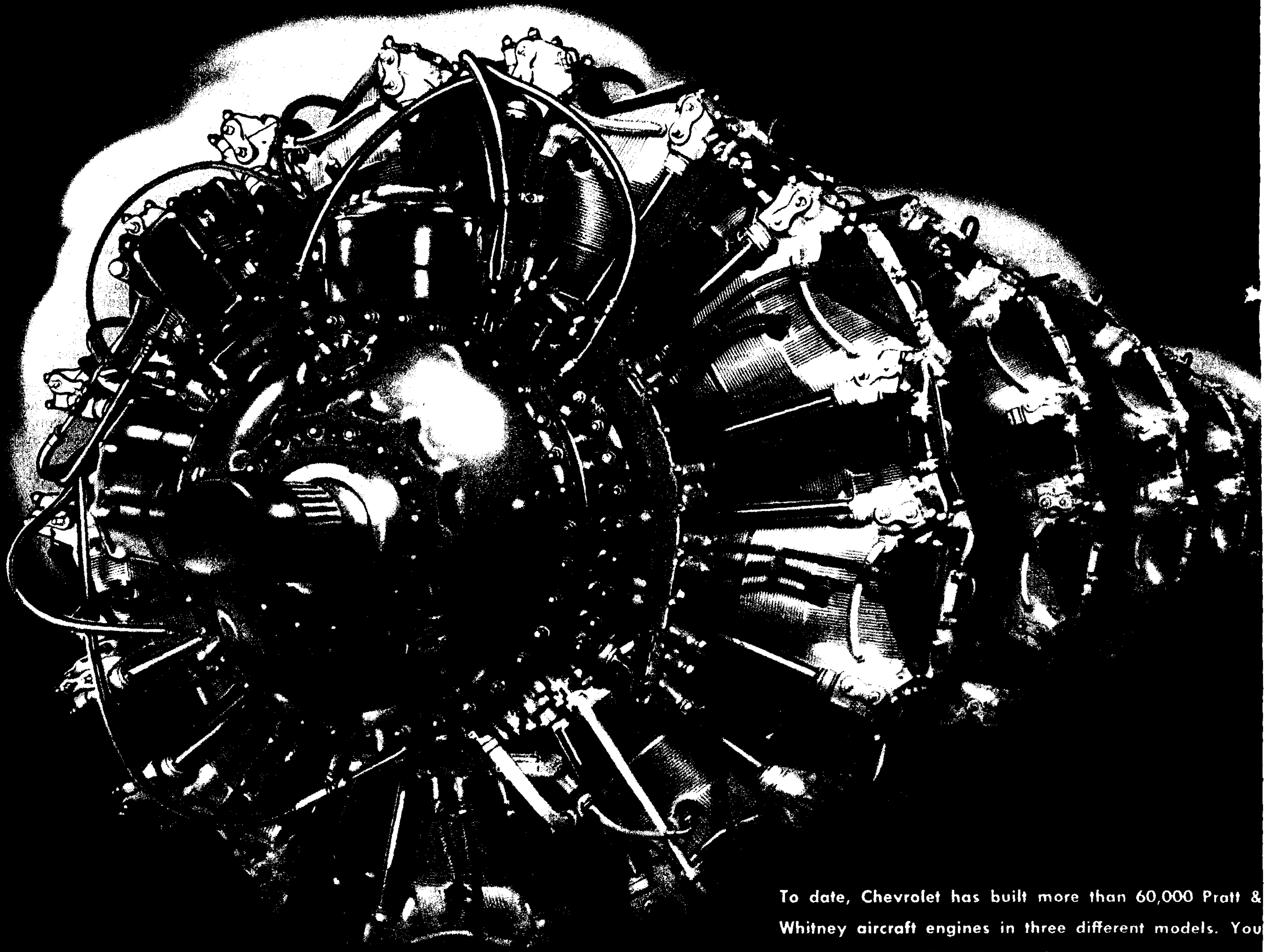
It was true enough. She said, troubled, "It isn't that I don't like people. Only I haven't had very much to do with them."

He said, "You'll learn. Wait till we get home and the local gentry drop in. You'll have to like most of them, Abby. You won't be able to help it. I've had a hell of a lot of fun in district headquarters . . . also ring-

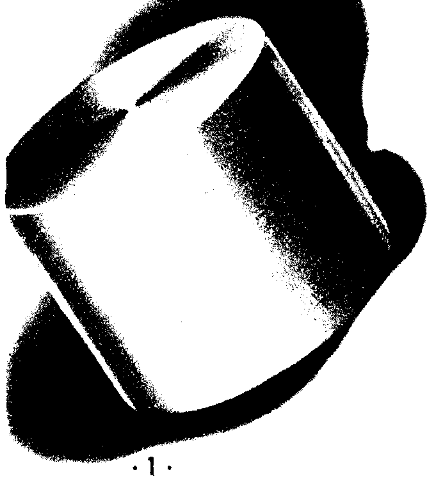
Follow ONE vital part
through ONE Chevrolet-operated plant
and you will gain some idea of what

BUILDING 60,000 AIRCRAFT ENGINES

means . . .

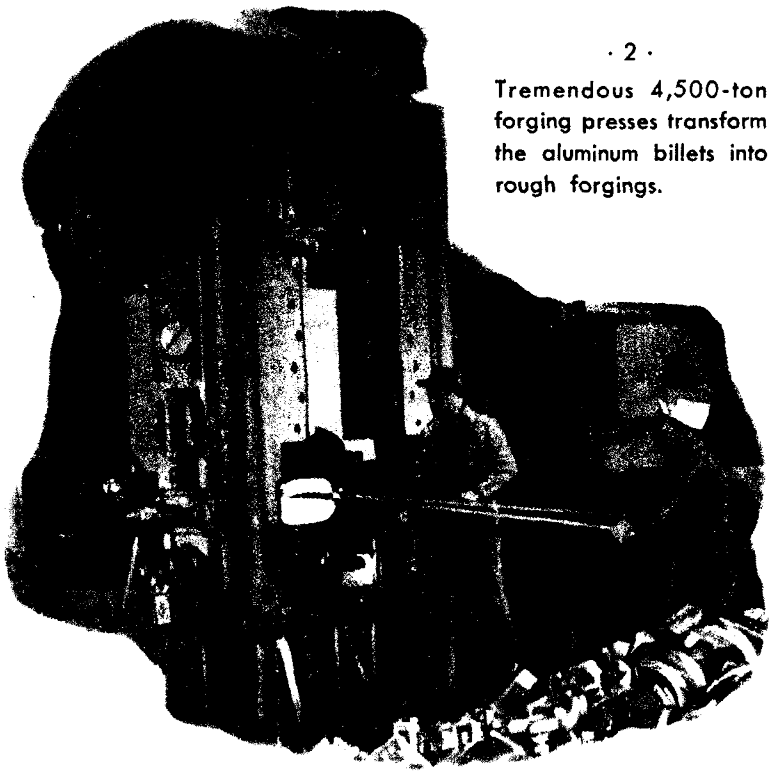


To date, Chevrolet has built more than 60,000 Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines in three different models. You will have some idea of what this means in terms of an engineering and manufacturing program if you will consider just a few of the operations performed on one part the cylinder head.



· 1 ·

t first, we have only an alumi-
ım billet like this—to be
ɔrged and machined into a
nished cylinder head for an
R-2800" engine.



· 2 ·

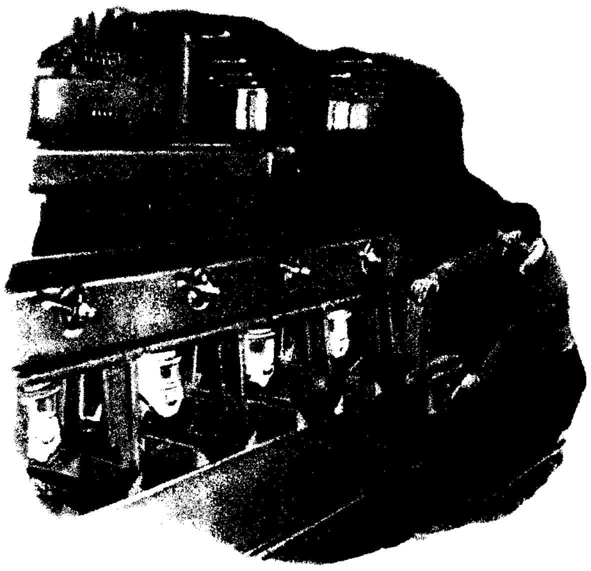
Tremendous 4,500-ton forging presses transform the aluminum billets into rough forgings.

· 3 ·

After the rough forging comes from water and acid baths, a locator hole is drilled to serve as a guide in performing many of the subsequent operations.

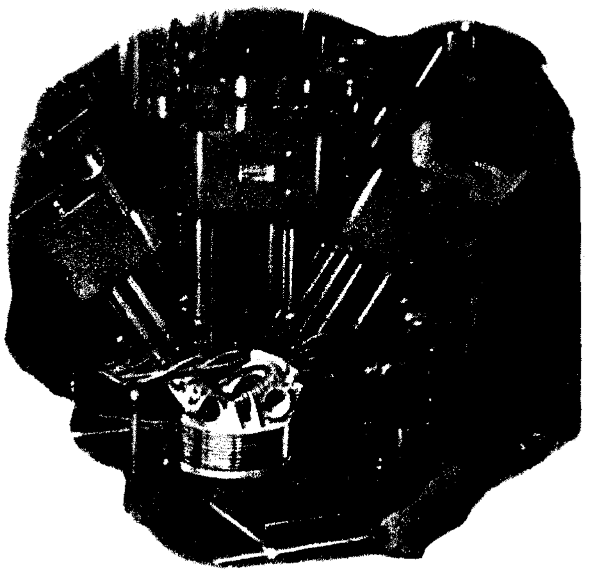
· 4 ·

lundreds of machines burr, drill, cut and mill the
ɔrgings to infinitely close tolerances as they
ırogress toward the finished state.



· 5 ·

This ingenious, four-spindle finning machine saws the peculiar fin-like surfaces (82 fins on a front head, 80 on a rear head) to extremely close limits.



· 6 ·

Final machining operations bring the cylinder head to a state of jewel-like precision; and after minute tests and inspections, it is ready for installation in an "R-2800" engine.

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DIVISION OF

GENERAL MOTORS

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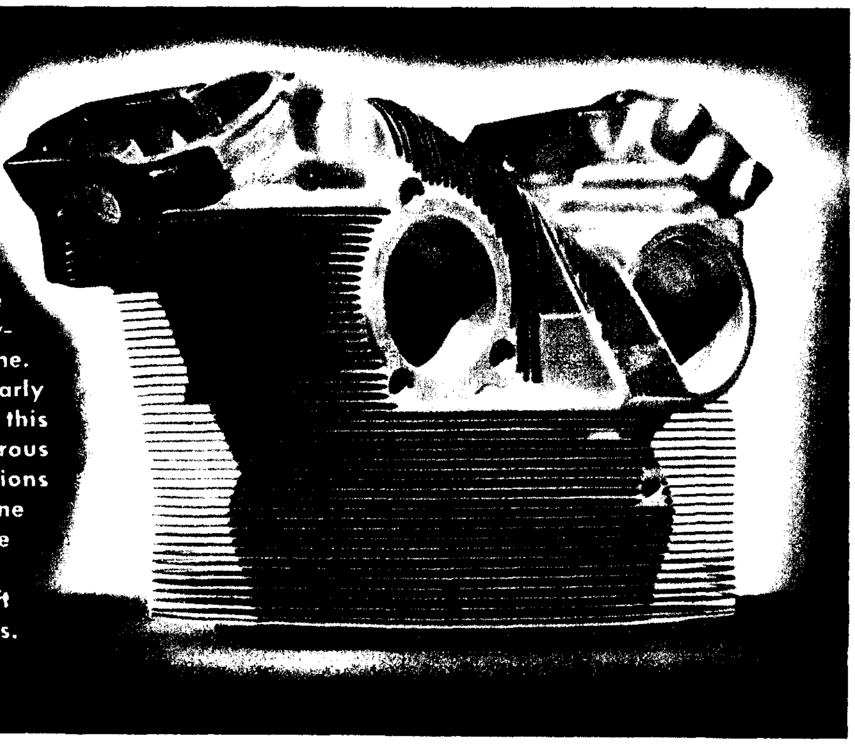
The finished cylinder head (there are 18 to an engine) weighs approximately 25 pounds, and each cylinder develops more power than does the average automobile engine. Now multiply the nearly 100 operations on this ONE part by the numerous and complicated operations on many other engine parts, and you will have some idea of what building 60,000 aircraft engines really means.



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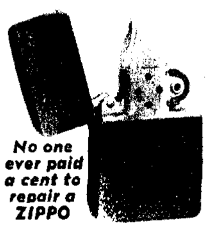

I'VE GONE TO WAR SO BUY WAR STAMPS INSTEAD

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ing doorbells and getting to know people. They plod up my stairs, and I set out the beer and the cheese—if I can get it—and presently the air is blue with smoke, and we argue and talk and settle the world's problems." He added, "Wait till you get a load of Hageney—he's the district leader. He owns an antique shop and lives above it. What a character! He's the guy who persuaded me that I ought to go to law school."

"Law school?" said Abby, startled.

"I didn't tell you?" asked Barry. "Well, have we had time?" He put his arm around her. "Next fall," he said, "evening classes."

"But *why?*" she asked. "I mean you never said you wanted to be a lawyer."

"No more do I," he said. "I don't want to practice, and the whole setup will take years. I never was much of a student, but a knowledge of the law is a good weapon and—to mix a metaphor—a springboard into practical politics. Did you think I was going to sit on my fanny and yawn over the affairs of the Elson Estate for the next half century? Not me, baby!"

She said, after a moment, "But I'll be alone. . . ."

"Sure, and if you had a guy who drank like a fish or wolfed around after women, or wrote books or was an actor or a singer or a traveling salesman, you'd be alone, too . . . some of the time." He pulled her close and kissed her. Then he said, "Let's be on our way."

Autumn was a long way off, the summer was before them. She thought: Perhaps he will change his mind and he'll just forget about it, after a while.

So they went to the cocktail party. The Winslows were amusing, Barry had a wonderful time, and Abby looked fabulous, and Winslow smote Barry on the back and said, "Oh boy, are you lucky!"

Barry thought he was; he thought himself the most fortunate of men—yet he was by no means insensitive. Before they left for New York he was beginning to be aware of a quality in Abby's love for him which was faintly disturbing. He could not name it. If he had, he might have called it devouring, only that would seem an incongruous term to use for her. But there it was, and it had nothing to do with the give and take of passion. It was not as easily dismissed.

He had believed that if there was a flaw in her, she lacked humor—as indeed she might, considering the life she had led. But he found to his delight, that he was mistaken. She had humor, very much her own, subtle, mischievous and unexpected. She had, perhaps, little occasion to exercise it before. But now, as she was happy, she could laugh.

He thought, a hundred times a day, and his mind rapped wood: Boy! Am I lucky!

So when the faint disturbance troubled him, he brushed it aside. The honeymoon scales of emotion maintain a very delicate balance. Abby was younger in many ways than her years. She had been unhappy for a long time. All this he knew, as he rationalized the things which made him uneasy.

THERE was little he did not know about Abby, now. She gave him her past life as though it were a trivial gift which he could regard and then throw away. In return, she wanted his. It made him uncomfortable, the questioning, the gentle probing. Not that there was anything to hide, but he felt like a damned fool, talking about things which had happened so long ago they might as well have happened to someone else.

For the most part, he was patient with her, more patient than anyone who had known him would suspect he could be. But he was puzzled. And once, when she asked him about Val, "How did you feel about her? Were you attracted by her?" he was amused but irritated.

"Look, brat," he said, "you told me once you didn't want to know about my girls."

"She was your girl?"

"Don't be so quick on the uptake. Good Lord, no! But, when we were driving back after our marriage . . ."

She said, "I didn't want to know *then.*" She colored, and turned her face away.

Looking at her, he laughed. He said, "I see. . . ."

"Perhaps," she said. "But Val—after all, I *know* Val. I knew her long before you did."

He said carelessly, "She's damned attractive. I was curious about her. Perhaps if you hadn't come along . . ."

She asked, breathless, "You would have married Val?"

"Who said anything about marriage?" he demanded.

"Oh," said Abby in a small voice, and he added, wickedly, not because he had any wish to hurt her, but because it seemed funny to him, "and now I'll never know."

"What?"

"What I was curious about. Come on, it's lunchtime, and I'm starved."

THEY were riding, the rest of the party far ahead. It was a crazy conversation to conduct on horseback, anyway. Barry's horse brushed past Abby's and they were ahead. Barry shouted, "Beat you in," and the conversation ended.

But she did not forget it. That night, lying awake beside him, she thought of Val and was suddenly savagely angry with her for existing, and with Barry who had, after a fashion, called her into existence.

Yes, with Barry most of all. Because she couldn't know what he thought; she couldn't creep into his mind; she couldn't know what he felt; she couldn't get inside his blood and flesh and bones. She could not see Val through Barry's eyes because she, Abby, was not Barry. She was another person. She was herself, and did not wish to be.

He woke and felt her hands on him, the long fingers tracing the scar along his ribs. He heard her shaken breath. He sat straight up in bed, and shook the good, heavy sleep from his red head.

He said, "Hey, what's all this about?"

"I'm sorry," she said, stifled.

Barry reached out his hand and switched on the bedside light. He saw her face, he saw the heavy braids of hair, the flawless line of throat and cheek. He saw her tears, which did not disfigure her.

He said, holding her, "What is it, Abby? A nightmare?"

She said, shuddering, "You—one day you'll die, Barry, or I—one of us. . . ."

"Well, sure," he said, "in forty or fifty years."

"It's too short," she said, "however long it may be."

He cradled her in his arms, pulling her across his knees, her head on his shoulder. The quiet night pressed against the windows and the stars looked down.

After a while she stirred, smiled, and reached up to touch his cheek with her hand. She said again, "I'm sorry."

"Should be," he told her, "waking me up. I was having a wonderful dream."

"Was I in it?"

"As a matter of fact, you weren't. I was batting around in a plane, Madge at the controls. I had six bottles of beer and a hamburger and I was singing 'Old Pilots Never Die . . .' "

"Were you really?"

"No," he admitted, "if you must know, I wasn't dreaming anything. I was out, cold."

She said, "All right, I'll let you go back to sleep." She asked, "I wonder if all brides behave like this?"

"I hope not," he said piously, "as they don't all have kind, understanding husbands."

He leaned to kiss her, and presently she said, "I wasn't being morbid. It was just . . . I began to think, that some day, somewhere, it must end."

"Why?" he asked gently. "You go on, in your children, Abby, and your grandchildren."

"Grandchildren?" She laughed, a lovely sound in the night. She could not see herself a grandmother. But the laughter died. She whispered, "Have you forgotten?"

"Of course not." He took the heavy braids in his hand, weighing them. He said, "As soon as we get back, we'll start to track down Gilpin or whatever his name was. Stop worrying. We'll have six kids, and every one of them will be able to lick me by the time he's nine."

ABBY was not listening now. She said, after a moment, "If I thought you belonged to me, Barry, as I do to you . . ."

He said, quietly, "Abby, if by belonging, you mean ownership, no one ever owns anyone . . . ever."

She said, "I suppose not," and turned away from him, and presently he slept, quickly, the deep, healthy sleep, and she was quiet beside him in the big bed.

It was not true; it could not be. He loved her as no one had ever loved her, as she had not dared dream she might be loved. More, she loved him, to the utter exclusion of anything or anyone else. She did belong to him, he did own her. That much was true. If that was true, then why . . .

She said, "Barry," and again, "Barry."

But he slept and did not answer. And a new fear nagged at her again, nibbling at the edges of her brain. She could wake him, this time, and make him answer. Some day she would not be able to wake him.

But that day was a lifetime away, she had his reassurance and that of her own common sense. There was an even deeper fear, which had come from shock.

No one owns anyone . . . ever.

No one belongs . . .

She put her hand on him lightly, so that he would not wake. His flesh was as familiar to her as her own. Yet he lay sleeping, his integrated self, shut away from her. She had no real knowledge of him beyond the flesh. She was wife to a stranger.

(To be continued next week)

THE WAVE ON THE COVER

She's a Storekeeper third class and she makes quite a pin-up in this snapshot memento of her first sea voyage—to Coney Island.

The petty officer, with eighty-five thousand other Waves, on July 30 will celebrate the third anniversary of the Women's Reserve. Hard work will mark the windup of their third year in the hundreds of shore stations on continental United States and Hawaii, where they work side by side with Navy men in the giant task of building and supporting a fleet strong enough to kill off Japan.

The start of the fourth year for the Waves brings a new surge in recruiting, a need created not only by their proven good work, but by the increased call for women in the Hospital Corps to replace male corpsmen for the Fleet.

The Navy now asks for two thousand Waves a month, half of them for general duty, such as Seaman striking for Yeoman, Storekeeper or Specialist. The other thousand per month are being selected for the Hospital Corps, for the thirty-odd varieties of jobs needed to be done in naval hospitals—life-saving in wards, work in laboratories, X-ray labs, diet kitchens, occupational therapy, physiotherapy, record offices.

If you are between 20 and 36, have completed at least two years of high school, and have no children under 18, check in at your nearest Navy recruiting office.

—Lieut. Marianna Heaney, USNR

Announcing the New
Western Electric **Model 63** *Hearing Aid*

ACTUAL SIZE
$89⁵⁰ EXCLUSIVE OF MOLDED EARPIECE

Now "*Full Color*" Hearing . . . New Style . . . New Value
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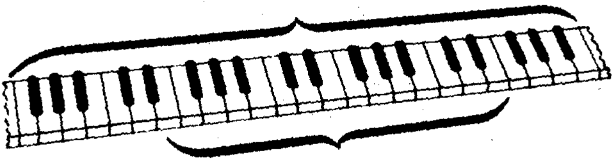
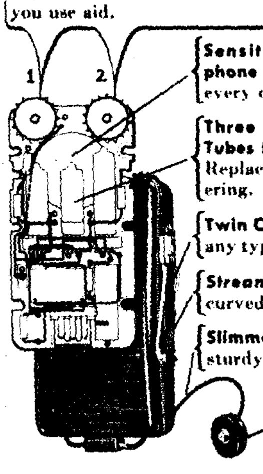
MODEL 63 GIVES UNDISTORTED AMPLIFICATION OF THIS WIDE BAND



MANY HEARING AIDS CONCENTRATE AMPLIFICATION WITHIN THIS NARROW BAND

THE INSIDE STORY OF MODEL 63

Only two controls . . . operated with fingertip ease. (1) *Tone Discriminator* . . . combined with "on and off" switch . . . enables you to filter out annoying background noise and still hear sounds you want. (2) *Volume Control* . . . smooth and easy sound regulation . . . doesn't have to be reset every time you use aid.



Sensitive Crystal Microphone picks up sound from every direction.

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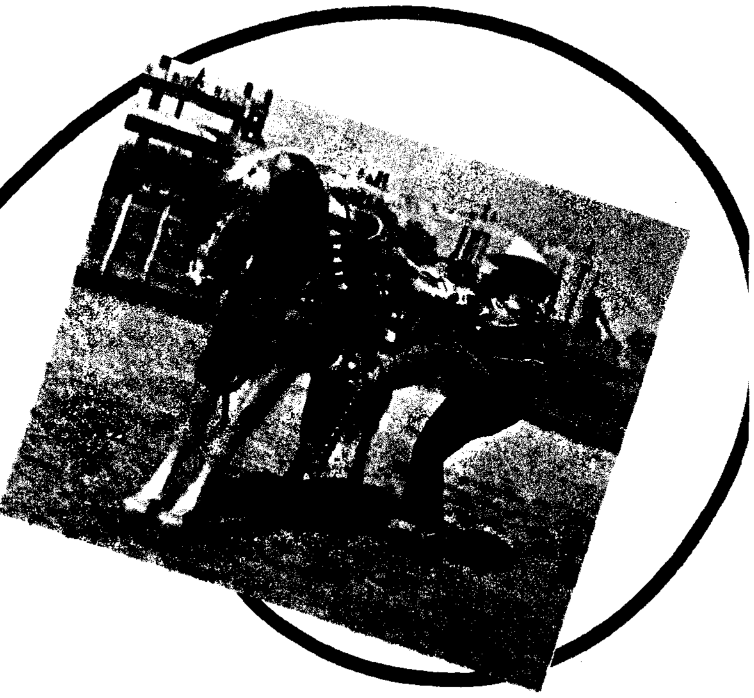
CLIMAXING 63 YEARS OF WORK AND RESEARCH IN SOUND

Rodeo Ben

BY KYLE CRICHTON

His last name is a secret, but there's nothing secret about clothes he makes for rodeo and movie stars. They're the loudest garments that ever draped the human frame

Ben not only makes fancy clothes; he wears them, too. And as you can see, he presents quite a spectacle



This is Martha Volz, expert rider. Ben makes all of her colorful embroidered pants and satin shirts

WELL, sir; this Ben the Rodeo Tailor is really a one. He makes cowboy clothes that are the knockoutingest, blindingest, loudest garments on the continent, and guess where he does it? West Philly. West Philly is that section of Philadelphia where no man gets drunk lest he never find his home again. It is made up of hundreds of thousands of houses all looking exactly alike and sitting in long rows so similar that even the original contractors couldn't differentiate them. Visitors can only find Ben's house with a map, a radio beam or the help of a taxi driver who is guided by the bark on trees.

Ben has mousetrapped himself in one of those anonymous blocks in West Philly, and the dudish gentry who desire his personal touch in the matter of a cowboy shirt that will shame the rainbow beat a path to his door only with the aforementioned difficulties. Outside the door on a disheartened strip of grass is a modest sign saying merely, BEN. The visitor goes up the steps onto a porch separated from its neighbors by a railing on either side. Inside there is a stairs leading directly up on the left; a narrow passageway reaching toward the kitchen (which can't be traversed because it is blocked by a baby carriage, a bicycle and assorted youthful paraphernalia) and to the right a parlor graced by a huge grand piano. On the railing of the staircase rests a saddle.

Upstairs at the back is Ben's workroom and showroom; next to it is a small business office; the rest of the house is living quarters for the family. The workroom contains Ben, in one of his cowboy creations, and racks of finished garments looking like the Biblical coat of Joseph. Ben believes in color, the cowboys (rodeo performers, radio singers and plain dudes) believe in even wilder colors; Ben's place is a riot.

It was an accident that put Ben into this business of making peacocks out of cowhands, but success has not gone to his head. He admires the mousetrap he has built amid the brick forest of West Philly, and while very few literally hunt him out in his fastness, the U.S. mails know how to find him and do it in such volume that Ben has become a wealthy man. He is known merely as Ben because he prefers not to give his last name.

"What's the use of mixing people up?" he says. "I get mail addressed 'Ben the Rodeo Tailor, U.S.A.' I don't want to get nobody confused."

Ben was born in Philadelphia of Polish parents and speaks with an accent that has an overtone of the Mexican. He picked that up while selling woolens to Mexican customers in the steel communities of Pennsylvania. He started life as a tailor, worked for Strawbridge & Clothier in Philadelphia and is still a tailor.

It was while he was on the road selling woolens that he ran into a small rodeo. One of his friends said the lady at the show had been around trying to find materials in pastel colors for new costumes. Ben went down and saw her. Not only did he have some very loud materials—purples, yellows, reds—but as he looked at the rodeo lady, Mamie Francis, and her husband, California Frank, he experienced a pain in that portion of his anatomy which houses his artistic sense.

"I'll not only sell you the stuff but I'll make it up for you," he said promptly.

Mamie was wearing a pair of English pants that revealed an extremely wide hip, a leather skirt divided in the middle and the usual leather fringes and a leather bolero jacket. It was heavy and nonbeautiful, and Ben's professional pride was touched.

He brought back a pair of fitted pants that were definitely thinning. They were made of cavalry twill, and Mamie was very pleased indeed. For California Frank he fashioned a jacket and pants of such gorgeous colors that Frank almost fell off his horse from preening himself too vigorously. Well, Mamie and Frank told their friends, and the friends told other friends, and Ben was back in the tailoring business.

His Buttons Prevent Injuries

It was Ben who made the first two-toned shirts; it was Ben who invented the cowboy dress suit with the short coat and the appliquéd lapels; it was Ben who introduced the snap buttons which are found to be so satisfactory when a cowboy gets himself hung up on a steer's horns. (He simply yanks, the buttons snap loose and the rider is free; in the old days he was often badly mangled in an accident like that.)

There is nothing small about Ben's business; rodeo stuff comes high in price. An embroidered or appliquéd shirt of flannel or Bedford cord ranges between $65 and $100. The embroidered portions are machine-made but there is delicate handwork on letters and initials. For the pants he uses whipcord, serges, cavalry twill and gabardine.

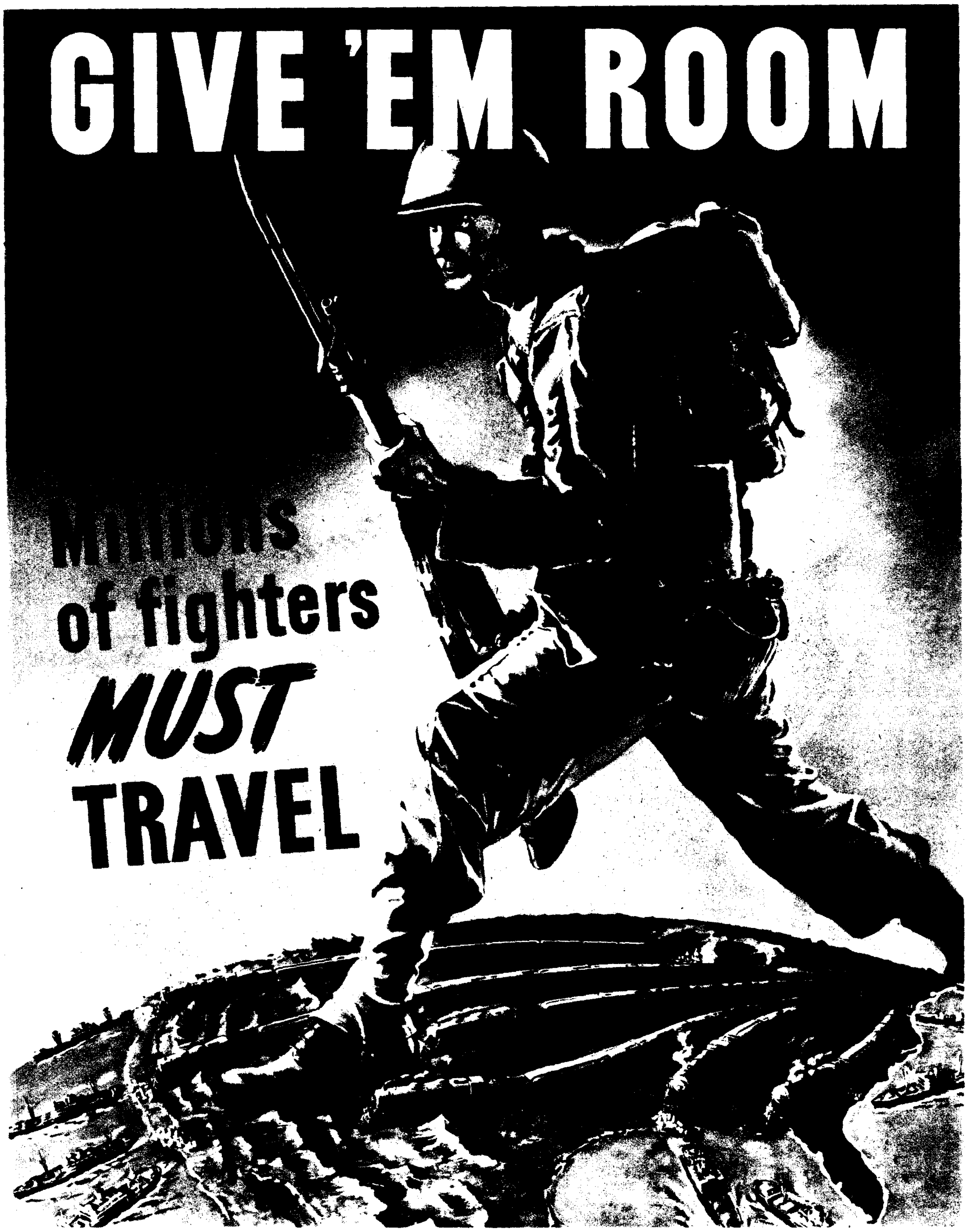
Rodeo suits combine shirt and pants or jacket and pants. They range from $85 to $175. A good pair of pants will cost $75. This is show stuff for rodeo performers and cowboy acts on the stage and in radio.

For hard riding and daily use, Ben turns out suits from $35 to $125. These are made of cavalry twill and can stand a lot of rough wear. He has finally convinced the horny-handed cowboy that pants made of this material will wear as well as the two-seated bags they formerly demanded.

All the big Western stars like Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, Hoot Gibson and Jack Hoxie

(Continued on page 76)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARIAN STEPHENSON



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"The transportation job in the first phase of the war has often been called a 'miracle.' The job ahead of us is even bigger.

"It is important that the public understand the situation and at once lend full cooperation in order that the burden may be minimized."

—PRESIDENT TRUMAN

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SOME are headed home for good—but millions more will stay only briefly before they go on to finish the job in the Pacific.

These fighters are now on the move—and this is the No. 1 reason why trains are so crowded these days.

If it comes to a choice between your taking a trip—and a returned soldier's getting to see his home folks before moving on to an embarkation point—we know you will understand who deserves the right of way.

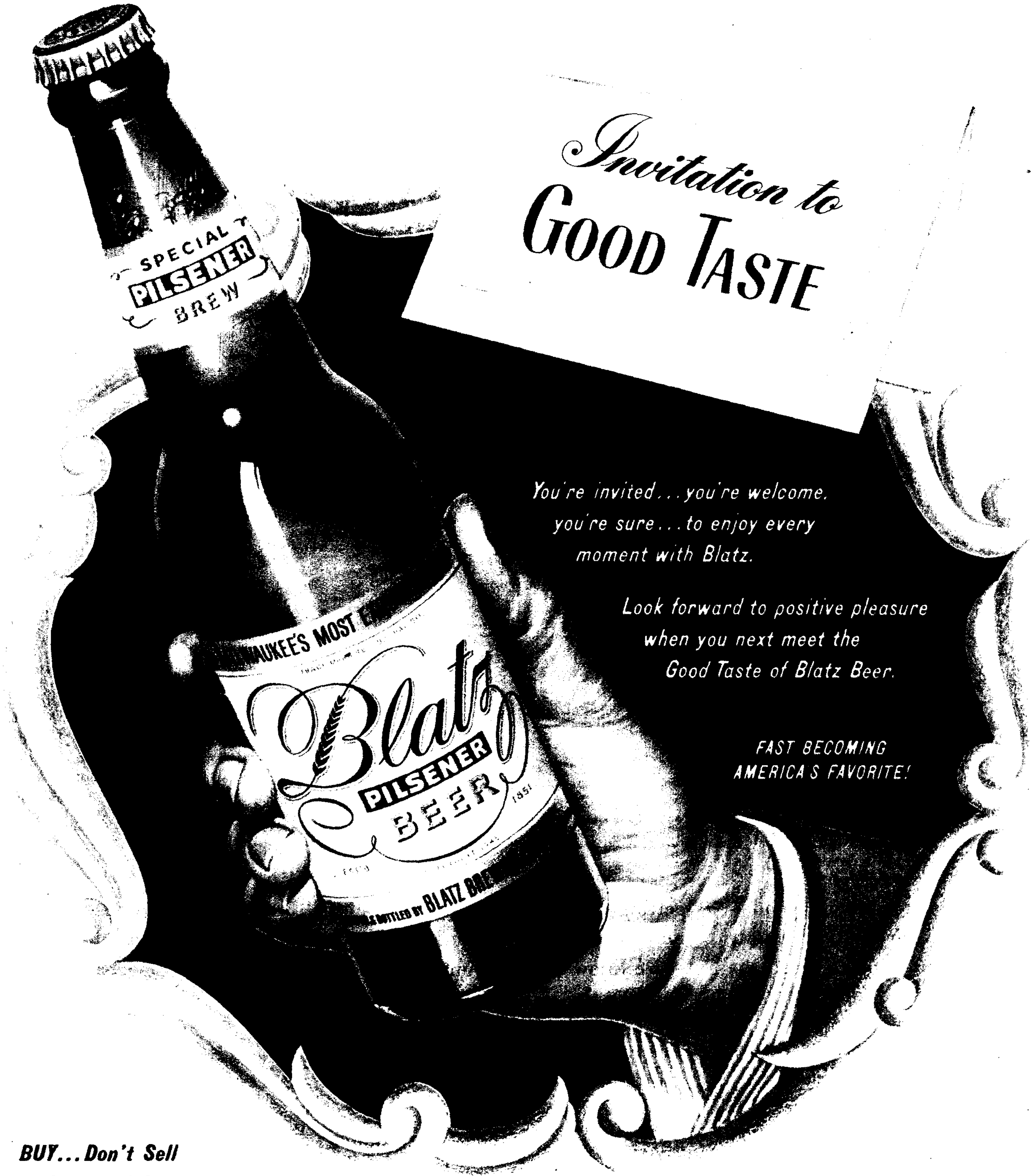
The railroads must continue to devote all their energies toward hastening final victory and the day when all the boys can come back home for good.

We know that's the way you want it—and we count on your cooperation.

AMERICAN RAILROADS

ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

Blatz Beer


Invitation to
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AMERICA'S FAVORITE!

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Heroes Rising from the Sea

Continued from page 55

then showed the doctor my legs. He pointed out a shack being used for a hospital.

I went in and saw about forty yelling Scouts laid out in the dirty dark hut. They were lying on the floor with their boots and socks off, letting the air get to their frozen feet and legs. The wounded kept pouring in. It was a tough job for the medics, who were being knocked off by snipers like clay pigeons.

I took off my boots and socks and my muddy clothes and wrapped myself up in a Jap blanket. My feet didn't hurt then, but within a few hours they began to swell, and I suffered hell on earth for the next three months. The worst pain was when the feet began to thaw. For three days, I lay, biting my hands and crying like a baby.

I didn't feel very patriotic during those days. I suffered. I had hate in my soul for the ones I thought responsible. I lay there in that hut for a day and was then carried out to the beach and put on an invasion barge and taken to Massacre Bay, where I was placed in an evacuation hospital. That night while I was lying in a tent with six other soldiers, the Japs attacked the hospital, killing many of the patients and corpsmen. I was next placed in a tent that was knocked off with a mortar shell. All of the other patients were killed.

Transportation Painful to Wounded

After a short fight, the enemy was driven off. That morning at two o'clock, we were put on wagons and taken back to the beach and put aboard the destroyer Kane. After lying there for two hours, they took us off and put us on a transport. Moving was very painful, because the blood rushed to our thawing feet.

Everyone around me was from the Scout company. We were on board the transport for several days and were moved on to the St.-Mihiel, an old Army transport. I was put into an officer's room with five other Scouts, all with frozen feet.

We were taken from the island of Attu on May 18th and taken to a hospital on Adak, 375 miles away, in the Aleutians. The 17th of May was my birthday. I spent it in the hospital at Massacre Bay under Jap mortar fire. What a birthday present!

The second day out on the St.-Mihiel we heard over the radio that Massacre Bay had been attacked by fifteen Jap torpedo bombers. The bay was filled with American ships, and not one was hit. Eight of the Jap planes were knocked down.

At Adak we were taken to little hut hospitals. We had wonderful treatment there. The nurses were men and they understood us better than the female nurses in the States.

After we had been there a few days, one of our men received shots of Novocain in the back through six or eight 6-inch needles. My eyes were glued to the operation. I asked if I was going to get the same thing. We all were to get it, they said. I got it twice. The effect, which was to open up the arteries and get more circulation into the legs, lasted only about half an hour.

Through all this pain and hell, I still thought of Toni and of my family, realizing that they didn't dream I had been to hell and back. I wondered what Toni was doing and if she ever thought of me.

After a week on Adak, we were again put aboard a transport and headed for San Francisco. Most of the Scout company were there. The captain headed out at full speed. He ran hell out of the ship, making sixteen knots all the way. The ship carried some four hundred men. It was a hell ship, if ever there was one. Men were piled in bunks almost as close as on the sub. They were stacked five high. Everyone was in terrible pain and had to be given narcotics most of the time.

We had to crawl on hands and knees to the "head" unless we were lucky enough to get a ride on the back of a sailor. Food was brought to the bunks on trays. But we were going back to the United States and we could hardly wait to get there. I was going back to my people.

Then gangrene began to set in. Most of us had it. The stench of gangrene is terrible. My right foot turned black and pussy. A medical captain aboard told me I would lose it. I was sick at heart.

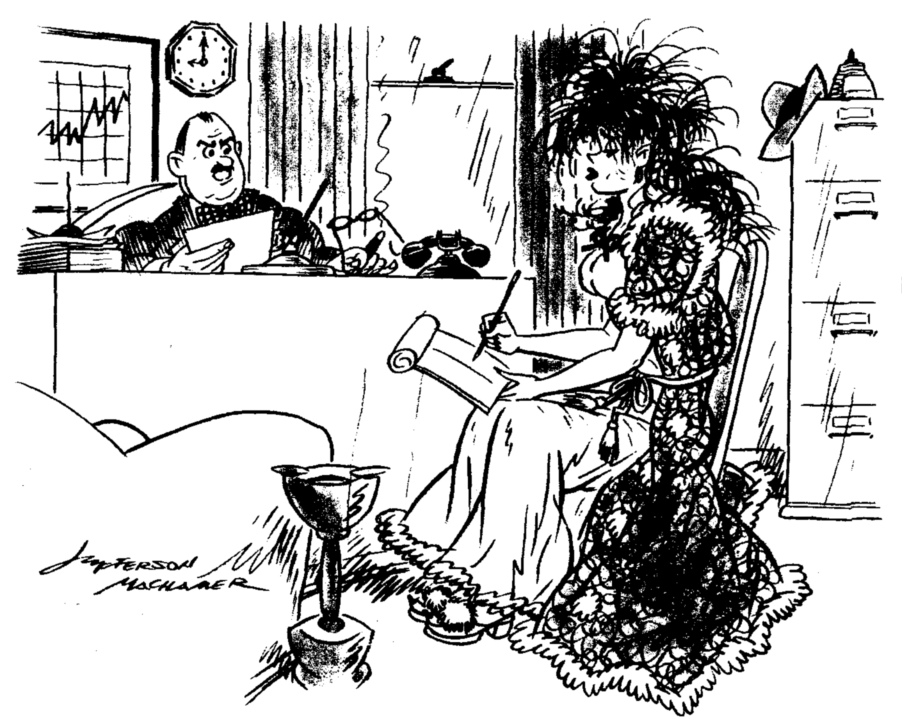
We arrived at Letterman Hospital in San Francisco, dirty, unshaven and stinking of gangrene. Each man had lost an average of thirty pounds or more. That night one hundred Scouts were operated on. We were carried down to the operating rooms and given treatment immediately. Pictures were taken of our feet, and later the dead skin was torn off. It was a horrible sight to see. Some feet looked like raw beefsteaks, and others like mahogany wood, caused by dry gangrene. A line of demarcation formed at the ankles, and pussy sores ran up the legs. These had to be amputated immediately. Gas gangrene can kill a person within a short time.

Production-Line Operations

Every doctor available was called to duty and had five cases going on at the same time. It was like a production line. They gave us antigangrene shots all the time, I felt like a beat-up pincushion. It was several weeks later before I lost three toes on the right foot. I considered myself pretty lucky. Some had both legs taken off, others one leg, or all the toes. One day our doctor came down to the ward with a pail and large clippers. He started at one end of the ward and worked himself down, cutting toes off as if they were nothing. It was funny to see your toes get clipped off. Every Scout saw the others go through the operation, and the nurses got sick.

I'm back in the United States, still in the hospital. The Battle of Attu is over. To me it seems like a terrible nightmare. I learned a lot about brave men and good soldiers in that battle, which has been called one of the hardest ever fought. Such brave, unwelching men as Privates Williams, Selph, Johnson, Howard, Fleishman, Nelson and Orange, Sergeant Wallman, Lieutenants Engley and Adams, Captain Willoughby and our medical officer Captain Klein, and others, should go down in the history of this war as the heroes they were and are.

THE END



"Miss Glamm, you'll just have to come in a half hour late!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

The Last Hunt

Continued from page 40

now, jumping the dry creek, climbing the far bank, moving across the flat hilltop toward the sinkhole, and their voices echoed and ran down the canyons and up across the hillsides.

The boy knew the old coyote was trapped at last, had been turned from his last secret trails, herded inward until he was in the sinkhole, hiding in the bottom in some hole or brushpile, not afraid—for Old Devil would never know fear—but waiting, the yellow eyes gleaming strong. The circle closed in. . . .

The two chicken hawks he had seen earlier in the hunt, rose suddenly from the sinkhole and flew with strong wing strokes, straight up against a rising flow of air. For a moment they hovered motionless above the hunters. Three hundred shotguns exploded as one, and the two hawks seemed to evaporate, to disappear before his very eyes in a puff. A few feathers floated downward, and that was all.

They came to the sinkhole which was nearly fifty feet across and fifty yards long, overgrown with small brush, pitted with holes and edged by overhanging banks which bordered the dry bed of what had been a small pond of water. The boy had never seen so many men in one place before—all with guns. They presented a solid wall completely surrounding the sinkhole. Nothing would escape. Nothing.

And then he saw that Old Devil was not alone. Unwillingly, perhaps, he had found himself flanked by other coyotes who, less daring and more cowardly, had sought security at an early hour in the sinkhole. Now they broke from cover and ran wildly toward the banks of the hole, and all around him came the solid, hammering roll of the guns.

The boy fired twice himself, hitting two coyotes and sending them rolling on their backs. And then the silence settled, and he was looking at the dead coyotes spotting the sinkhole bottom, looking for that larger form, that shaggy mane and those callused pads. But he did not see the old coyote.

DALE called, "He's down there," and three hundred heads followed the pointing arm. The boy saw the old coyote then, sitting motionless under an overhanging bank, tongue out, yellow eyes clear and round. The guns were coming up, slowly.

"Wait!"

It was Tom Behmer, off his horse across the sinkhole, and sliding down the bank. The men held their fire, watching. Joe saw the hunting knife flash in Tom's big fist, and then he saw the old coyote moving from under the bank, out into the open, facing Tom Behmer, and the sun came from the morning clouds and shone bright on his mane and flashed in his yellow eyes.

The boy was silent, watching this scene, as all around him were silent. Tom Behmer held the knife down before his stomach, blade out, and moved forward. The old coyote did not move back or break as other coyotes would, but stood his ground, rising on his legs, then flattening out, waiting . . . waiting.

Tom Behmer moved, and Old Devil leaped, straight for the throat without a sound. Tom Behmer stepped to one side, and his long knife gleamed in the sun, then plunged, and still no sound came from Old Devil as the blade drove home. He twisted in midair, reaching for Tom's throat, his jaws opening and closing with a snap everyone heard clearly.

For one moment, man and beast were motionless, like a frozen scene, the man over the coyote, the coyote turning, its jaws open and dripping, and the knife in the air, poised for a moment in the sunlight. Then the knife came down again, hard, and the coyote's jaws closed on Tom Behmer's shoulder, and he saw the blood spurt from both of them.

Dale cried, "Get him!" and the wall of men surged over the lip and down into the sinkhole.

He stayed on the bank, his gun held limp, as he had held the twenty-two three years before. He saw the old coyote break away, the knife deep in his side, and Tom Behmer was staggering back, holding his shoulder, still on his feet and watching Old Devil. Then with five feet between them, Old Devil stopped, frozen in place, erect and strong, head up, mane bristling, yellow eyes gleaming, and he fell. He didn't slip forward, or crumble; but he fell on his side and he was dead. He had gone down fighting.

The boy turned away from the bank and felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked up at his father's sober face. On his left, Dale was climbing from the sinkhole and falling in beside them. They walked in silence for several yards.

Dale said, "Well, he's gone."

He was gone, the boy thought, a saga gone, a life never to be lived again. Never again would the old coyote slip through the unseen trails, but his spirit would continue to move as swiftly, as surely, like the sun dappling the cottonwood trees, and the wind, at night, moving through the canyons south of town.

His father said, "Tom did a fine thing there."

Dale nodded. "He felt like we felt. He knew Old Devil had stepped over the line, but he knew, too, how he felt."

THE boy shouldered his new gun and wiped his nose. He said, in a small voice, "I couldn't have shot him. If Tom hadn't done that, I couldn't have shot."

He walked on, glancing at them defiantly. Then his father coughed loudly and kicked at a tumbleweed. "Hell!" he said. "You know something, son? I couldn't have either."

And Dale, hitching up his belt, his eyes soft in his red face, smiled briefly and hit the boy lightly on the arm. "If you ever tell anybody what I said, I'll shoot you," he said quietly. "But neither could I."

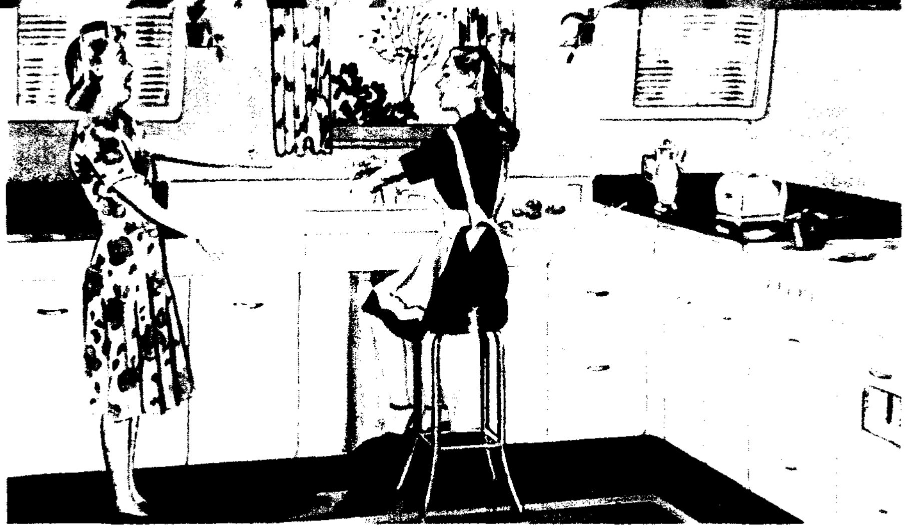
The boy looked at the two men and saw the same thoughts mirrored in their eyes. He felt the tightness go out of him, and they walked through the thistles, swinging in step toward the road and their car.

THE END

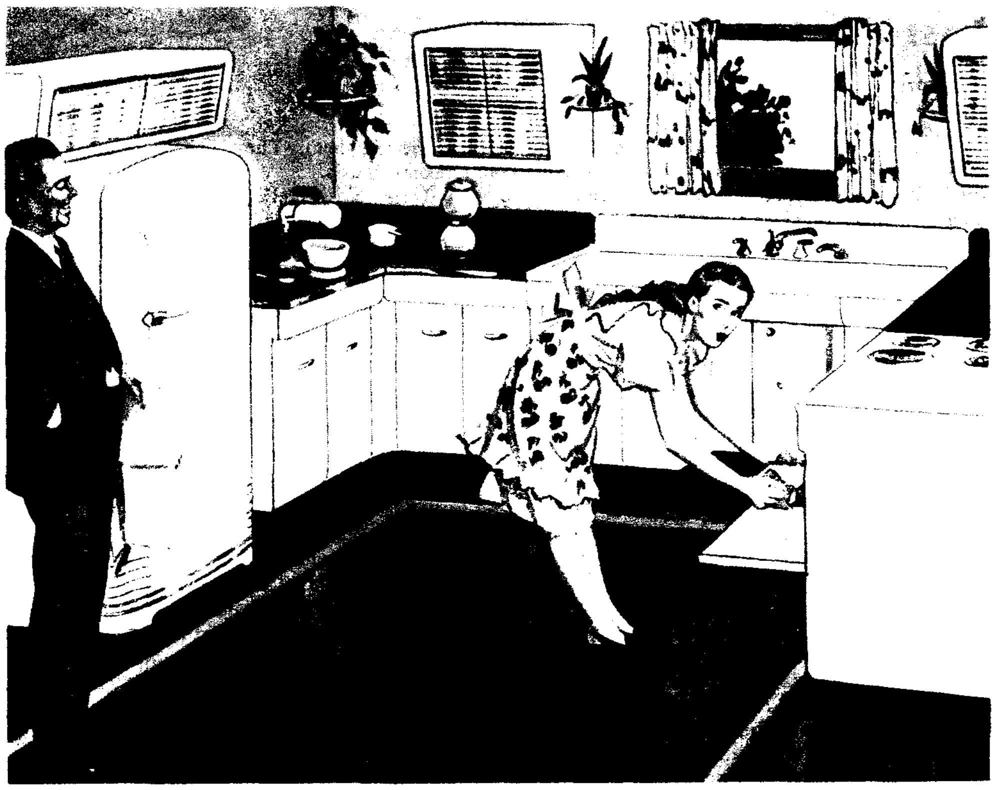
"This string is all I need to plan my NEW kitchen!"

Mother couldn't believe her ears until I proved that a piece of string was all I needed to measure for my new kitchen—*our* kitchen—for Jack and me. Anybody can do it!

LIKE MY PLAN? I made it from my string measurements. Mother says it's a marvel of arranging—and she ought to know, with thirty years of housekeeping! Notice how my work flows along just like a war-plant assembly line. Everything for convenience and step saving. And thanks to Crosley I can realize my plan, step by step.



CROSLEY KITCHENS can be bought one work center at a time, or everything at once! Here's how Mother and I picture it. My Shelvador* center with matching cabinets first. Then my Crosley Sink Center (do you like the knee-hole feature?). Finally, my Crosley Range Center. Simple, isn't it!



ALL WITHOUT exact measuring, cutting or fitting! And one wonderful day when Jack comes home to me at last, we'll have our dream kitchen—modern, step-saving—truly the heart of our home's activities.

(Crosley is still 100% in war production. But we're planning new marvels for you in the finest Crosley Home Appliances ever!)

There is no "catch" in this easy Crosley way to plan your kitchen!

THE CROSLEY KITCHEN is strikingly different because you, yourself, can plan it. Virtually no bother, upset, or troubles generally considered necessary in kitchen modernizing. Extra savings in simple installation!

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Crosley appliances and cabinets combine warm beauty with modern conveniences and unique Crosley utility features. Finishes that clean like a dish. Sliding glass doors. Dozens of exclusive advantages. All units precision-engineered to fit and match every other unit!

WATCH FOR important announcements by your Crosley dealer of this excitingly different method of planning your kitchen!

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Refrigerator and
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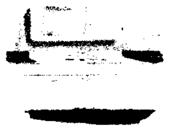
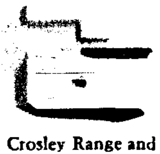


Crosley Cabinet-Sink
and Cleaning Center



Crosley Range and
Serving Center

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Radar : Refrigerators : Household Appliances : The Crosley Car :
Home of WLW, the "Nation's Station."

Blonde Mink

Continued from page 12

" 'Hello, Julie,' he says. 'I am commencing to wonder what becomes of you. I am walking around here for weeks trying to keep warm and I am all tuckered out. What do you suppose is the idea of not providing people with overcoats when they are placed to rest? Only I do not rest, Julie. Do you see Beatrice lately and what does she say about my stone?'

" 'Slats,' I say, 'I must confess I do not see Beatrice lately, but I never dream she does not provide the stone long before this as per her promise which I can tell you now I overhear her make to you. A solemn deathbed promise.'

" 'Never mind what kind of bed it is,' Slats says. 'It is a morbid topic. And I think you have plenty of gall to be on the Erie when I am saying my last goodby to my baby. You owe us both an apology. Look her up right away and give her a good one and ask her what about my stone. The chances are there is a hitch somewhere. Maybe the engraving is causing the delay. I am sure Beatrice will wish something sentimental on it like Sleep well my beloved, and engraving takes time.'

"Well, I am about to mention that she already takes time enough to have George Washington's farewell address engraved on it but all of a sudden the late Slats disappears from sight and I take this as a hint for me to blow, too, and that very night I hunt up Beatrice to give her Slats' message.

"I find her standing at the bar of a gaff called the Palmetto with a couple of guys and I notice she is wearing a fur coat the color of mist that I do not remember ever seeing on her before and I turn to a dame who is sitting at a table and say to her like this:

" 'Pardon me, little miss,' I say, 'but just to satisfy my curiosity, can you tell me the name of the fur that party over yonder is wearing?'

" 'Blonde mink,' she says. 'It is perfectly beautiful, too.'

" 'And what does such a garment cost?' I ask.

" 'Why,' she says, 'that one seems to be first-class merchandise. It costs maybe twenty-five thousand dollars. Maybe more, but not much less. It is the very newest fur out.'

"THEN I walk over to Beatrice and tap her on the shoulder, and when she turns I motion her out of hearing distance of the guys she is with and speak to her as follows:

" 'Well, Bea,' I say, 'your new coat must hang a little heavy on you considering that it represents the weight of a nice tombstone. I never mention it to you before but I hear your last chat with the late Slats Slavin including your promise but until I find you in this lovely benny no one will ever make me believe you mean to welch on your word.'

" 'All right, all right,' she says. 'So I do not buy the stone. But it costs twenty-six hundred and all I have is twenty-three thousand and an odd tenner and this coat is a steal at twenty-three. If I wait another minute longer someone else is sure to snap it up and the dealer wants his all cash. Besides Slats will never know he does not get the stone.'

" 'Bea,' I says, 'I have a talk with Slats today at Woodlawn. He knows he has no stone and he is upset about it. But he is making excuses for you, Bea. He figures you are unexpectedly delayed a bit in getting it there. You have the guy fooled even yet.'

"At this Beatrice gazes at me for some time without saying a word and I notice that looking into her eyes is just the same as looking into a couple of ice cubes. Then she gives her new coat a hitch and brings it closer around her and finally she says:

" 'Julie,' she says, 'I want to tell you something. If ever again you speak to me or about me I will start remembering out loud that Slats has a large bundle of cash on him that last night and I will also start wondering out loud what becomes of it and a guy with your biography cannot stand much wonderment such as that. And if you see Slats again tell him how I look in my new coat.'

" 'Bea,' I say, 'you will never have any luck with your new coat because it means leaving poor Slats up there in Woodlawn restless and cold.'

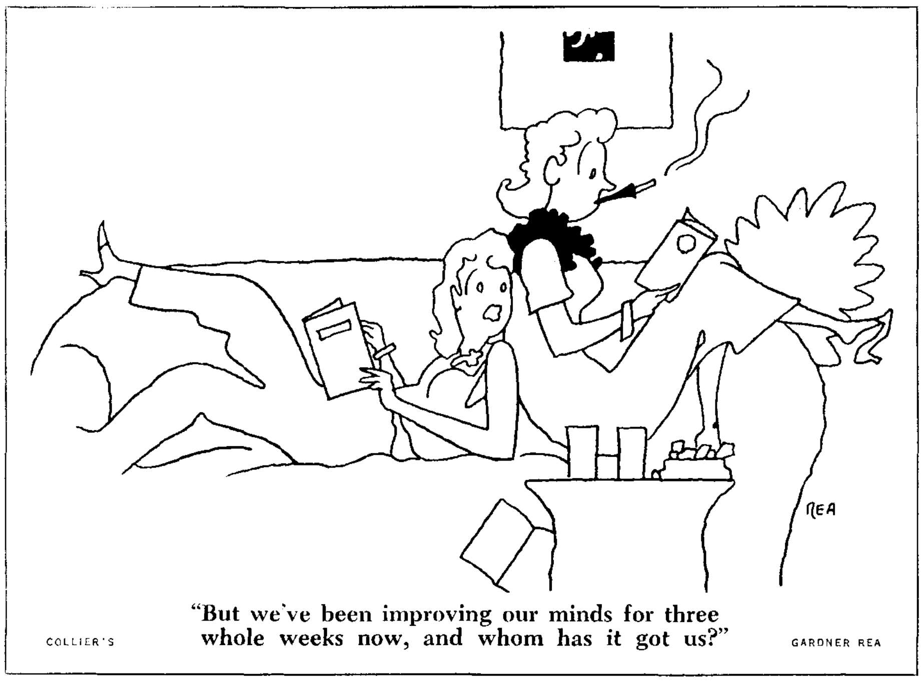
" 'No luck?' she says. 'Listen,' she says, 'do you see the dopey-looking little punk in the uniform leaning against the bar? His name is Freddy Voogan and his papa is a squillionaire out in Denver and I am going to marry the kid any minute and what do you think gets him for me? My blonde mink. He notices how nice I look in it and insists on meeting me. No luck?' Beatrice says. 'Is kicking up a gold mine no luck?'

" 'Bea,' I say, 'it is bad enough to rob the grave as you already do but it is even worse to rob the cradle.'

" 'Goodby, Julie,' Bea says. 'Do not forget to tell Slats how I look in my new coat.'

"WELL, I will say she looks wonderful in it even though I am greatly disappointed in her because it is plain to be seen that Beatrice has no sentiment about the past. So now I am compelled to report back to the late Slats Slavin that he is on a bust as far as the stone is concerned and I hope and trust that my revelation will not cause him too much anguish."

And with this, Julie the Starker dunks up the last of the tripe gravy on his plate with a piece of rye bread and gets up to take his departure and I say to him like this:



COLLIER'S "But we've been improving our minds for three whole weeks now, and whom has it got us?" GARDNER REA

"Julie," I say, "if you happen to think of it, kindly ask the late Slats to look over the entries at Hialeah for the next few days and if he can send me a winner now and then I can get certain parties to bet a little for me."

"Well," Julie says, "Slats has other things on his mind besides horses right now, but," he says, "I will try to remember your request although of course you will carry me for a small piece of your end."

Then he leaves me and I am still sitting there when a plain clothes copper by the name of Johnny Brannigan comes in and sits down in the chair Julie just vacates and orders some Danish pastry and a cup of Java, and then almost as if he hears the conversation between Julie and me he says:

"Oh, hello," he says. "How well do you know Miss Beatrice Gee who is formerly the fiancée of the late Slats Slavin? I mean how well do you know her history and most especially do you know any knocks against her?"

"Why?" I say.

"Well," Johnny says, "it is strictly an unofficial question. There is hell up Ninth Street over her. A family out in Denver that must have more weight than Pike's Peak gets the Denver police department to ask our department very quietly about her, and our department requests me to make a few inquiries see if there is anything on which he can offer me a little encouragement. Tell him," I say, "that I am C. O. D. around here and also very privately, because of course it is not an official police matter. It is an exchange of courtesies.

"It seems," Johnny says, "that Miss Beatrice Gee is going to marry a member of this family who is under twenty-one years of age and his papa and mamma are doing handstands about it, though personally," Johnny says, "I believe in letting love take its course. But," he says, "my theory has nothing to do with the fact that I promise to make a return of some kind on this blintz."

"Well, Johnny," I say, "I do not know anything whatever about her but you just miss a guy who can probably give you a complete run-down on her. You just miss Julie the Starker. However," I say, "I am pretty sure to run into him tomorrow and will tell him to contact you."

But I do not see Julie the next day or for several days after that and I am greatly disappointed as I not only wish to tell him to get in touch with Johnny but I am anxious to learn if Slats sends me any info on the horses. For that matter I do not see Johnny Brannigan either until late one afternoon I run into him on Broadway and he says to me like this:

"Say," he says, "you are just the guy I am looking for. Do you see the late editions of the blats?"

"No," I say, "why?"

"Well," Johnny says, "they are carrying big stories about the finding of Miss Beatrice Gee in her apartment in East 57th Street as dead as a doornail. It looks as if the young guy from Denver she is going to marry bounces a big bronze lamp off her coco in what the scribes will undoubtedly call a fit of jealous rage because he has a big row with her early in the evening in the Canary Club when he finds a Marine captain from the Pacific teaching her how the island natives in those parts rub noses when they greet each other, although the young guy claims he walks away from her then and does not see her again because he is too busy loading himself up with champagne.

"But," Johnny says, "he is found unconscious from the champagne in his hotel room today and admits he does not remember when or where or what or why. My goodness," Johnny says, "the champagne they sell nowadays is worse than an anesthetic."

NATURALLY this news about Miss Beatrice Gee is quite distressing to me if only because of her former association with the late Slats Slavin and I am sorry to hear of the young guy's plight, too, even though I do not know him. I am always sorry to hear of young guys in trouble and especially rich young guys but of course if they wish to mix bronze lamps with champagne they must take the consequences and I so state to Johnny Brannigan.

"Well," Johnny says, "he does not seem to be the bronze-lamp type, and yet who else has a motive to commit this deed? You must always consider the question of motive in crimes of this nature."

"What about robbery?" I say.

"No," Johnny says. "All her jewelry and other belongings are found in the apartment. The only thing missing as far as her maid and acquaintances can tell seems to be a new fur coat which she probably leaves some place in her wanderings during the evening. But now I remember why I am looking for you. I am still collecting data on Miss Beatrice Gee's background though this time officially and I recall you tell me that maybe Julie the Starker can give me some information and I wish to know where I am apt to find Julie."

"A new fur coat, Johnny?" I say. "Well," I say, "as a rule I am not in favor of aiding and abetting coppers but this matter seems different and if you will take a ride with me I think I may be able to lead you to Julie."

So I call a taxicab and as we get in, I tell the jockey to drive us to Woodlawn Cemetery and if Johnny Brannigan is surprised by our destination he does not crack but whiles away the time on the journey by relating many of his experiences as a copper, some of which are very interesting.

It is coming on dusk when we reach Woodlawn and while I have an idea of the general direction of the late Slats Slavin's last resting place, I have to keep the taxi guy driving around inside the gates for some time before I spot the exact location through recognizing the late Cockeyed Corrigan's black marble marker.

It is a short distance off the auto roadway so I have the hackie stop and Johnny Brannigan and I get out of the cab to walk a few yards to the mound and as we approach same who steps out from the shadow of the late Cockeyed Corrigan's marker but Julie the Starker who speaks to me as follows:

"Hello, hello," he says. "I am glad you see and I know you will be pleased to learn that the late Slats gives me a tip for you on a horse that goes at Hialeah tomorrow but the name escapes me at the moment. He says his figures make it an absolute kick in the pants. Well," Julie says, "stick around a while and maybe I will remember it."

THEN he seems to notice the presence of Johnny Brannigan for the first time and to recognize him, too, because all of a sudden he outs with Captain Barker and says:

"Oh, a copper, eh?" he says. "Well, copper, here is a little kiss for you."

And with this he lets go a slug that misses Johnny Brannigan and knocks an arm off a pink stone cherub in the background and he is about to encore when Johnny blasts ahead of him, and Julie the Starker drops his pizzolover and his legs begin bending under him like Leon Errol's when Leon is playing a drunk.

He finally staggers up to the last resting place of the late Slats Slavin and falls there with the blood pumping from the hole that Johnny Brannigan drills in his chest and as I notice his lips moving I hasten to his side figuring that he may be about to utter the name of the horse Slats gives him for me.

Then I observe that there is something soft and fuzzy spread out on the mound under him that Julie the Starker pats weakly with one hand as he whispers to me like this:

"Well," he says, "the late Slats is not only resting in peace now with the same as his stone over him but he is as warm as toast and in fact warmer."

"The horse, Julie," I say. "What is the name of the horse?"

But Julie only closes his eyes and as it is plain to be seen that he now joins out permanently with the population of Woodlawn, Johnny Brannigan steps forward and rolls him off the mound with his foot and picks up the object that is under Julie and examines it in the dim light.

"I always think Julie is a little stir-crazy," Johnny says, "but I wonder why he takes a pop at me when all I want of him is to ask him some questions and I wonder, too, where this nice red fox fur coat comes from?"

Well, of course I know that Johnny will soon realize that Julie probably thinks Johnny wishes to chat with him about the job he does on Miss Beatrice Gee but at the moment I am too provoked about Julie holding out the tip the late Slats Slavin gives him for me to discuss the matter or even to explain that the red is only Julie's blood and that the coat is really blonde mink.

THE END

"It's a matter of GOOD TASTE!"
DON Q
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86 PROOF

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Rodeo Ben

Continued from page 70

buy their cowboy outfits from Ben. An Autry creation of shirt and pants will run as high as $250. The latest order from Roy Rogers was for thirty-six shirts at prices ranging between $40 and $100. Among the dudes, Jack Kriendler of "21," a famous New York restaurant, is the best buyer. Ben estimates that Kriendler has a collection of clothes costing $15,000. Louisa Kriendler has a nifty ensemble of pants, jacket, shirt and cape that set Jack back $300. Ben doesn't furnish hats or boots unless they are demanded. Hats come from $25 to $100; boots from $17.50 to $75. A dressed-up cowboy or dude is a very expensive animal on the hoof.

Ben is proud of the fact that ninety per cent of the people who write in (and very few come in person) ask him to use his own judgment on colors and design. They fill out a very complete measurement blank, but that doesn't always convince Ben.

"How tall's the guy and how much he weigh?" says Ben. "That's what I wanta know. He can't fool me none then . . . unless the guy's a freak."

Ben keeps 10,000 measurement cards on file to handle reorders and at the present moment he has a thousand unfilled orders. Ordinarily he gets an order out in about three weeks, but now he can't do it quicker than three months. He does all the designing and cutting himself, and has nine tailors at work in a downtown storeroom. He has less trouble about material than most tailors, because very few want the colors he deals in —cerise, red, yellow and purple. The only other customers for such products are band uniform and military school uniform makers.

"People just write in and say: 'Make me something nice, Ben,' and give me the color of their horse or of some of the other clothes they have. We ship it parcel post C.O.D. and that's all there is to it."

One of Ben's most recent orders was from a sailor on a submarine. He was about to be discharged and wanted some snappy rodeo clothes for his return. There was another order from Iceland and quite a brisk exchange of correspondence from men in service in various parts of the world wondering how soon they could get a knock-your-eye-out shirt when the Army waved them a fond goodby.

Ben's entire family helps in the business, with Ben, Jr., being in the direct line of descent because of his mastery of designing and cutting. The real boss of the works now is Claudia, who was recently married but still runs the office. Claudia is a graduate of Temple University, and the business would be lost without her.

The process of the day's work goes something like this: Claudia brings in the file and starts with the next order in line. Ben throws a bolt of cloth on the cutting table and chews his gum steadily. (He used to smoke fifteen cigars a day but gave that up after being compelled to swallow a butt when finding no place to drop it in a swanky Park Avenue apartment.) Claudia reads out the measurements.

"Thirty-two waist, thirty-eight chest, fifteen neck, thirty-two sleeve," she says.

"So I'll give him four inches leeway," says Ben reflectively. "You gotta have room to use your arms in a cowboy shirt." He begins to cut.

"Tan flap, loops and pocket patch," reports Claudia.

Ben nods and chews on. When he is through, Claudia has another one ready for him. This time a jacket. She reads the measurements and then says, "Twenty sleeve."

The Customer is Sometimes Wrong

Ben stops and looks up.

"Whatta you mean, twenty?" he demands. "We'll give 'im eighteen." He turns around to explain. "The guy's all balled up. With them measurements, it couldn't be twenty. How much does he weigh, Schmen? Hm-m. . . . You see. It couldn't be twenty."

Ben is a large gentleman with an *embonpoint* which no longer permits him to sit cross-legged on a table while sewing but he is active enough in other ways. He makes two trips west every year to keep in touch with his customers, and manages to take in the larger rodeos. For the layman it may be reported that the insiders pronounce the word as if spelled *road*-ee-o and not ro-*day*-o. This irks some of the Southwesterners, but the boys who ride the broncs will have it no other way. Ben is also a good rider though not one who will trifle with a steer in anger.

He wears his cowboy outfit wherever he goes and is a source of some wonderment to his Quaker neighbors. The other day down on Broad Street in Philadelphia in the vicinity of Lew Tendler's restaurant, he passed a rather hardened character who looked at him with a sneer and said, "Lookit the bulldogger!"

"He thought he was insultin' me," says Ben. "Ha!"

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

were searched by officers who wanted to know whether we were smuggling in a few chops and, after wolfing a terrible American omelet, we signed a round-robin letter to UNRRA asking that agency of compassion to put the United States on its list.

HOWEVER, we looked into the Ontario food situation and can report that it's flourishing. Plenty of meat if you have the patience to stand in line. Plenty of butter and cheese, chickens and eggs. Those wretched Canadians have had the nerve to put the food distribution business under one efficient head instead of following our fine example of scattering food authority throughout eight or ten agencies which patriotically refuse to co-operate. But Canadians seem never to learn.

IF THE Honorable Orville L. Hubbard, mayor of Dearborn, Michigan, so much as gives the time of day to one of that city's citizens, he is liable to a fine of $500 or 90 days in jail. This has been decreed by Dearborn's council which thinks that Mr. Hubbard, an affable gentleman, is entirely too friendly with the people. The council complains that His Honor personally bids farewell to all inductees, hands gold stars to mothers of men killed in the service, writes to fire victims asking whether the fire department's services are efficient and courteous and, worse, writes letters of welcome to all new arrivals and shakes hands with all returning servicemen. So the council has set up a public relations bureau, ordaining that all such activities be done through it. But Mr. Hubbard pays no attention, circulating among his people and being his fine, affable self. The man we're sorry for is Police Chief Erving Nielson who has to follow His Honor around, charged with the duty of preventing the mayor from being affable. Mr. Hubbard pays no attention to the chief, either, further than to give him an occasional word of cheer.

WELL, a gentleman in Houston, Texas, suggested to a policeman that he be locked up for a few days. Hadn't broken any laws but had been playing hookey from home for a night. Friends had told him that his wife was looking for him, and it was his considered opinion that she was not motivated by anxiety. Just as he had the cop about convinced, the lady appeared. Gentleman tried to duck but too late. She threw him into the street breaking his left ankle. He went to the hospital with a smile. . . . W. D.

PERSONAL

Dear Aunt Emma—
I have traveled far and wide and have yet to find anything to match your cooking. That kinda makes me a connoisseur, don't you think?

Now, there's a modern trend toward Lightweight Stationery. SKY-RITE meets that trend completely. Its lightness, whiteness, crispness will amaze you. Smart, convenient and economical. SKY-RITE for Air Mail. SKY-RITE for all correspondence. At all good stores.

Your loving nephew
SYLVESTER SKYRITE

P.S. Address a Post Card to "Aunt Emma" c/o Sky-Rite, 74 Varick St., New York 13, N.Y., asking for a sample sheet & envelope of SKY-RITE.

Sky-Rite Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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POLLEN TIME is here!

Relieve pollen-aggravated bronchial asthma attacks with Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. The aromatic, medicated fumes help clear the head, aid in reducing the severity of attacks, help make breathing easier. Economical, too—so keep ASTHMADOR always on hand, ready for emergency anytime, anywhere. At all drug stores in powder, pipe mixture or convenient cigarette form.

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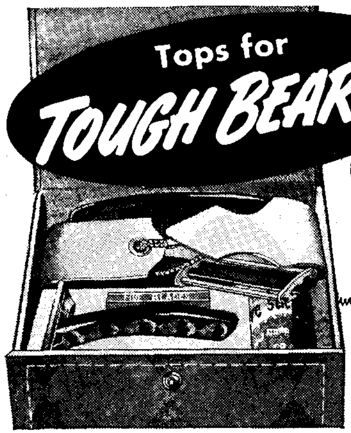

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DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., MYSTIC, CONN.

The Week's Work

Arthur "Bugs" Baer

THE way Collier's editors feel about it. Frank O'Rourke is our boy. When his first five stories arrived in the office— came all in one bundle—Fiction Editor en Marple shook hands with Associate tor Elizabeth Boutelle, and they said in son, "Here is that author we've been king for."

lot that the five stories were perfection. bought only one of them, and asked for ision on that one. But there was a quality O'Rourke's writing that promised a lot for future. Since that time, less than a year , we have bought seven O'Rourke stories record for a new writer's first year. The st Hunt (p. 38), the third one to be pubed, is one of a series of "Joe" stories ed on O'Rourke's own childhood.

Vriting to this department, O'Rourke says. e characters in the Joe stories are all n from real life. The lumberman and his are really my own parents, and the foret the lumber yard was my true friend. onderful man and the best man with kids ve ever known. He should have been a d expert in some university."

'Rourke got his first notion of writing le he was a student at Kemper Military ool, Boonville, Mo. "Will Rogers went Kemper," he says. "I lived in his room one year—a plaque on the door told me every time I went in and out, and it did e an effect on me, as it did on every boy lived in that room—made you want to ly do something to feel worthy of the or."

'Rourke did a lot of traveling after col-, and some work—semipro baseball, lum- camping, and construction work on lder Dam. But before he had settled into permanent kind of work, the war started. served in the Army for almost three years and received a medical discharge as first lieutenant.

"I started writing when I returned to civilian life because my knee was bad and other work was impossible," he says.

O'Rourke's first book, "E" Company, is scheduled for publication this week, by Simon and Schuster.

Frank O'Rourke

IN THE article The Man Who Wrote with His Elbows (p. 42), Humorist Arthur "Bugs" Baer turns very serious with a story about a handicapped man. Baer knew Handless George Sutton in 1910, he says, and has had it in the back of his mind ever since to write a piece about him. As the war wounded began coming home, he decided that now was the time. (Baer is donating his pay for the article to the Red Cross.)

"Without actually stating so," Baer says, "I have brought in the idea that a handicapped man could make a good living, mix with the boys, handle himself in a fight, and —much more important—he could go out and grab another fellow's dame. That's the big thing in most of these lad's minds. They don't want sympathy—but they want everything else."

Baer, whose daily column, syndicated through Hearst, has made him one of the most famous humorists in the country, says that serious subjects come natural to a man who makes it a business to be funny. "I find that all humorists live in a perpetual state of indignation," he says, "and are congenital reformers."

Baer was born of poor parents, the seventh of fourteen children. He quit school at 14 to go to work, attended art school at night, became a designer of lace in Philadelphia at $12 a week. Thence to the Philadelphia Public Ledger as an artist ("They fired me," he says), and by way of other newspapers to the Washington Times, where people began to take notice of that sports columnist who also drew cartoons of a baseball-bodied creature called "Bugs." From then on Baer's first name, Arthur, was forgotten, and as Bugs he rose to fame with his daily witty wisecracks.

It is a tough racket being a humorist, Bugs says, "for once having made yourself a monkey you must continue to pick up coconuts with your feet. However, I'm not complaining. If there is an easier way of making a living than doing the thing you want to, then tell me and I will picket myself for being unfair to my silhouette."

The best definition of humor he knows of, Bugs says, is contained in Irvin Cobb's book, Exit Laughing. "In its essence," said Cobb, "humor is tragedy standing on its head with its pants torn."

Baer modestly refrains from telling us something else Cobb said in that same book, about Baer: "That indestructible prodigy Bugs Baer . . . has made a cosmic record by producing a string of acceptable wheezes seven days a week, 52 weeks a year, for 20-odd years. . . . The Bugs Baers do not occur in bunches, like grapes; they occur singly, once in a millennium, like the blooming of a century plant.". . . A. P.

NEW! SULFA DRUG FORMULA USED FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT!

Itching Feet, Toes—Red, Raw, Cracked, Soggy or Peeling Skin on Feet or Between Toes—are Symptoms of Highly Infectious Athlete's Foot

FOOTSTEPS THAT PERIL THE WHOLE FAMILY!
ATHLETE'S FOOT

WARNING! Danger lurks on every surface not hygienically clean. Don't let your feet or your family's feet be infected by the spores of this invisible enemy!

Even a spotlessly-kept home may not prevent invasion of highly infectious Athlete's Foot. It afflicts 71% of the population at various times. But *you* can help prevent as well as effectively fight Athlete's Foot by making daily use of Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex a "must" for yourself and your whole family.

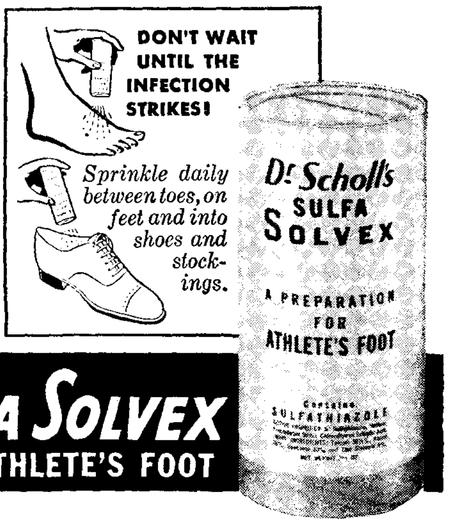
In this remarkable new powder preparation of Dr. Scholl's, is the miracle drug Sulfathiazole, among other highly effective medicaments. The function of this extraordinary drug in Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex, is to help prevent, as well as to combat serious *secondary* infections frequently occurring in Athlete's Foot.

It does this by *dissolving* in the perspiration and tissue fluids of the skin of the foot, to quickly *attack* the area of infection.

Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex quickly relieves intense itching of Athlete's Foot; kills the fungi on contact. Aids rapid healing; helps prevent reinfection.

This new formula of Dr. Scholl's, the noted consultant on diseases and deformities of the feet, only 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Department Stores, and by prescription in certain states requiring it.

There is no other formula like Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex. Get it today and protect yourself and your family against Athlete's Foot. Use exactly as directed.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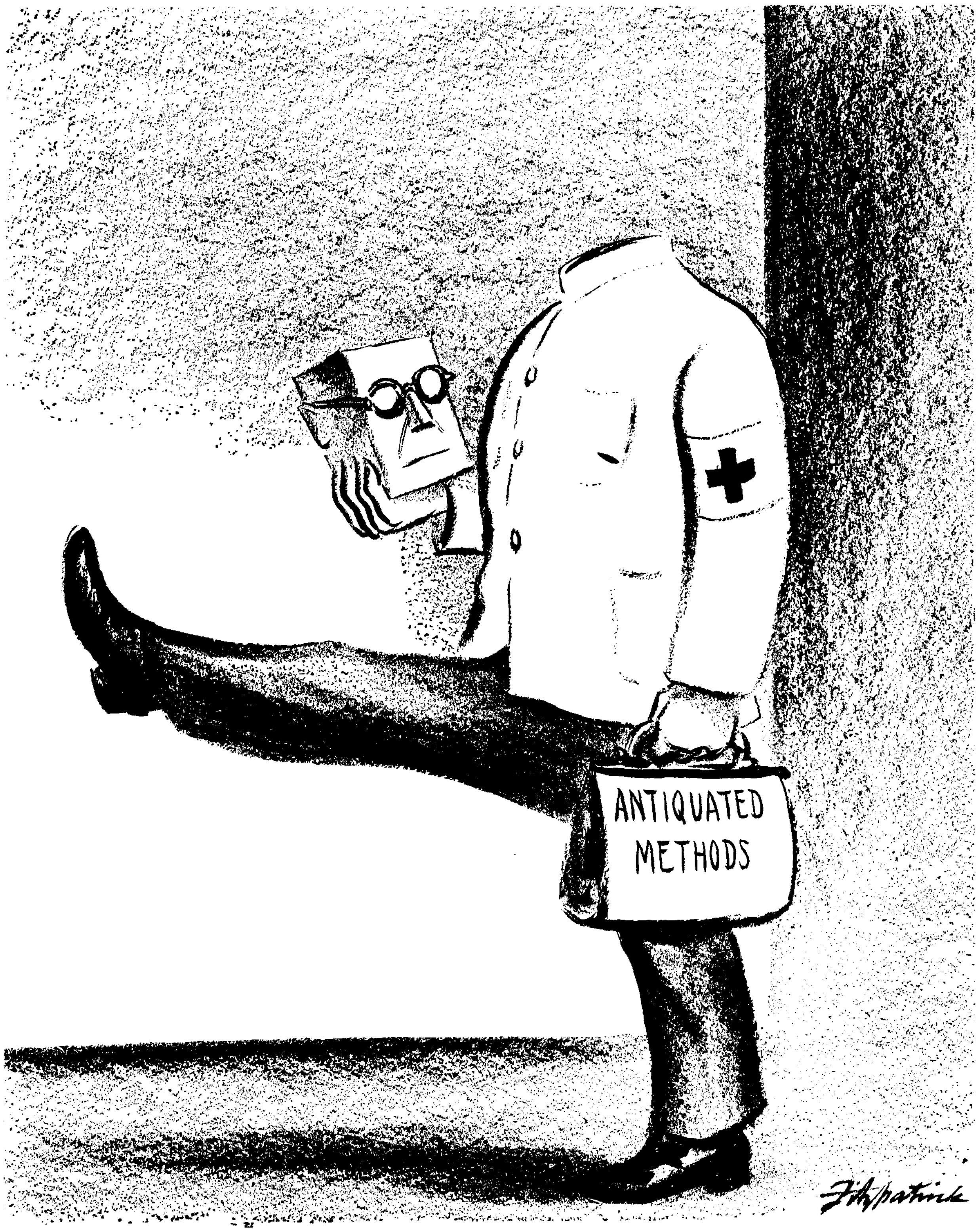


GERMAN DOCTORS UNDER NAZISM

SHORTLY after V-E Day, Colonel Edward D. Churchill, Allied Mediterranean forces' surgical consultant, toured six German military hospital areas and reported his findings to American correspondents.

As we all know, American doctors' care of wounded in this war has been and continues phenomenal as regards its record-breaking percentages of cures and its development of new techniques and remedies. There was considerable expectation that the German doctors, what with German medicine's world-wide pre-Hitler fame and the well-known German thoroughness and energy, would have some pretty phenomenal achievements of their own to report from their war hospitals, once the Allies could crack into Fortress Europe and look around.

The Allies cracked in, all right; but Colonel Churchill did not find the phenomenal German medical achievements. His over-all conclusion after inspecting six German hospital areas was that German handling of wounded was about 20 years behind the American procedure.

Going into details, he reported that the German army doctors as a rule just casually passed up badly wounded men on the assumption that they were going to die anyway, whereas our doctors fight to the last gasp for every wounded man's life, and frequently win; that the German physicians never had realized the maximum possibilities of blood transfusion, and used antiquated apparatus for what transfusions they did give; that as for professional pride in pulling off near-miracles of cure or amelioration, such pride just was not in the bulk of German military physicians and surgeons. By and large, they were victims of an apathy and a lack of ambition which would enrage a typical American doctor.

This is a sad backslide from Germany's once proud position as world leader in medicine and surgery. How did it happen? Are there any lessons in it for us?

It began to happen soon after Hitler saddled his brand of totalitarianism on Germany. It seems reasonable to conclude that it happened *because* Hitler saddled Nazi totalitarianism on Germany.

For one thing, in the Nazi philosophy, your race and politics mattered far more than your brains and talents. You might be a brilliant physician or surgeon or research scientist, but if you were a Jew or an anti-Nazi of any description, you had to get out of Germany if you could, or go to a concentration camp if you couldn't get out. Thus Hitler and his crew decimated German science. Their master-race convictions, too, led logically to such grisly perversions of scientific research as the use in some concentration camps of humans of "inferior" breed as guinea pigs for various laboratory experiments.

Ruled by the politicians and browbeaten by Nazi gangsters, German medicine—on the strength of Colonel Churchill's findings, at any rate—withered, and in due time the German armed forces paid, in the form of bigger death totals than they need have suffered.

The lesson in the German experience seems clear enough. It is that there is no substitute for a free, bold and inquisitive medical profession, or for generously financed and expertly staffed medical research, carried on year in and year out. It is devoutly to be hoped that the lesson of the German medical collapse will not be lost on us.

GUIDE FOR VOTERS

NOW and then something jumps out from a magazine or newspaper page and hits you between the eyes. The latest of these in our own case was a little item in a recent Sunday newspaper (New York Times, if you must know), about a conversation in a London bar a month or so before the British general election, when the fight between Winston Churchill's Conservative Party and the Attlee-Bevin-Citrine Labor Party was beginning to get hot.

The bar customers were talking of this and of that concerning the election and the campaign, with many a wisecrack and witticism batting around. Suddenly a young British corporal, home from the wars, put in this one: "You don't want to listen to anything you hear in the next month. Vote on what you thought over the last year."

To try to enlarge on that remark here would only dilute its pungency and dull its glittering common sense. It is enough to say that if all voters in all free countries would wear that advice in their brains during all election campaigns, a lot more intelligent voting would be done. Might be tough on some politicians, though.

THE BIGGEST "IF"

THE debate on postwar universal military training in the United States—every able-bodied U.S. male, sometime between the ages of about seventeen and twenty-one, to take a year's real military training in a real camp somewhere—is producing a lot of highly "if"-fy arguments.

If we had adopted universal military training after the other war, would we ever have had to fight this one? *If* this is the last war, as virtually all of us hope but by no means all of us believe, why train men militarily after this war? *If* we adopt this measure, won't that alarm other countries and lead them to distrust us and arm against us? And so on.

Loud and heated argument is all to the good in a free and democratic country. But let's not lose sight of the most important single chain of "ifs" in connection with universal military training after this war.

That one goes as follows: *If* the hopes of perpetual peace fail; and *if* some nation or alliance determines to have another war; and *if* we are the first target for attack, as in common sense we shall be after having furnished the extra weight to win World Wars I and II over enemies who gambled on our not coming in; and *if* this attack is launched with latter-day weapons of uncanny accuracy and destructiveness against a United States which has naïvely let its weapons and its manpower slide into unpreparedness—*if* these things happen, what will happen to the United States? We only hope we're not around if it happens.

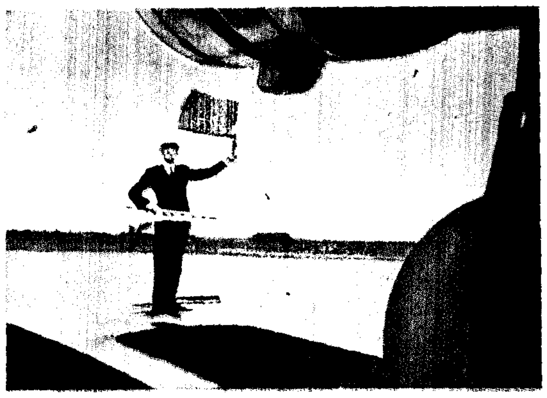
On the other hand, *if* it turns out five or ten years hence that the world security organization is worki[illegible] so well that the chances are 95 to 5 or so against any more great wars, then we can scrap any system of universal military training we may have kept in operation during the world security organization's infancy. It will be like canceling the antibomb insurance on your house after the war. But let's take out the training insurance and keep it till we know we need it no longer.

Asado in the Argentine

1 "**I asked for it!**" writes a Connecticut friend of Canadian Club Whisky concerning his experiences at an *asado*—or barbecue—at one of the great cattle estancias near Buenos Aires. "Having seen a steer lassoed with the three-pronged gaucho boleadores, I opined that was rough on the steer . . . whereupon my hosts demonstrated, with me as the none-too-willing target, that the grip of properly-thrown boleadores is no worse than a strong handclasp.

2 "**But that was a cinch** compared to my first fling at *la sortija*, popular asado game. They suspend a small ring from a thread, then you ride at it full tilt. The object—to spear the ring with a slender dagger.

3 "**Time out** for feasting came none too soon. And what a feast!—almost an historical occasion. For, so I was told, the gaucho is a vanishing type. Today's Argentina moves on wheels—and wings.



4 "**Today it's a land** of great mechanized ranches and wheat fields, and an industrial giant too. And it's an *air-minded* land, to which tomorrow great Pan American Clippers will fly you from home ports in one day.

5 "**But don't expect all your** thrills here to be Argentine-made. For, whether in Buenos Aires or out on the pampas, you'll find hosts offering you Canadian Club just as proudly as it's served at home!"

Once the war is over, you will find it even easier than now to visit Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club again. This whisky is *light* as Scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. • That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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